

# Veil Of Ignorance

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ARE YOU PART OF THE CONSPIRACY?

# Veil of ignorance

**Markus Heinrich Rehbach**

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## Chapter One

She had to be about seven-teen? Six-teen? Maybe only fifteen? It would be hard to be sure. She still had an air of innocence about her, of faith in life, and goodwill towards people and life in general, which, given her situation, may have seemed out of place to many people who did not know her. People who did not really get sexuality at all.

She was pretty. Really pretty. Her skin was radiant. Her eyes shone. Her smile was friendly. Her teeth perfect. She had such a smile, when she felt that she had gained your approval, your acceptance, your praise. She exercised constantly and ate very little, wanting to please. Her legs barely ended in the slight rise of her perfect butt. They were long. In her trainers her legs were as long as any catwalk model in extremely high heels. Her hips tilted slightly forward, pushing her perfect buttocks out and up. Her flat stomach curved down and inward, along with this tilt, in a line that continued down. It was a very sensual and erotic line. It brought to mind sexual arousal, a pushing back and down of her crotch, as if sexually aroused. Her breasts were firm and rose up to sensually puffy nipples. Her hips were perfectly proportionate to the rest of her stream-lined, but still completely feminine, curves.

She smiled welcomingly. It was a warm and genuine smile. She was glad to please. She wanted to please. She wore white panties, as she knew men liked that. Older women liked that too, she had discovered recently. She would scrupulously clean and iron those white panties. They smelled like her. She smelled of youth, hope, and freshness. She would sit so that her admirers could see her panties. She would find some excuse to bend over, so they could see her bending over from behind. In the mirror she could see the look of fascination on their faces as their eyes focused intently upon her white pantied crotch. This satisfied her desire to please. She yearned for their approval. This is where she satisfied that yearning. She never failed to get their approval.

And who, you might ask, were they? Were they lovers? Were they random sexual partners she had picked up to satisfy her needs? Were they authority figures of standing in society, who abused their power to satisfy their lusts? Were they simple 'clients' of a sex worker? Or was it more complicated than that? Was it perhaps a combination of all these? Something the feminists would have a harder time deconstructing and vilifying? She had not known her own father? She had been abused by him? She had been neglected by him? She had been paid too much attention by him, given too much love and affection?

Was she projecting the pure, Oedipal, searing sexual lust that she felt for her father, but which she dare not ever express, onto other men, as proxies for her own father? Was she being exploited by some pimp who had gotten her addicted to some nasty illegal drugs? Was she just a horny teenager acting on her sexual desires, and having the hottest sex you could imagine? And so the would-be analyst would experience a mélange of emotions from empathic desperate misery, to empathic erotic heat, from jealousy and envy to sympathy and condolence.

She looked him dead in the eyes, seeking his approval, and feeling confident of it. She knew how beautiful and desirable she was. She was in her element. This was her Olympics. This was her noble prize. This was her field of excellence. This is where she got the approval she so craved. He, on the other hand, was completely unsure of himself. He knew he had to go along with all this. It was expected of him. If he didn't, the other detectives would be suspicious of him, and he would never be fully accepted by them. They would never be able to fully trust him. He would never be one of them. How would they ever be able to trust him if they had no leverage over him. If they had nothing to call him to account with, then he could, at any moment, reveal their secrets.

If they did not have any 'dirt' on him, no leverage, they could never be sure he might not one day 'grouse' on them. They knew he had no interest in drugs. They knew he had enough money already. He was not interested in the usual bribes the other detectives were desperate for. No. But they knew he had trouble with women. They had no idea why. But they knew it was a fact. They suspected some sort of neurotic weakness. He was exceptionally good looking. He should have no trouble getting laid. But somehow he was lonely, and sexually frustrated.

So, this was to be his 'initiation' into the 'tribe'. This is how he would gain entry into their confidences. This is how he would become 'one of the lads'. This was his 'in'. Once he had broken this taboo, they would have some 'dirt' on him. They would have their leverage. He would be in it up to his neck. He would not be able to 'dob' them in without risking them revealing what they had on him. A senior detective 'taking advantage' of his position to 'coerce' a pretty young girl into servicing his 'despicable sexual depravity'. Now that was leverage.

Men would, out of a blindingly hot jealousy, crucify him in their self-righteousness. Women would vent all their own sexual frustration upon him. All their envy, their jealousy, and disappointment with their own sex lives and relationships. Their responses would come from the less generous and admirable impulses that defined human nature. Their responses would not be the expression of any sentiment for justice, or a reflex to protect the girl. They would merely be the expression of how dare he get to satisfy his desires, when they could not, or would not, allow themselves, to satisfy their lusts.

They themselves were too scared to take advantage of the opportunities that presented themselves to them. They were too cautious to take the risks that satisfying their carnal desires required. And you could add to this another layer of jealousy on the part of the women. And hence it was always the women who were most vocal in these criticisms. The most vocal of the 'feminists' tended to be older women jealous of the lust that the men they desired for themselves, had for young girls.

And it was not simply a matter of hatred on the part of older women for the female competition, twisted and contorted, and presented as a desire to protect an innocent young girl. It was a hatred directed at the universe. A hatred of the fact that this lust was a lust that most of them would never feel directed towards them. Instead of generously empathising with the girls' good fortune, they sought to destroy the source of that satisfaction, that pleasure, that gratification, in destructive, petty, and vicious ways.

They pretended, often even to themselves that their object was to protect young girls from the lusts of men. They presented the interaction between older men and younger women as one of exploitation of girls by men. They twisted and distorted the reality of the situation so much that most girls themselves actually came to define such interactions in such negative ways. Thus they denied themselves access to one of the most rewarding, satisfying, and gratifying of experiences. Sex with a father figure. Sex with their father. Freud would say it was due to oedipal guilt. For having 'killed' their own mother when they were infants, jealous of the mothers exclusive access to daddy.

And out of a conscious, and in at least as many cases, unconscious regret at this, in their later years, they would seek to have the next generations of girls miss out on the same opportunities that they had, through the same means. They would 'protect' them from having the hottest sex of their lives! Oh what admirable motives they imagined themselves to have, and publicly portrayed themselves as having. And all the while these motives were of the most base, despicable, selfish, dark, nasty, sinister, and vicious kind imaginable! Oh how the most ignoble of unconscious motives can be twisted and distorted, to appear so noble.

And not just in the eyes of the observer, but in the conscious minds of the person themselves.

Our lovely sex-goddess bent over to pick up one of the things she left lying around just to provide some pretext for this 'bending over'. She then looked into the mirror she had strategically placed next to her bed, to be able to see the approval and desire in the faces of her admirers. As was usually the case, her admirer stared at her pantied crotch, at the crack that ran cleanly through the soft white cotton. It filled her with a sense of pride. And then empathising with their hot desire, her own sexual arousal climbed to a pitch that left her heart beating fast.

Her legs became weak as she became hot and wet with desire. She made no attempt to straighten. Instead she observed her admirer in the mirror. After getting her fill of a sense of power, approval and acceptance, she turned her head to look directly into her admirer's eyes. She would then stare at his crotch. She too became fascinated with his sex. She yearned to see his hard cock sticking out towards her, the tip glistening with pre-cum. She longed to feel the hot head of his cock against her wet hole. She longed to feel him sink deeply into her. She yearned to hear his whining, his moans of desire and pleasure as he 'took' her. Her legs trembled slightly in anticipation of his penetration.

Her legs were smooth and hairless. She was perfect. It broke his heart and made his cock hard. He felt his blood turn to warm honey, as the pleasure spread from his lower legs, down to his feet, his toes, and back up his thighs to his cock. His entire body from the waist down was full of the most pleasurable sensation he had ever felt. This pleasure then spread to his hands, then back up his arms, then up his neck, making his throat tight. His breath became shallow. His cock almost stung with pleasure as it became hard. He slid down his zipper and let his cock fall out. It became rigid, almost vertical. There was no doubt as to the desperation of his need. His cock was solid, larger than he had ever experienced it. Each pulse brought him to the verge of orgasm. He just had to have her. Immediately.

She turned her head to face him. Her welcoming, knowing smile encouraged him without words. He knew he could do as he pleased, and it would please her to be the vehicle of his pleasure. He was overcome with a sense of 'purity'. He felt 'right'. He felt 'good'. He felt at ease. He felt welcome. He felt accepted. He felt approved of. He felt completely uninhibited. He felt free. More than that, he felt complete. He felt whole. The experience was holy.

She felt his fingers through the soft cotton of her panties sliding along her crack from her arsehole to her clitoris, and back again. It sent shivers of delicious delight shooting through her clit, and down her legs to her toes. Then suddenly she felt his fingers, smooth, soft, and warm, slipping under the crotch of her panties. She became suddenly overwhelmed with a need to feel him pushing inside her, penetrating her. As his fingers gently ran the length of her slit she felt her the inner lips of her vulva slicken with wetness and then 'pop' open.

She felt the sudden cold wetness that ran down her inner thighs. As the erectile tissue in her vagina engorged with blood she felt a cool breeze blow across her 'wide-on'. He pulled her panties to the side. Her pussy was slightly flared and he could see moisture forming around her bright pink hole. The view of her clean, perfect, pretty, hairless slit made him lose himself. Pre-cum almost spurted from the tip of his cock. He lost himself completely, plunging his cock deep into her.

She sighed. He moaned and came, his body shuddering with the pleasure of a full body orgasm. He held her to him, his cock deep inside her, as his cock exploded with pleasure, over and over. He felt each pulse through the tightness of her cunt. He just held her to him, wanting to be as deep inside her as possible. He wanted to be inside her. She wanted him inside her. He felt complete.

He was lost in the mystical waves of orgasmic pleasure that flooded his entire body with ecstasy. He ceased breathing as every muscle contracted and remained contracted, the lack of oxygen producing the overwhelming pleasure. This drove her over the edge into a series of rolling orgasms, one after the other, as she felt his cock pulse, imagining the hot cum streaming from his rock-hard cock as he pumped ever deeper into her, in and out, harder and faster, his hands grabbing her hips, pulling her onto him. She felt his lust, his pleasure, and lost herself in it.

Her pleasure became one with his pleasure. His pleasure became one with her pleasure. She became one with him. He became one with her. It was as psychological as it was physical. His lust resonated and reverberated in her. She empathised with it. She felt it. It awakened her own lust. He lost himself in her as she lost herself in the ecstasy of her own pleasure.

It would be difficult for most women, who used sex as a means to an end, and rarely gave into their own lust, if indeed they actually consciously experienced any at all, repressed and frigid as their sexuality was, to imagine how she too came, the waves of pleasure flooding her tight body, from her toes to her finger tips, to her scalp. She too lost herself totally in this pleasure. She stopped breathing as every fiber of her being contracted, the muscles exhausting all the oxygen in her body, as she experienced that full-body orgasm the French call '*la petite mort*', '*the little death*'. Only those who have experienced it know how addictive it is. Only those that can lose themselves over to and in to their lust, giving in to their natural impulses, gratifying their sexual instincts, will ever know how it feels.

For most women it means allowing themselves to be used, as sexual objects, free of any ulterior motives or considerations. This is the complete 'giving' that this girl, as the man's sex-object, experienced. He experienced it as taking without any thought or reflection. It was simply using her pussy to pleasure his cock. It was fucking. It was

being fucked that made this girl come so hard. It was fucking her that made him come so hard. Together they lost themselves in their primal instincts. They became one.

They experienced the 'Gnosis' that the ancients sought via 'Hieros Gamos', the 'Holy Wedding'. During this moment of orgasm their minds were completely empty. It was pure Zen. They were completely bathed in the pleasure of their sex. Two individuals became one briefly, and in this, experienced their one-ness, and their one-ness with the universe.

Falling to the ground, he remained inside her as they lay, panting, lost in their pleasure, leaning against her bed, an exhausted, formless heap on the floor. He felt the silky softness of her bum against his thighs, the inside of her legs against his. He felt her warmth. She felt safe, secure, accepted, approved of, and loved. She felt a calm that she only felt at these times. He felt a calm he had never experienced before.

Anyone who sought to sociologically quantify their situations might have felt pity for her and loathing for him. She seemed to have been dealt the losing hand in life. He appeared to have had all the advantages. However she had experienced more subjective pleasure and approval than he had ever dreamed of. She had been born in Mt. Druitt. She was the teen prostitute.

He had had the best education. He had a career. He had a 'future'. Ah a 'future'. But that was a real bet. Only if this 'future' realised itself, could he be sure that his sacrifices and efforts would be rewarded. He had given up so much for this 'future'. It was the Platonic, Stoic, Middle-class, Protestant work ethic thing. To sacrifice the present for the 'future'. But what if that 'future' failed to deliver what it promised? What if it turned out that the gamble had not paid off? By the time the 'future' arrived, it would be too late. It would be impossible to 'make good' on the investment. It would be impossible to even 'break even'.

Most people, confronted with the folly of having invested so much of their present in this 'future', would simply continue to see to recoup their losses, by investing even more of their present in a future that they put off till an even later date. Thus the 'sunk costs' scenario that defined most people's lives, from Plato onward. And faced with this, few people were ever brave enough to admit defeat. Most simply continued in their folly.

And these people savagely sought to prevent others from avoiding their own mistakes. Oh how much fun a psycho-analyst would have had analysing a Plato. These 'stoics' were hell-bent on ensuring that others repeated their own folly. This underlying motive was mostly repressed, and expressed as its opposite, more noble motive, that of 'protecting' others. And so Plato and his Stoic predecessors and future 'Catholics' would 'lead them onto the right path'.

However in reality their motives stemmed as much from a jealousy as goodwill. Jealous of the pleasures others might have. The same pleasures they themselves had, through fear and caution, never allowed themselves to 'risk' enjoying. Of course according to them, they had 'thankfully' been spared them. Their fates had 'luckily' protected and rescued them from such carnal satisfactions.

And so, rather than admit they had been wrong, they went on seducing others into their same errors of judgment. It was only fair, after all. Why should future generations be allowed to avoid the mistakes of their parents? Why should they get to enjoy their lives to the full, accepting, in a Nietzschean way, the costs of doing so? Who would, in hindsight, give up on what life had to offer, for fear of the cost it exacted for such pleasure, given that the alternative was an empty, barren, false, hopeless, joyless life?

Who, having recognised that heaven and hell were deliberate deceptions and inventions, so-called 'noble lies', would consider that they had made the best decisions in rejecting what life had to offer, for fear of the risks? Surely the real risk had been in not taking any risks, and thus rejecting the potential pleasures of life? For there was to be no 'pay-off' for having sacrificed this pleasure, in this or some 'after' life. There would simply be the vain sense of 'superiority' that a Plato might enjoy, on observing our two lovers, and knowing that he had been 'above' all that.

All that was left the Bourgeoisie was the satisfaction of ruining the potential satisfactions of the next generations. That was the only satisfaction that was left to them, to spoil other people's fun. Yes, they would 'protect' them from themselves! They would ensure that they too lived the same sterile, pointless, dissatisfying lives that they

themselves had endured. It was this that had, ultimately, produced all the quests for 'meaning' that had polluted and contaminated philosophy. Only those whose lives were not intrinsically satisfying in themselves felt any need to seek extrinsic, external meanings. And thus it was this denial of our lusts that had spawned all the useless 'junk' philosophies which ultimately became the basis of what we call 'religion'.

It was this sort of Bourgeoisie folly that had defined our present Stoic-Platonic-Apollonian hero's life up to this point. His life had been empty and barren, devoid of satisfaction. She, on the other hand, our Nietzschean-Dionysian heroine, had taken the opportunities available to her, accepting her fate, and taking what it had to offer.

Sociologically, she appeared the victim of society. However, in reality it was he, Detective, University graduate, from a 'good' family, from the 'right' schools, and with every apparent (in the true sense of Jane Austen's 'Emma') opportunity open to him, who had felt completely alienated, destitute, isolated, and unable to find consolation, let alone true joy, until this moment.

And so he didn't want this moment to end. She felt so natural in his embrace. His cock would not even go limp. It remained semi-rigid as she gently pulled away. It slipped out of her with a slight sucking noise. She got up, without any sign of self-consciousness whatsoever, completely in her element, natural, confident, and comfortable.

She smiled warmly as she stepped lightly him to go to the toilet. She sat down on it, a vacant look on her face as she let his cum, and her wetness, drain from her. She peed and then wiped herself, as he watched. She walked over to him, her crotch at his face level. He pressed his nose up against her slit. She became suddenly horny again as he, intoxicated by her scent, breathed it in deeply, over and over, as if smelling the finest of perfumes. He pushed his nose deeper between her pussy-lips, searching for her hole, feeling her wetness. He felt his cock suddenly rigid with desire once more. He 'ate' her, tasting her sweet, tangy wetness.

She grabbed him gently at the shoulders, intimating she wanted him to stand up. He did. She gently held his cock, slowly wanking it off, as she moved close to him, her lips almost touching his, her mouth slightly open, her breath warm and sweet as he inhaled it, savoring it.

He gently kissed the corner of her mouth, softly sucking at her lips, nibbling them as his tongue flicked into her open mouth, slipping over her tongue, and along the front of her teeth. She greedily returned his kisses as she firmly gripped his shaft, sliding her closed hand up and down, from the base of his cock to the now bright purple, shining head, in a slow, sensual movement. She knelt before him, wanking and sucking his cock off into her warm, wet, greedy mouth.

'Cum for me', she pleaded, looking up at him full of innocent lust. 'Cum in my mouth'. Quickly. Cum for me baby'. His legs buckled with pleasure as he felt the cum spurt from his cock in pulses. He came so hard, knowing he was cumming in the mouth of the most sweet, beautiful, 17(?) year old school-girl he had ever seen. He felt completely accepted and approved of as she smiled up at him, eagerly willing him to cum, greedily lapping up his cum and swallowing every drop as if it was the most expensive champagne. She wanted him to cum. She wanted to please him. He felt it in his bones. He was certain of this desire. It filled him with a feeling he had never before experienced. It was pure acceptance.

It was the first time he had ever felt really welcome, really wanted, really desired, really approved of. For him this was the holiest experience he could imagine. Nothing in religion could ever come close. No other experience was worthy of comparison. This was the most spiritual connection with the universe he had ever felt. And what completed this feeling was the certainty that she shared this feeling with him. It was pure synergy.

The only real difference was that for her this experience was normal and typical. She had this experience almost every time she was with a man who was paying her for sex. For her the experience was normal. For her such a connection was natural. She fucked. She loved fucking. It was the most natural thing in the world. It was a beautiful feeling. The money only added to her positive experience of the whole interaction. Of course in this case she was fucking this man to keep the police off her back. She liked the irony of such a phrase. The police also treated her with great respect and care when she met them on the street, or needed their help. She gave all her men what they



wanted. They gave her what she wanted. Sex was the greatest gift she had to offer. And the men appreciated the value of that gift.

They honored her. She felt honored. She enjoyed sex. She was such an exception to most men's experiences of women, and of sex, that they cherished her like a priestess. In more ancient times she would have been a priestess, or at very least, she would have been considered a 'holy whore'. She would have been respected and accepted by her wider society, even idolised as an incarnation of the reproductive forces of nature. She would have been treated as a goddess.

In this world, after the demonisation of sexuality by the various religions that had destroyed the 'nature' religions, she would be defined as a victim by her peers. They would define her 'worshippers' as 'clients', even exploiters. In fact what she offered was the holiest of all experiences, a true 'union' of the natural instincts.

Those men who had had the privilege to fuck her had experienced true 'whole-i-ness'. They had had a chance to express their innate sexual instincts without any inhibition. They had had true contact with their own selves. They had experienced a true union and 'Whole-i-ness'. They had experienced completeness, integrity, and one-ness.

She herself, every day, lived this completeness, this one-ness. She felt lust and acted upon it. She wanted to be fucked, and she let men fuck her. They paid her for this. For them it was a privilege. For her it was just acting according to her true nature. Far from being a 'prostitute', she had complete integrity.

It was women who exchanged sex for affection, love, weddings, marriage, homes, and other ulterior motives, that were the true 'whores', the true prostitutes. It was they that really sold themselves. And because they did it illicitly, they lost all their innocence, all their integrity. She, on the other hand, gave herself freely. It was only coincidental that the men left money for her. She had more integrity and retained more innocence than any priest or pope had ever come close to knowing.

She would have fucked without them paying her. In fact she never asked for money. Men just gave her money and presents. It was the same with this man. He felt overcome with gratitude towards this girl. He had no need to pay. It was considered, among his 'mates', and the girls who 'worked' the Druitt, as an employment 'perk'. He and his colleagues looked after such girls. They protected them. They turned a blind eye to some things that didn't need to be reported, in the larger scheme of things, and in return the police, mostly the detectives, got such 'perks'.

For some of the detectives the perk of choice was drugs. Others took money. In his case his need was sex. It was a longing for intimacy and warmth, converted by the repressive mechanisms of the unconscious into a need for sex with a girl like her. A special girl. A girl he would not have to fear being rejected by. A girl who was in complete possession of a totally innocent sexuality. A girl who had not yet begun using her sexual power over men merely as a means to an ends. A girl who was, in every sense, a true 'goddess'. A girl who expressed her innate nature freely, unselfconsciously, and generously.

His hand on her thigh intimated to her empathic mind that he wanted her to lift it onto his hip, so she raised her leg. She pressed the shiny purple-pink head of his cock down the crack of her wet, open, pussy. As the head pressed against her hole it felt deliciously hot. She slightly raised her hips and pressed down on his rigid cock. It slid easily into her tight hole. He lifted her up onto his hips, pumping her as he raised and lowered her with his powerful, sinewy arms. This sheer physicality did it for her. She gave herself up to the pleasure. As he used her cunt to pleasure his cock, she used his cock to pleasure her cunt.

## Chapter Two

A steady chanting of 'Papa, Papa, why won't you pay? Papa, Papa, why won't you pay?', arose from the large group of children. It was directed up towards the balcony from which the Pope normally addressed the Catholic 'faithful'. A 'host' of camera teams mingled with, and around, this group. Representatives from many of the world's largest news services were there. They had all been advised that this rally would take place days before. It was a well-orchestrated media event. Many of the children were carrying thick document files. The leaders of the rally had announced that they were serving the 'Holy Father' with legal documents from, of all places, the 'family' courts. They were demanding he pay 'child maintenance' for the 20 million children whose names, the group organizers had informed the media, were contained in the files.

A large banner proclaimed 'The holy father is a deadbeat dad'. The 'Papst', The Holy Father, was being sued for child maintenance on behalf of a few of the millions of children born every year due to his 'Papal bulls'. The Pope had employed his power to coerce all 'faithful' Catholics to abstain from using contraception. The Pope, and his church, had defined all non-reproductive sexual expression as 'sinful'. As a ticket to 'eternal damnation'. St. Thomas Aquinas had even forcefully argued, and no-one in the Catholic Church had ever questioned his logic, that, to god, it was worse for a man to 'commit' masturbation, than to commit rape.

The Pope, this despotic 'father', exerted his will among his 'family' with violence on a scale that, before the advent of cults like his, had been unknown and unthinkable to all but the most vicious and of cruel sociopaths. Those who contradicted his will were threatened with ex-communication, rejection and abandonment from his 'family'. Not just in this life, but for eternity. He would 'point the bone at them'! And the price of resisting his arbitrary tyrannical whimsy would be eternal pain, misery, torment, humiliation, and suffering, in the fires of Hell.

No Vatican official appeared to be ready to accept the document, not in the least because of the army of media present. In fact many lawyers and public relations experts doubted the Vatican would ever have anything to do with the documents. The Vatican, so far, had simply attempted to ignore the petition. Like it had ignored the cries of its torture victims. Like it had ignored the cries of starving children as its Cardinals lived like princes in a luxury few could ever imagine. The Vatican had in fact been granted immunity from the law, over a thousand years ago. No-one had any legal leverage over the Pope, and his minions. And so the protestors had resorted to the very last form of power of the powerless. An appeal to public opinion. That was the only leverage they had. They knew it. That was the reason for this media 'stunt'.

So, with the world's media watching, and public opinion forming in their favor, the protestors began flexing their 'levers'. The whole even had been carefully choreographed and 'drilled' over and over by the participating children. They had all been chosen for their particular 'mass media' appeal. They were super cute. They were adorable. They would move even the coldest and hardest of hearts. They were guaranteed to inspire empathy, as, in small groups of three, they carefully lay down their folders of petitions in ordered piles.

The cameras were ensured a procession of mass media pre-packaged 'media bites'. The media had 'bitten', and so would the public. It would be a public relations nightmare for a Vatican that had been rocked, for the past decades, by an almost unbroken stream of public relations, and financial, meltdowns. The Vatican was well aware that it could not afford to 'look' uncaring, whether or not it actually cared about whatever it was that had 'excited' the masses. The Public opinion was, as one of the Catholic Church's spiritual founding fathers, Plato, had written in 'Republic', a beast that you must learn to 'tame'.

Up until recently the Vatican had too much power to need to concern itself for this 'beast'. They had not bothered to learn to understand its humors and impulses. They had the luxury of being able to 'beat down' anyone who expressed dissent against the Church. They simply beat the beast when it growled. They beat it into a

whimpering, cringing animal. When it would not submit, they caged and tortured it into silence. They burned it alive at the stake. Today, however, to the Vatican's disdain and incredulity, the Vatican was no longer in a position to simply crush any challengers.

The eternal church had had to learn to adapt to the new times it lived in. The Vatican had been forced learned to treat the beast with some respect. It had allowed itself to be tutored in the ways of the beast. How to appeal to the beasts appetites. How to manipulate the dumb animal. How to soothe its anger. How to appease its hungers. How to get it 'onside'. How to understand how its 'mind' worked. How to read its moods. How to avoid its wrath.

The Pope, with his Cardinals, was right now consulting with its public relations experts to help it in what were its darkest hours. Ironic, of course. What had been an 'enlightenment' for the world, a glorious 're-birth' out of the dark, stinking cesspit of the Dark Ages, represented, to the Catholic Church, and all forms of arbitrary tyranny and despotism, a threat. These were indeed 'dark' times for the Vatican.

'Ah, public opinion. The opinions of the masses'. The Pope shrank back in disgust. 'It was surely so beneath him, and the dignity of his Church to give a moment's thought to, let alone to be forced to pander to, that great, unwashed, evil beast. A few hundred years ago a Luther could simply order the Princes to murder a few thousand of them in a day, just to put them back in their place. How dare they imagine they had a right to order the Pope around like some, some ...'

He was so enraged his mind could not even finish the sentence.

Public opinion! A few hundred years ago, when people thought of 'Catholic Priest', they shrank back in fear of 'The Inquisition'. Today when people thought of 'Catholic Priest', they shrank back in disgust at the thought of pedophilia. That was the immediate association most people made. If not all people, then at least too many for the Vatican's comfort. And now there were the investigations into the Vatican bank and money laundering. The Vatican was reeling from an onslaught of negative public opinion.

The charming, solemn procession of mass media friendly children now finished their 'routine', which would be seen by hundreds of millions, if no billions, of people tonight on the news, and in the morning and daytime talk shows which had already been arranged, with some of the world's top rating hosts and hostesses.

The mass of children who had been waiting patiently in the square, the most charming ones to the front, now began to raise their chant. Adults were carefully positioned around the group to protect them, and give their cues. Soon the chanting was almost deafening. Vatican's were even seen in the windows of their holy offices turning to see what all the commotion was about. It was impossible for anyone within a square mile of the demonstration to ignore it.

'Who will pay for my education? Who will pay for my shoes? Who will pay for my food? Who will give me a place to live?' And thus the media had their 'sound-bites'. This was the part that had been prepared for the mass radio. For the blogosphere. For the internet-radio sites. More poor people had access to radios than to televisions. Many people worked all day and night, and could only afford to 'listen' to their news, while getting on with their days, and nights, work.

And so even the poorest people around the world, sitting around cheap radios in their poverty stricken slums, picking through the refuse of the more fortunate in their work as garbage recyclers, or getting the children fed and washed and ready for bed, would get to hear this cry against the violence of the Papal cult, this demand for justice.

Police then arrived in vans and cars. They filed out across the Vatican entrance. Their uncertainty in the context of the large media presence, and the fact that they were dealing with children, was clearly evident in their faces, their hesitancy, and the constant communications which passed between them, and among their superiors.

A large group of onlookers, on seeing the arrival of the police, spontaneously joined the children, in a sign of solidarity and support. A long line of bystanders formed a cordon between the police and the children. There were old men. There were women. Many were even in the uniforms of nuns of various religious orders. The line of

tourists waiting for a chance to visit the 'holy seat' with all its art treasures, had broken up and was now standing to the side, watching with both concern and excitement. A stand-off appeared likely.

In the end the politically sensitive heads of the Police department, worried at least as much about 'bad press' and its ramifications for their career prospects, as they were about the safety of the children, resigned themselves to doing nothing. It would surely just blow over. The event had been stage managed with great care. Everything appeared to be under control. The organizers had done their ground work. The whole thing, though clearly an embarrassment, was not likely to end badly. The least the police had to do with the whole thing the better.

And so the police who had swarmed into the square, and had now circled the protestors, were told to smile and be as obliging to the protestors, the tourists, and the media crews, as they could. They broke up into more 'public friendly' groups. The police numbers were reduced, leaving on the most 'media friendly' female officers to 'take care that no-one was hurt'. Many were seen on camera that evening kneeling down to the level of the children, talking to them in soft voices, asking them questions, and checking that no-one needed anything.

A few quick thinking entrepreneurs even arrived on the scene, to hand out free drinks and snacks to the kids. Their corporate logos would be seen that night across the world. And so in the end the whole event went off smoothly, ending in groups of people forming in the square, chatting with police and news reporters alike. Tourists were interviewed for their opinion of the events, to get sound-bites in every language of the world, for the world's media.

Inside the Vatican, however, the mood was developing in exactly the opposite direction. What were they going to do? They were in a lose-lose situation. They were going to look bad, whatever they did. Their bosses would not risk any bad public opinion. Their political masters could not. Ultimately the Vatican's hand was forced. It was a huge embarrassment for them. They negotiated with the rally leaders and came to a compromise. The rally organisers were aware that the stunt had already achieved its desired media impact. It had made its point. There was no need to put the children under any undue stress. They were making the calls that would bring their buses in to pick up the children when the 'Holy Father', feeling that his hand had been forced, made his appearance.

The rally organisers were surprised when, all around them, 'the 'faithful' knelt and crossed themselves, their eyes shining with adoration, as they turned their faces up to the Vatican balcony. A sudden quiet descended upon the multitude. Even many of the police had crossed themselves, and were waiting eagerly for the words of their 'spiritual father'. A man who spoke one on one with god. Sure, a priest could call down god into the holy place during mass. But the Pope actually spoke to god. While many Catholics might not always do what the Pope told them to, they certainly still listened, and took him seriously. For he spoke with authority. While not all Catholics really believed, any more, that he spoke with the direct authority of god, still, they had been conditioned to at least give him their attention.

And so the man that hundreds of millions looked to for spiritual comfort and guidance blessed his followers. He then addressed the 'faithful' with a special blessing for the children. He reminded his audience how precious children were, and how Jesus especially loved them. We should do everything in our power, he said, to ensure for their well-being. The cameramen peering through their telephoto lenses could clearly make out that he had been visibly shaken. The viewers at home had, of course, a close-up view that few of the gathered crowd could match. He then blessed his attentive audience once more, and graciously returned to his Papal Offices.

It had been a real, unexpected treat for the faithful assembled in St. Peters square, and for the tourists, many of whom were texting their friends back home, and sending the mobile phone recordings they had made of the proceedings.

It was then that the telephone of the head of the rally organisers began ringing. It was the Vatican. It was the office of the Pope. He had agreed to have a Papal delegation meet with the rally organisers' representatives the following day. The Vatican official then had the ironic nerve to 'bless' them. What a blessing indeed his master's 'Papal bull(s)' were, the organisers wryly joked among each other. What a blessing his cult dogma had proven over the last two thousand years. Misery and suffering, not ending even in death.

After the 'Holy Father' had returned to his chambers, some Vatican officials emerged with a group of Switzer's who gathered up the documents, carrying them back into the Vatican. Other Vatican officials invited a few of the leaders of the group into the Vatican. Other rally organisers gave interviews with the camera teams, reinforcing their message. Because of the Catholic Church's position on Birth control, millions of children around the world, especially the Philippines and Central America, were being born into poverty. In Manila the Catholic Church had used its political power to coerce the U.N into closing the free family planning clinics they had opened there. In Africa governments which would not prevent the free distribution of condoms by NGO's were told they would not receive any Catholic aid.

The African welfare organisations had to choose between aid, and AID's, as many critical commentators had afterwards derisively quipped. The only contraception or AIDs prevention the Catholic Church officially condoned was 'abstinence'. And this in the context of the fact that, since Thomas Aquinas' famous statement that rape was preferable to masturbation, this 'abstinence' included the relief of sexual tension in all its forms. For this reason no-one could consider the Catholic Church's position tenable, or even genuous on the part of the Church authorities.

The consequence of the Holy Father's position would be a stream of unplanned, and in most cases, unwanted pregnancies. These would be followed by unplanned children. And though many of these unplanned children were by no means unwanted by their loving mothers, these doting mothers had nothing to offer them but miserable desperate poverty, and in many cases, an early, horrific death.

The rally leaders re-iterated their main point for all the world's secular media. If the Pope is going to assume a position of authority over his 'children', then he should take that responsibility seriously. As the 'Holy father', he had an obligation to employ the massively abundant resources that he had at his disposal in the interests of his 'flock'. The rally leaders each had statistics at hand revealing the scale of the problem, and the Vatican's wealth. Surely the Pope should use the billions of dollars in the Vatican bank, and the hundreds of billions more in real-estate the Vatican had accumulated, to ease the suffering of his 'children'. The message was clear. And it resonated around the world, especially with those who were already critical of the Catholic Church's clear unwillingness, or inability, to see reason.

## Chapter Three

A few years ago the wide, sometimes 6 lane boulevards of Moscow were a driver's dream. So few cars, so little traffic, so much bitumen. Today the same paradise had become a nightmare of chocked, single lane thoroughfares often treated as if they were three lanes, navigated by a stream made up equal parts of barely roadworthy Lada's, fourth-hand German cars, and newer Japanese models. The streets of Moscow had come to form a museum of the simplest of Soviet machines, right up to the most exclusive and outrageous of chauffeur driven European luxury. You did not need to visit a motor show if you lived in Moscow. Parked outside some of the more exclusive hotels and nightclubs were the latest Ferrari's, Porsches, and McLaren F1s. Drivers in their beaten up Soviet machines often found themselves barely scraping by some flamboyantly customised Lamborghini or Countach whose owner had fallen prey to a narcissistic desperation for individuality and exclusivity that drove them to the limits of taste, and often far beyond.

However most people found it much more convenient, and less nerve wracking, to take the Metro. Trains departed every few minutes. Many of the stations were glorious works of art. They were an oasis of warmth in a bitter cold Moscow winter which seemed to last most of the year. It was the quickest way to travel across town. There were so many interconnecting lines that you could find one pretty close to wherever you were, that would take you pretty close to wherever you were going.

Small kiosks and stalls lined the underground passages that linked the Moscow Metro underground with the dismal, dusty, streets above. The temporary, ramshackle huts, had become a permanent feature. They had started off seeking the warmth of the underground passages, and then had begun warily creeping out from the metro entrances, until they formed a haphazard grouping of shopping opportunities for the commuters. They also formed little islands of mercy and comfort in the cold, barren city for stray dogs.

Commuters were ejaculated out into the grim Moscow streets, in intervals regulated by the pulse of the arriving and departing trains, in convulsions announced by their approaching and receding, orgasmic rocket-launcher-like-screaming. Those less energetic of commuters were drawn along the commuters tow as they advanced upon the city. Among them many drawn, anxious, Asiatic faces hanging low over shabbily dressed, poorly nourished bodies, with eyes at once wary and anxious of the young, European-looking militias which sought them out, seeking bribes and 'commissions' while officially merely asking to see their 'Moscow' Passes, which of course they knew, or was it hoped, they did not have.

A typical Moscow street dog had evolved. A sort of shabby, shaggy-haired German shepherd. Dr Jean Blick recalled the days when as little 'Blicky', she would take the subway with her 'Babooshka'. She recalled the highway underpasses connected with the Metro passages, the tidal surge of commuters parting around these exhausted dogs, which lay panting, frothing at the mouth. No- one harmed them. They were careful to avoid them, as much to avoid contact with them, as out of empathy with them. The dogs lay there, no fear of being trampled to death. They just assumed the stream of thousands of commuters, rushing like a wave, would simply part around them, like rocks in the surf. Or was it that these dogs were just apathetic? Perhaps they no longer cared? This way people would have to at least pay them some attention, and acknowledge their existence, and their misery?

The later teenage 'Blicky' had been confused one day when the kiosk and stall holders had fought with the Moscow city's animal collection squads as they attempted to round up these stray dogs. The dogs lived around the Metro stations. Lived and reproduced. The dog collectors' objective was to have them neutered. Blicky could see the logic in this. It would prevent the litters of puppies that others simply hoped, and against all reason, assured themselves, someone else would take care of. These dogs had not been really wanted by anyone enough to be given real homes, to be taken care of properly. However the Kiosk Babushkas did lay out cardboard boxes for them to sleep

on, and these kind souls, along with other compassionate passers-by, in irregular and unreliable gestures of empathy, provided them with enough food to survive.

## Chapter Four

It was these Moscow street dogs that had roamed little Blicky's childhood Moscow, which now populated, bred, and multiplied, in the adult Dr Jean Blick's dreams. She had immigrated with her family to Sydney, Australia. After finishing her medical studies she wanted to earn money as quickly as possible, and so she had taken a job at a medical clinic in Mt. Druitt. It had sounded exotic. She imagined mountains, like the lovely 'Blue' mountains a few dozen kilometers to the West. In any case, it was still a relief from what she had known as a child, one bleak suburb of 'human silos' after another, the concrete spawn of the 'Soviet workers' paradise'.

Dr Blick had been enjoying the sunshine on a park bench, soaking in its golden warmth, when suddenly she became overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness. She struggled to discover the source of this flood of emptiness that had surged over her like a heavy wave of hopelessness. It had grabbed at her like the push and tow of an ocean of misery. What had the power to bring this on?

A stray dog had wandered into the park, and her consciousness. Smug and self-satisfied, its belly full of puppies, it was a typical 'bitsa'. Small, short legs, scruffy mane. In its own mind it was a glorious creature, noble, beautiful, living the 'life of Riley', roaming free, picking at the garbage and odd bits of food offered it by its 'subjects', whom it would grant the boon of its 'queenly' recognition.

Just one more litter of unwanted life that no-one would care for. The English term, 'litter' gave her pause. Garbage, rubbish, unwanted refuse. Consciously it went no deeper than that. But unconsciously the bitch became a metaphor. She became a metaphor for the pregnant 'ferals' that constantly showed up in Dr Blick's medical clinic, their horribly drawling, sprawling, lazy, shrill, disturbing voices, and their gaunt, haggard features, all mocking the reality of their youth. No, youth was the wrong word. It was not appropriate in connection with these poor creatures. It was much too ironic. And while irony could be amusing, there was no such humor to be experienced in the contemplation of those poor souls' plights. Though they were teenagers, there was nothing at all youthful about them.

However her conscious thoughts and feelings were, at that moment, for the actual living things in the dog's belly. Who would care for them? Who would love them? And who would stop them repeating this same cycle over and over? Surely their mother had been born in the same way. Would anyone stop them reproducing their misery?

Jean consoled, or more precisely, numbed herself to this misery, letting herself construct some romantic fantasy in which these dogs would find homes, or interesting, gypsy lives, as street dogs. She let herself empathise with the bitch's self-satisfaction, her genuine joy at becoming a 'mother'. Just like the teenage girls in her clinic who had mostly become pregnant deliberately, out of a yearning desire to 'have someone to love, and to love them'. Someone 'dependent' on them. The old 'co-dependency' thing, Jean reflected.

As 'mothers', they would experience a level of approval, acceptance, and positive attention that was otherwise completely alien to these girls. Everyone would dote on their beautiful baby. And these mothers would bask in the collateral warmth of that limelight. It also meant greater freedom, as these young mothers would now qualify for their own government housing. They could move out of their parents' government housing, Jean wryly joked to herself. And the State would pay a single mothers benefit, and not expect the mother to work outside of the home for at least five years. Thus it was common to find women with 4 year old daughters suddenly becoming pregnant once more, whether or not they had a partner, let alone even a boyfriend.

There was a new incentive as well. Governments all over the developed world were searching for ways to increase their natural population growth, without the political challenges associated with increasing immigration. The Australian government's response was a \$5000 'baby bonus'. That would furnish the new public housing of



Jean's young single mothers with big-screen televisions, home entertainment systems, and a few parties, maybe even a holiday to the Gold Coast.

The baby, the intended recipient of that 'bonus', would likely see little benefit from the money, other than a temporarily less unsatisfied, less unhappy, mother.

It would of course shock the 'politically correct' person, but Jean, if she had been asked her opinion, might even have risked wondering aloud whether, rather than using taxpayers' money to encourage such pregnancies, perhaps the Government would have been better advised to offer this money in return for voluntary sterilisation. But that would have been extremely naive on her part. For no government or religion in history had ever actively sought to lower its population growth, apart from China with its 'One- Child' policy. And that policy was widely condemned around the world as a 'horrific', human rights violation.

As Jean observed the ragged little dog, this poor little produce of evolution, she repressed the sadness that would otherwise have overwhelmed her. But she also made a commitment to try to prevent such misery from being reproduced, repeated ad infinitum. Things only endured if they were reproduced. Misery could be limited to one life-time, if you prevented it from being reproduced. When it came to stray animals, even pets, most people were enlightened enough to have them sterilised. This straggly mutt and her offspring would probably be caught in that net of reason, sooner or later. But what about all the not-really-wanted and barely cared for human babies? Babies that would, in a bitterly ironical way, repeat the same error as their parents, simply as a desperate attempt to add some light and warmth and love to their otherwise bleak, barren, gloomy existences. In an attempt to solve their own problems, they would be producing new people who would be faced with the same problem. What were the odds that they would find a solution that did not involve them merely reproducing the original problem fourfold?

Jean reflected on the arguments she had read in 'TROONATNOOR'. We are not, in a deterministic universe, responsible for our holistic inheritance. We have no respons-i-bility. However we have a response-a-bility. We can't alter what the universe has already produced. But we can stop it from being reproduced. That was the scope and limit of our responsibility and response-ability. At least in terms of negative selection.

However our response-ability could be taken one step further, into the domain of positive selection. We could ensure that every child born was likely to be desired, loved, and cared for, by ensuring it had those physical qualities that provoked such positive feelings in its care givers. We were enlightened when it came to our pets. Eugenics guaranteed affection, warmth, love, and a caring family for our pets. And no beloved pet, or even stray animal, would be denied a good death when it could no longer live a life worth living, a life of dignity. But when you spoke of eugenics and euthanasia in relation to humans, suddenly all such enlightened reason was abandoned.

Ever since one human realised they could exploit their less fortunate fellows, those with poorer holistic inheritances, euthanasia, and the striving for a positive equality via eugenics, had become taboo. Who would allow their slave, their serf, their 'beasts of burden', their workers, their value producers, their human capital, to destroy their legal property, their capital, to kill themselves, and thus deprive their owners and exploiters of the value of their production? Who would allow their slaves to practice acts of sexual gratification such as homosexuality, anal sex, or oral sex, which would not increase the pool of slaves and workers to be exploited by the beneficiaries of inequality, those with the most superior, the most fortunate holistic inheritances?

If the master was going to gratify his urge to reproduce himself, then he would need an ever increasing population of less fortunate workers to serve him. Workers of inferior holistic inheritances. Workers they could control, and employ in producing value. In providing services. In producing value. The goods and services that the beneficiary classes and their offspring would need to ensure that their lives were positive, rewarding experiences. Lives defined by satisfaction, enjoyment, gratification, and ease.

No matter how superior your holistic inheritance, your potential for consumption was very limited, if limited to what you could produce yourself. It was society that facilitated specialisation. It was society that made it possible for the owners of superior holistic inheritances to employ their talents to the full. If they had to feed, clothe, and house themselves, they would have not time for composing music, writing novels, making films, and so on. The

brilliant designer of products would never get a chance to design them, let alone produce them. The software designer would never have the time to develop their ideas, and realise their own potential.

The Prince who inherited a thousand miles of land could make no more use of it than if he had inherited a few fields. He would be limited to realising the potential of that land that he could plow, sow, and harvest, with his own two hands. With the sweat of his own brow. He could only pick so many wild fruits and nuts, and hunt so many wild animals. Busy finding food, he would have little time for cutting down trees and building a house. He would have little time to make his own shoes and clothing. No matter how huge an empire he had inherited, he would only be able to realise the value that he could produce with his own time, with his own effort. And then there was the question of defending whatever he managed to produce from others who found it more convenient just to steal what others had produced, than to bend their own backs to the plow.

So it was clearly people that were the real source of value to any prince. It was labor that was the real source of value. It was labor that realised the value of natural resources. It was workers. And so the real wealth of the prince was in the number of people he inherited. Slaves. Serfs. Bonded workmen. It was in the Prince's interests to ensure that his workers reproduced and multiplied. It was in the interests of the beneficiary classes. The nobles, the priests, and the other land owners. Anyone who did not produce food, clothing, or shelter themselves, was dependent on having others do so for them.

And thus every religion had defined masturbation as waste, as sin. That was the original meaning of the term. Hence the Sinai, the wasteland of the Bible. It was a sin to deny the priests new value producers, new tithe payers, new soldiers, new slaves. And what rational master would risk their slave's having children equal to, or even worse, superior to, their own? It would be in his interests to ensure that other people's children were inferior to his own. That way he could ensure the inequality requisite to exploitation.

You could only exploit inequality if it existed in the first place. And it would only continue to exist if it was reproduced. Until the beneficiaries of inequality were forced to pay for the poor holistic inheritances of the less fortunate, they would have no incentive to seek to eliminate inequality they would have no reason to prevent the reproduction of inferior, less fortunate, holistic inheritances.

As long as they benefited from inequality, the elites, the priests, the most fortunate, the kings, the princes, the warlords, the hegemonic dominant social groups, the beneficiary classes, would all have an implicit, tacit, and extremely powerful motive to support religions and other institutions, including taboos, that ensured the reproduction, and further, multiplication, of workers, and of inequality.

The unfortunate would be convinced they had earned their misfortune through bad karma in past lives, or as a result of the 'sins' of an Eve or a Pandora. Thus they would feel compelled to endure their miserable, wretched, unrewarding, unsatisfying, and often painful lives. They would perversely ascribe meaning to their suffering. Through suffering they would be earning their redemption in their next lives.

Only the Catholic Church had officially defined the belief in the transmigration of souls to new lives on this earth as heresy. With them you only got one shot at life. This one life was the only chance to earn a place in heaven, or be damned to an eternity of hellfire. So the faithful had been socialised to submit in silence, to endure their slavery, to 'carry their own crosses.

The concept of teleological functionalism, a.k.a 'form follows function', had contaminated the foundations of all thinking. Including 'reasoning concerning evolution. It had necessitated the idea that everything, even inequality, misfortune, and suffering, must serve some purpose. Everything was for the best, in this, the best of all possible worlds.

Stoics before and after Plato had instituted this corrupted form of thinking, as one of their 'noble' lies. These lies were meant to motivate the least fortunate, the slaves and other exploited classes, to endure their pitiful lives. Even one of the greatest atheists of all time, Napoleon, realised that people had to believe the myths, the noble lies of religion, if they were to endure their inequality, and not either rise up against their masters, or commit revolutionary suicide.

The least fortunate were promised that the reasons for their misfortune would one day become clear to them. If not during this life, then in the 'next' world. The better world that was to come. They should stoically 'soldier on'. Should they 'chose' not to, they would be punished with fates worse than death. In this life, in the form of torture, and having to witness their loved ones being tortured. And in the next. In an eternity of pain, suffering, and indignity, of a scale incomparable to anything they might suffer in this world, in this life.

The masters, the beneficiary classes, had a clearly defined motive of self-interest. And lucky for them these interests converged with the natural desires of their slaves to reproduce. The slaves, ironically, found comfort and an alleviation of their own suffering, in reproducing this suffering. In having babies. Out of a desire to give and receive warmth, affection, and love, the slaves would reproduce their own misery. The god of the Judeo-Christian-Muslim Bible narratives had actually willed it so. He had commanded that his creation reproduce so that he could inflict misery and suffering upon them, until he had had his sadistic fill. That despotic, childish, vicious God that the Levites, the 13th tribe, the Zionists, had inflicted upon Western Civilisation. That god had designed this earth as a punishment, a 'vale of tears'. All to punish his own creation for his own sins. Dio Culpa!

The beneficiary classes, of whom the priests, the 13th tribe, the Levites, the Zionists, were among the original members, were the authors of these 'noble' lies. These noble lies ensured that their slaves, serfs, and subjects kept slaving and toiling. And reproducing. For as they reproduced, they increased their masters human capital. This human capital was what produced all the value the beneficiary classes consumed. It provided all the services they enjoyed. It protected their wealth, defending it from others who would like to take it. It increased it, in wars in which they stole for their masters, both land, slaves, and goods.

The 'beasts of burden' were kept in 'thrall' by such 'noble lies'. Usually in form of religion. Sometimes in the form of secular dogma. This was how the brutes, the cattle, the masses, were 'bound' in invisible chains. Conditioned to comply and submit to their masters. Their masters could never have even hoped to control the masses otherwise. It was mostly psychological. However this was reinforced by cruel punishments of any slaves that challenged the authority of the masters. That challenged the myths and dogmas, the noble lies, which were the real prison.

The people were told that the prison walls they built for themselves were there to protect them from external threats, rather than to keep them in. The people were told that the wars of conquest they were fighting, dying, and killing in, were defensive wars to protect their own families. The people were told that they deserved whatever they experienced. The world was fair, exactly as it was. The people were told that anyone could join the beneficiary classes, if only they submitted, conformed, and worked as hard and long as possible. The people believed. The people had faith. The people proved themselves to be the very 'cattle' that their masters had defined them as.

It was not of any real significance that a particular group sat at the top of the pyramid that made up the beneficiary classes. A group that had ruled by the simple maxim of 'divide and conquer'. A group that had constructed three of the world's main religions, simply in order to divide the world, to construct enemies for the slaves. Then it had one about producing schisms within the three, to produce even more division. Christianity became Catholicism and Protestantism. Islam became Sunni and Shiite. To have the slaves so busy fighting and hating one another, that they never raised their eyes to see who it was that was laughing at them from the top of the pyramid. To see who the real 'agent provocateur' of all their wars were. Wars from which the masters always profited handsomely.

And for those who had grown out of the childish myths of gods, there were the 'secular' religions. Also constructed by the Zionists. To fill the same purpose the religions had fulfilled among the 'faithful', among the atheists. Marxism was a Jewish concern. A Jewish construct. Disingenuously offering itself, like its gods and prophets in Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, as a solution to humanity's woes. But it was just another way to divide and conquer. It pretended to respect the worker as a 'noble savage'. And yet its actions were always and everywhere designed to fail, to realise that Hobbesian nightmare of 'the war of all against all'. And so soon there were the new 'true believers'. New divisions. New enemies. New 'front lines' to battle over. New myths. New 'noble lies'. New

victims. New cycles of revenge. The 'historical determinism' of Marxism was no more compelling than creationism or resurrected god-men. It was no less specious and sophistical. No less disingenuous on the part of its 'authors'.

There were even many people who believed that Nazism was also a Jewish construct. A tool for the Zionists. A further 'line in the sand' for people to fight and die over. For nations to fight over in wars that would destroy the nations. Leaving the world open to a One World Government with the Zionists as its 'priests' and 'masters'. Nazism was definitely a secular religion. It had its own myths. Its own 'noble lies'. Its own 'chosen people' with a 'historical destiny'. Another division. Another 'side' to pit against the other new religion, Marxism. Two secular religions full of faith in their historical destinies, and in a bright vision of a better future. Two opposing factions with no capacity to compromise. Two camps committed to the complete annihilation of each other. What a better 'theater' for the Zionists to stage?

In reality Nazism was merely a competing form of Socialism. So why should Nazism and Marxism be enemies? In reality it was Nazism's rejection of the Zionists Central Banking system that made it the Zionists enemy. The Zionist could not control Germany, and the world, without this 'philosopher's stone'. And so the Zionist had brought about the Bolshevik revolution, and then at the head of the Soviet behemoth, had worked behind the scenes to ensure that Britain and France would declare war on Germany, and that the U.S would wage war against Germany, without officially declaring war. After the war the victors redefined history to place all the blame, again, on Germany. Germany was returned to the Zionists Central Banking system, it's 'Philosopher's stone', and its people were conditioned to feel nothing but guilt for having sought to free themselves of their slave masters. An entire 'Holocaust industry' ensured that the entire world believed that the Germans had been monsters not deserving of freedom. This would facilitate their acceptance of a European Community with one Central Bank that the Zionists could employ as their tool, in their quest for world domination.

Germany had been the only nation that had ever really held out against the Zionists. It was defined by the Zionists as a threat to their quest to enslave humanity. It had been the last best hope for a free humanity. The last hope for the 'Gentile'. It had had to be crushed. The will of the German people's had to be broken. The firebombing of Dresden, burning hundreds of thousands of German war refugees alive, was deliberately implemented to this end. How else can you explain eyewitness accounts by Kurt Vonnegut of allied fighter planes flying in low, and machine gunning surviving women and children?

Jean reflected how, since Hitler, the only other world leader who had seriously attempted to escape the tyranny of the Zionist's Central Banking System was JFK. Kennedy had signed an executive order that would dissolve the Federal Reserve Bank, and empower the U.S congress to print money, as had been the intention of the founding fathers, as expressed in the U.S Constitution. There was no evidence that Hitler had actually died in Berlin. In fact maybe Hitler had escaped. JFK was not so lucky. He was doomed to die at the hand of his own body guard.

Of course before we shed a tear for the victims of Zionism, we must remember that victims are rarely any better than perpetrators. They were as opportunistic in exploiting any power they had over other living things as their own masters were. They were as cruel to those they had power over, as their own masters were to them. Even crueler. For it was animals that had to endure an existence at the very bottom of the pyramid. The workers and human slaves might complain at how unfair life was to them. But this did not stop the very self-defined victims from committing the most horrific acts of cruelty to animals, and any human lower to themselves in the pyramid.

Few of the people who were seeking to make this world a better place were particularly concerned with who sat at the top of the pyramid. Let the Zionists play their games on the masses. The masses were no better, in principle. We might sympathise with them, as victims, out of empathy. But the enlightened person saw through these 'victims' claims to deserving any better, in principle. They would have happily overthrown the Zionists and taken their power and privileges for themselves. They would not have behaved any better. So why concern ourselves with the Zionists? Sooner or later Karma will teach them the lessons they need to learn. And if there is no karma,

then what does it matter who is the most evil? Would it make any difference if some other group had the same power? Would they use it any differently? How many humans really cared about justice in principle?

These were just some of the thoughts that had paraded through Dr Blick's mind over the last few years. She had at first been awoken to the Zionists after 911. But then, after realising what was going on in the world, she had realised that it did not really matter in the long run. Unless these Zionists were really going to introduce a New World Order based on truth, justice, and beauty, then what did it matter who fucked up the world? What did it matter who the slave master was? The victim and perpetrator were interchangeable, in terms of real principles. Did it matter who inflicted what suffering upon whom? Did it matter who tortured the animals? Did it matter who was master and who was slave, as long as both master and slave were equally committed to slavery, and to membership of the beneficiary classes? No, it didn't.

Dr Blick had published a book about the truth of 911 and Zionism, with great trepidation and ambivalence. She had been glad when no-one had paid any attention to it. She realised that had probably saved her from fates worse than death. The world had ignored her mind blowing revelations. And so she never came up on the radar of Mossad or the C.I.A, the agents of Zionism. She had never posed a threat to their interests. No-one had been, thanks to her, informed about their 'Philosopher's stone', their Central Banking system, their 'petro-dollar' ponsy scheme, with which they fed their 'Golem', the U.S congress, the mass media, and their Mitre shadow government assets.

And so no-one had paid her any attention. She had been left free to seek a real solution to the moral dilemma. Maybe the Zionists would institute a New World Order based on true principles of truth, justice, and beauty. That would be great. That would free her from a real burden. But she did not count on that. She did not think it sane to believe that humans would ever, out of the blue, reject the idea of exploiting power to serve their own narrow, selfish interests. Why should the people who had the power to do anything they wanted, want to do what was actually right? When, in the entire history of humanity, had that happened? Surely one definition of sanity was that you did not expect the same set of interactions to produce a totally different outcome than they had on all previous occasions?

Dr Blick was relieved when the public, and therefore the Zionists and their 'Golems', had simply ignored her book. She had done all she could to inform the victims. To help them. She had exercised the limit of her responsibility, and thus satisfied the limits of her personal responsibility. She was well aware of the risks she had taken. She had taken the risk, and had been willing to make the sacrifice. Luckily the universe had decided that she would not have to sacrifice herself. It decided that no-one should pay any attention to her books, or blogs.

She could live with herself. And because no-one ever read her book, she was allowed to live, for now, in peace, by the people whose secrets she had exposed. She still reflected now and then on the revelations and insights she had gained. 911 had changed her world. Or more precisely, what the independent investigations into 911 had revealed. She would never have imagined that she would ever be among those who believed that Adolf Hitler had, for the most part, been right in 'Mein Kampf'. Of course she probably never would have read that book if not for what had been revealed about 911. 911 gave her insights into how the Zionists and their Golems manipulated reality, through their mass media, and propaganda. Same as Hitler had described. Only now she had seen it all with her own eyes. Seen how blinded she had been. The revelations and epiphanies came thick and fast as she was writing her own book. She would often lay awake in the middle of the night, unable to sleep, as a new insight jostled her mind, demanding she get up and write it down. She felt inspired. It was a real 'ZEN' experience.

The Golem had been a part of old Jewish folklore. A sort of robot that you fed instructions to. It would do whatever you asked it to, if you wrote it on a piece of paper and put it in its mouth. The Golem was the western world. The paper was the Federal Reserve paper known to most as the U.S dollar. The Philosopher's stone was another ancient myth. It could turn anything into gold. That was the Central Banking system, which let the Zionists turn paper into gold. Into anything. With it they could do anything and anyone. It was a ponsy scheme dependent upon Bretton Woods, and O.P.E.C's 'petro-dollar'.

Anyone who threatened to sell oil, or other commodities in a currency other than the Zionist's worthless paper, the U.S dollar, would be destroyed. Their nation would be invaded. The President murdered. It happened to Saddam Hussein and Iraq. It happened to Mohamar Gadhafi and Libya. The Zionists arranged 'false flag' terrorist attacks which they had blamed on whoever had threatened their ponsy scheme by selling oil in Euros, or BRICs, or any other currency. Iran and Syria would be next. The plans had been made a long time ago. But the consequences would depend on how Russia and China responded. Would they really step in and defend Iran? Or were they too 'Golems'. They had huge U.S dollar reserves that would become nearly worthless if they exposed the U.S dollar ponsy scheme, and sent the house of cards that it was crashing to the ground.

Jean knew she had no response-ability. She had exhausted her possibilities. Now she just had to 'let it be', in true ZEN style. What will be will be. Maybe the world will learn something from it all. Maybe humans needed to suffer to become better people. To develop empathy. To abandon their sense of entitlement to more than their neighbour. Their sense of entitlement to enslave other sentient creatures, and abuse them as mere means to their own ends. Maybe WWII was just what was needed.

## Chapter Five

People tend to use the term 'conspiracy theory' in the pejorative. They tend to mock people who claim to have uncovered and deconstructed conspiracies.

But this is absurd, given that it is human nature to conspire with others against others. It is the basis of all politics. It is the basis of market competition. It is as old as society itself. Everyone seeks their own advantage. Everyone tries to employ everyone else as means to their own ends. People lie and cheat and conspire secretly to get what they want. They even lie to themselves, so they do not need to feel bad about it.

The whole point of society is the idea that by working together, we can achieve more than by working alone. Society is made up of individuals who are constantly forging, breaking, and re-making alliances. They conspire as members of special interest groups, to further their shared interests. They conspire against members of other special interest groups, when their interests conflict. Workers join unions and lobby the government for better pay and working conditions. Employers join together to lobby the government for lower wages and de-regulation of working conditions, and environmental laws. These are conspiracies. The workers unions are public. They are not secret. But that does not make their activities less of a conspiracy.

However it is usually only the secret conspiracies that people tend to define as conspiracies per se. These are the secret dealings that inspire our imaginations. The idea that groups of powerful people are manipulating politics and economics behind the scenes. Everyone wants to belong to some 'inner circle', where they can benefit from the power of the secret society. There are 'circles' within 'circles', with ever increasingly exclusive memberships. Within each 'secret society' there are rumors of even more secret, exclusive groups, who are using the wider secret society as a tool in their struggle for world domination.

Dr Jean Blick would soon find herself unexpectedly at the head of the most sophisticated conspiracy ever known. The most powerful of secret organisations was confident of achieving its secret aims within the next few years. It went about its business, sure of victory. It had no idea that the 'rug' was about to be 'pulled out from under its feet'. It had gotten used to total power. It had annihilated all its opponents. It was on the verge of complete power. So confident of this that it was preparing to reveal itself to the public. It was in the final stages of a plan for world domination, for a New World Order, that had been underway for over 2000 years. It could have had no idea what was coming. That its thunder would be stolen. It had grown too lazy and arrogant. The upper echelons were too busy congratulating themselves on their own cunning, and on their certain success. Any moment now. They were luxuriating in the pride that always comes before a fall. They were so close to total power that they could taste it. Victory was within their grasp. They just had to reach out, whenever they were ready, to pick the low hanging fruit of their success.

They thought they knew everything that was going on in the world. In technology, science, politics, and religion. They had a firm grip on the mass media. People thought whatever it was that they wanted them to think. To believe whatever they wanted them to believe. They defined the hegemonic social reality. People outside this reality were marginalised and powerless. They could never pose any threat. You only enjoyed power and success in this world by submitting to, and conforming with, the hegemonic social reality.

What they had not realised was that they were being 'played'. For over 2000 years they had been 'played'. It had begun with the Priests at On. Their most famous student had been Akhenaton. However it had been in the chaotic interregio, between the end of Akhenaton's reign, and the start of his son 'Tutankhamen's reign, while factions were fighting over power, and the Egyptian priesthoods were repositioning themselves after some 'lean' years under Akhenaton, that a former disciple of the Priests at On made his move. He had willfully turned against the principles of Ma'at that defined the Priest at On's philosophy. He had taken leadership of a group of slaves whose

numbers had grown so large that they had always been a potential threat to their masters. They spent most of their time caring for their masters flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle, in the province of Goshem. The Egyptians had considered such work beneath them. Moses had found it easy to gain the governorship of that province. He had had some success as a General. But his ambitions were limitless.

He had a plan. They pillaged their masters, stealing as much gold, silver, and precious jewels as they could carry. They then took off, headed for Sinai. The Generals, Egyptian Priests, and anyone who might have organised anyone to stop them were all busy jostling amongst themselves for new positions of power and privilege. They were too focused on the power struggles, and their own narrow vested interests, their lobbying for positions and stations in the new government that was coalescing around the new Pharaoh, to pay much attention when reports came in of the slave revolt in Goshem.

And so Moses and his 'chosen people' managed to get a good head-start on the Egyptian Generals that were eventually sent by a dis-organised group of new commanders to recapture them. Moses had a plan. Zion. The city of the sun. He felt he was destined to own the world. He and his family. Aaron, his older brother, and a small group that had formed around them. But that is a very long story worthy of its own book. All we need to know is that this group went on to become the elite group that was, at this very moment, poised to realise Moses' dreams of world domination. Of a New World Order.

But what of the Priests at On? How did they fare after their most beloved supporter, Akhenaton, 'disappeared'? Some said he had been assassinated, that his son and wife had conspired against him, with the Priesthoods of Egypt, and the Generals. The Generals had been unhappy by Akhenaton's pacifism. There was no way to increase their wealth, power, their lands, and their number of slaves, unless they could conquer some new territories. And the Priests had been enraged when Akhenaton had introduced his new Atenic religion, based on the teachings of the Priests at On, and their simple principles of 'living in Ma'at'. Living in truth, justice, and a respect for all living things. A priest could not grow rich from that.

A priest could not accumulate temple whores, luxurious palaces, and wealth, based on that. In fact the Priests at On went so far as to say that there were no gods, and thus no need for Priests to intercede between man and the gods. The priests had basically become unemployed overnight. They had to rely on the older generation, who were uncomfortable with the new religion. They felt better with the idea of paying the Priests to intercede with the gods on their behalf, to favor them in their dealings. To bring good fortune, and to appease the gods' wrath when they 'sinned'. It was simpler to be able to rape and murder, and then pay a 'fine' to the priests, than to discipline themselves. That was 'old school' religion. That was what most of the older generation wanted. They did not understand the Priests at On at all. Even less the notion that their King, their Pharaoh, would go and build a new city in the desert in honor of the Sun. That was damn pagan of him. That was not the sort of thing they wanted from their Pharaoh.

The 'old school' priesthoods would have loved nothing better than to simply have the Priests at On murdered in their sleep. But they were too well connected, those Priests at On. The most wealthy and powerful Egyptians, and even Kings of other lands, all placed their children in the care of the Priests at On. They were sure of the best education at On. It was a tradition perhaps even as old as the oldest Egyptian gods. It was an institution. The Priests at On had a huge amount of political influence. They could call in favors from the most powerful of families. It was too risky to even secretly discuss doing away with that lot. Not even the most obscenely deranged of Priests would dare speak against them outside of his own Priesthood.

The Priests at On knew which way the wind was blowing. They understood which way the wind was bound to blow. They knew that their only hope was in education, and in technology. They would focus their efforts there. Let others seek worldly power, and conspire for domination. They had learned, after the experience of Akhenaton, that the masses were unlikely to accept reason. And no matter how powerful an elite became, it would sooner or later be destroyed from outside, or self-destruct due to internal schisms. Their former disciple, Moses, had argued with them. He believed that you could change the world from above. They, however, believed that such an approach was



doomed. They placed their hopes in technology. They would recruit the smartest, the most talented, the most beautiful, and continue, through eugenics, to raise the quality of their small groups.

Their plan was simple enough. The world produced things. These things only endured if they were reproduced. You had to find a way to stop 'bad' things reproducing. You had to limit reproduction to those things consistent with the principles of Atenism. Those things convergent with 'Living in Ma'at'. That way you would end up with a world that produced only Ma'at. A world defined by truth, beauty, justice, and compassion. A world in which all living things had respect for each other. A world where no sentient being would ever be defined by another sentient being, let alone an entire 'class' of beneficiaries, as a mere means to someone else's ends.

## Chapter Six

The Priests at On networked the most intelligent, creative, aware, enlightened, compassionate, successful, and powerful people on this earth. Unobtrusively for the most part. Few of their 'assets' would be aware that they were in fact contributing to the Atenic plan. Almost none had ever even heard of The Priests at On. And still, as the 21st Century was being born, the Atenic plan was coming to fruition. You could not call it 'momentum' or a 'shifting up of gears'. It had such little mass that it was hardly an organisation. Let alone a New World Order. And yet, creeping at more or less the same pace as it had ever done, it was, like a fruit tree silently and calmly blossoming, about to bear fruit. It had such a small core of active planners. You would hardly have called it a conspiracy as such. You would have defined it more in terms of a small think-tank of bio-tech, or more precisely, Nano-tech specialists. The same Nano-tech that produced biological, living machines, was now being used to construct mechanical, living machines. Some as sentient as a tree. Some much more sentient than the most advanced specimen of that prideful species, Homo sapiens.

The Atenic Priests were now scientists. They had always had the scientific frame of mind. They observed patterns in the world about them. They sought to understand the patterns, so they could predict them, and adapt them to their own needs. They approached the world about them with the ZEN 'beginners mind' of the true Skeptic. X(Zeno) had been a student of theirs. Marcus Aurelius, and David Hume too, among many other of the philosophical greats. Bacon and Newton, and of course, Einstein, were among their most famous protégés.

Science accumulated like grains of sand on a beach, until it hit a 'gateway event'. It then raced forward at exponential speeds, petered out as the momentum of its rush was slowed by the resistance of the beneficiary classes of its time, and the inherent exhaustion of its new ideas. It would then creep forward, often taking several steps backwards, before, perhaps a little more humbly now, it began its inexorable forward march. The main 'gateway events' included the discovery of fire, then steam power, then internal combustion, then the first industrial machines, followed by the first computers, then the great leap forward in information technology which had made both bio-tech and Nano-tech possible.

The innovations offered by science were, for the most part, eagerly adopted by society. People liked, even loved cars, and computers, washing machines, airplanes, and all the convenience and excitement they promised. So this sort of technology flourished. The innovations were welcomed, and quickly adopted by the masses. However social innovations were rarely adopted. And so very little had changed since the early days of the Priests, when they were localised at On, Heliopolis, their 'City of the Sun'.

Advances in social ethics had been small, hard won, and fragile. All social advances over the ages which required a reduction in rights, and an increase in responsibilities, had had to be imposed by an enlightened minority upon the masses. Upon an unwilling, or at best, passive, mostly disinterested and apathetic, unwitting, majority, in the form of laws and regulations.

Law, the restriction of freedoms, was, ironically, the only way to ensure the individual could enjoy their liberty, in the form of any significant rights, at all. Left to their own devices, individuals act on their impulses, tending towards 'the war of all against all', as Hobbes put it, and the impossibility of 'society' per se.

Individuals needed some deterrent, some authority hanging over them, threatening them with punishment for any transgression of other people's rights. It was only in this way that most people could justify sacrificing the gratification of their more aggressive and destructive, and hence less social impulses. Of course human psychology was such that, once people had begun acting in a certain way, because of the costs of not doing so, they tended to justify their new behaviors to themselves as freely willed, even self-willed.

They would ascribe motives to themselves that had never existed. They would imagine they acted as they did for various reasons that they constructed in their own minds. They imagined they acted so for positive, rather than negative reasons. They treated others fairly, because they, themselves, were good, honest, just, fair, and decent. They respected other people's rights, sometimes even the rights of animals, because they were kind, considerate, compassionate, and good. Their true motives were selfish. To avoid being punished, sanctioned, or embarrassed. Yet they would never admit this. It was human nature to define our own motives as noble. Some 'Marxists' even went so far as to ascribe such 'noble' motives to humanity in general!

Laws were usually imposed from above. Self-regulation had never proven successful on a mass scale. Sure, there were individuals who were exceptions. Even small groups of people. But when it came to the masses, the only reliable form of regulation was external. Using sticks and carrots. Deterrents and rewards. It was called 'social conditioning'.

The will to gratify urges, and enjoy their immediate satisfaction, was, for the masses, stronger than any empathy for the victims of their actions, or any fear of negative consequences at a later date. The success of western democratic society was founded on the ever increasing secular regulation of the private lives of its citizens. Law and Order was the basis of all peaceful, productive, creative societies. The most creative and satisfying lives people have ever known have been experienced under such regulations.

Those societies with fewer restrictions, laws, and regulations, ironically ultimately enjoyed fewer rights and opportunities. The more developed and 'free' a democratic society was, the more it owed these freedoms to restrictions, regulations, and laws. Freedoms were only made possible through self-constraint. That constraint needed a powerful authority to justify itself, to legitimate itself, to rationalise itself. If there were to be no costs associated with acting impulsively, then there was no logic in restraining the immediate gratification of all urges, no matter what immediate or longer term consequences this had for others and for the self.

Rape, theft, murder, and enslavement of the more able by the less able, were the result. The impossibility of productive, creative society, was the consequence of such unbridled opportunism and short term, unenlightened self-interest.

Limits to rights, in the form of responsibilities, made it possible to enjoy the greatest freedoms. Thus the Western democracies of Germany, France, and Great Britain, had flourished, in terms of the standard of living and rights enjoyed by the mass of their citizens.

And so it would be for the new series of social innovations set to propel humanity into a brighter, more desirable future. However as these innovations were at such a basic level, and challenged the vested interests of the beneficiary classes at all levels of society, and in all societies per se, the innovators could not afford to introduce their innovations openly. And so it was in this context that The Eden Project was born. It was the love-child of the scientists once known as the Priests at On. It was the expression of 'living in Ma'at' transposed into the 21st Century.

The Priests of Akhenaton's day had been right. The necessary conditions would be attained only through technology. Without the holistically informed consent of the masses, let alone their beneficiary classes. It would have to be a technical solution to the problem, rather than a social one. Their sober, patient optimism had finally paid off. Akhenaton's vision was to become a reality. Moses and his Zionists would soon find their massive conspiracy irrelevant. They had been beaten to the post. Like 'a tale full of sound and fury, told by an idiot, and now, because of the Eden Project's success, 'signifying nothing'.

Just when the Zionists had positioned themselves at the center of power, surrounded by their Golems, flattering themselves at their magnificent con job of the entire human race, and poised to openly take absolute control, with who could know for sure what objectives, their whole 'house of cards' collapsed as their reason for existence simply dissolved like mist in the sun. They had become obsolete. They would be left as mystified, baffled, ignorant, *mis*-directed, and helpless to understand their world, and as powerless to impose their will upon it, as any of their own dupes. They would feel what had once been the solid ground of their own schemes and certainty of

victory, shake beneath their feet, and turn to rubble, then dust, above a chasm of confusion. They would feel what it felt like to be on the 'other' end of a conspiracy. But as no-one knew for sure what their objectives had really been, it would be impossible for anyone to say whether they would be pleased, or enraged, by the reality that was now unfolding around them.

All that was known of the Zionists was the means they had employed. What ends these horrific, cruel, inhumane, opportunistic means had been employed to attain, well that was anyone's guess. The Old Testament was full of conflicting visions of the future. On the one hand a new EDEN, as vegan as the original one depicted in the bible stories. On the other hand, the Gentiles were to become the 'inheritance' of the Zionists. While the Lion may be eating straw, being led by the child, and laying down with the lamb, in one version of the future, in another version, laying side by side in the biblical accounts, the Zionist was 'ripping up pregnant women' and enslaving mankind, moving freely among the Gentiles like a Lion among the lambs, slaughtering them at will. It made any reasonable person wonder how the two visions could be so juxtaposed and reconciled. It appeared more likely that one version was for the consumption of the masses that must be tricked into becoming slaves, and the other version was for the students of the Zionists, to remind them what the real plan was.

## Chapter Seven

It was around this time that the first waves of the new epidemic of lung cancers hit the world. The partners, children, friends, and work colleagues of smokers from 40 years before were suddenly presenting with all manner of cancers. Smokers had to come to terms with the fact that they had effectively murdered their own children, partners, friends, and co-workers.

It was just one more unfair fact of genetics that the majority of the actual smokers themselves never got cancer. However it was, many people would claim, at least as painful to watch a beloved wife, daughter, son, or best friend, dying a horrific death due to having been compelled to consume your 'second hand smoke'.

The public health system was overwhelmed, unable to adequately deal with the constant flow of misery and suffering. Many sufferers demanded access to Euthanasia. Many simply hanged themselves, when the law, or their doctors, denied them access to Nembutal. The Beneficiary classes resisted allowing anyone the right to a dignified and painless death. It would set a precedent. They lived in fear of a wave of suicides that would deny them their slaves. Their human capital. And the medical and pharmaceutical industries generated most of their income, and profit, from drawing out the last few painful months of their 'cash cow's' lives. The medical and pharmaceutical professionals themselves had the highest recorded rates of suicide of any profession. They had access to euthanasia. They had no fear of a long, drawn out, painful, undignified, horrific death.

But universal access to euthanasia? No way. That represented a threat to all those who benefited from the exploitation of inequality, and of suffering. These beneficiaries were powerful. Hegemonically so. They got to determine the laws. They got to construct public opinion. They got to define social reality. They did so in ways that served their own narrow interests, independent of the costs to others, to the victims of their actions. The hegemonic elites, the beneficiary classes of all ages have been defined by their socio-pathology. They were sociopaths by nature. Pure ruthless opportunists. They started wars so they could profit from them. They spread addiction and disease so they could profit from it. They manufactured public opinion and consent. They defined social reality. They got to define everything in the ways that were most convenient and appealing to their own socio-pathology. To their own narrow self-interest.

Once having rejected the notion of the 'noble savage', it simply becomes a question of identifying, as Hobbes calls us to, 'who benefits' from such crimes. Once we begin identifying the beneficiaries, and their benefits, we have identified their motives. Power itself provides the opportunities. The beneficiaries use their power firstly to prevent us realising that this power exists, and that they have it. It is then used to prevent any transparency. It is used to prevent the victims identifying the benefits, the beneficiaries, and the means by which this beneficiary classes procure these benefits.

As such the victims remain unaware that they are in fact victims. They are unaware that power has been employed in producing and reproducing their situation, their condition, their experience of life. They take it for granted. They assume it is just natural. They assume it is the best of all possible worlds. They are conditioned to blame themselves. To blame any group the beneficiary classes condition them to. They blame drugs. They blame 'terrorists'. They *mis*-direct all their attention, and their anger and frustration at the wrong targets. They never guess they are being manipulated. They never guess who their real enemies are. They never guess that it is their own masters who are the terrorists. They are motivated by 'false flag' attacks their own masters have committed, to give their masters even more power and freedom from accountability.

Once you begin identifying potential beneficiaries, and the benefits they enjoy, you begin identifying potential motives, and ultimately potential opportunities for acting on them. You begin seeing the world in a different light. Social relationships become more and more transparent. A few examples can open your eyes, and

motivate you to continue searching, and increasing your awareness of the nature of our realities, and the reality of our natures. You become *en*-lightened of ignorance and deception.

Once you give one group the power to make their own 'end of life' decisions, other groups will begin demanding the same rights. Once one group was granted the right to a painless, swift, dignified death, other groups would demand the same right. The granting of universal access to euthanasia would be granting the slave their freedom. And this was of course anathema to any slave-owner, and to any slavery-based society.

Imagine that the suffering and exploited had no karma or hell to fear. Imagine that the process of dying itself was robbed of its fearful aspects by a peaceful, painless, instant euthanasia pill. Who is to say how many slaves, how many value producers, soldiers, tax and tithe payers, how many people with unfortunate holistic inheritances, for whom life really is no more than a 'vale of tears', a source of pointless suffering, misery, dissatisfaction, and disappointment, would leap at the chance to escape their current lives? What awaited them? Oblivion? Maybe much happier next lives?

After all, it was the greatest philosophical minds from Plato's Socrates, to Buddhism's Buddha, to the Dao Te Ching's 'Lao Tzu', to Schopenhauer, that defined death as an escape from this world. They defined death as the one true goal of the philosopher. As the most desirable objective to be attained in this life.

It was in response to this fact of the desirability of death for most people, given their personal experience of life as not worth living, that had led to the institution of religion by the beneficiary classes, the slave-owners, the priests and nobility, in the first place.

It was the beneficiaries of the most fortunate holistic inheritances that required some way to compel those with less fortunate holistic inheritances to endure their lives. If they did not, then who was going to produce all the value, all the goods and services, which made their lives worth living? And so they introduced taboos against suicide. They made attempted suicide punishable by fates worse than death in this life, and in the next. They punished the family of the successful suicide, as a deterrent to other would-be suicides who had nothing, personally, to lose, and who had not fallen for the 'noble' lies of the masters, what they called 'religion'.

You cannot exploit inequality if it does not exist. The universe must first produce it. But inequality does not endure unless those who suffer it persist in enduring it. If they live. And it does not continue to endure over generations unless it is reproduced by its victims. Inequality must be reproduced, or it ceases to exist. Slavery is impossible without inherited inequality. It is the inherited inequality which is further 'enhanced' by social and economic inequality. Inequality of access to financial, educational, medical, and legal resources.

And so these terminally ill cancer sufferers, along with the rest of the suffering masses of humanity, were denied access to Euthanasia, by the selfish beneficiary classes.

But of course every slave-society produces a few heroes willing to fight for their own freedom, and to free all slaves. It was these few who developed a form of home-made Nembutal. A 'peaceful pill' that anyone could make at home. From readily available ingredients that the authorities could never successfully restrict access to. Some of these heroes were even willing to risk persecution at the hands of the authorities by publishing, in web pages, in blogs, and in the various social networking sites, the recipe for this 'peaceful pill'. Ironically one of the key ingredients was the same source of the mass cancer epidemic.

## Chapter Eight: 'The Prophet'

Detective Lang was not in any way aware of his not-yet-conscious intentions regarding 'The prophet'. That morning he had stumbled across a drug deal. The dealers had panicked. They were not professionals. They were young lions looking for a break into the 'industry'. Lang had seen this time and time again. It often meant bloody, ugly, messy violence. He felt sorry for the nurses, doctors, and social workers who had to see all this ugliness. He could walk away from it. They had to deal with it, try to heal the wounds, try to cure the insanity. He simply had to catch the 'bad' guys, to lodge the paperwork, and appear in court. They had to swim in the blood.

Worse, they had to look into the face of the feral, half-crazed victims. For them it was very personal and unavoidable, this confrontation with reality. The reality of what humanity had come to. And what it had always been. How could someone, seeing the pattern, find hope for what humanity would become. Wasn't one definition of insanity the expectation that interactions that produced one set of conditions in the past, over and over, would suddenly produce different conditions next time? Wasn't that, at very least, a belief in the possibility of magic? Of miracles?

Of course Lang was familiar with the disingenuous Marxist sophistry. It was not humanity that was the problem. It was 'the system'. As if mankind itself were not the progenitor of that system. As if man had been taken in perfect innocence from some other planet, and then dropped into this world. As if history had been the result of 'the system', and not humanity. Who had done all those horrible things in the past? The system? How did a system manage to torture, maim, and kill millions of people? Did it have arms? Legs? Eyes? Hands to hold weapons? Fingers to pull the triggers? Brains to develop the weapons of mass misery and destruction?

How many systems had been tried out? How had all of them ended? What had been the common denominator? Human nature! No matter what ideal system you place humans in, they would corrupt it. They would seek to abuse their privileges to their own ends. They would end up defining each other as means to their own ends. They would find ways to employ each other as mere means to their own ends. Call it by any name, it was the slavery. The irony was that every slave subscribed to slavery in their own hearts. Only they wanted to be on the benefiting end, as one of the beneficiaries.

And so each slave pretended to be for the abolition of slavery only until they managed to work, sweat, and steal their way into the beneficiary classes. It was so easy to divide and conquer the masses. There was no real solidarity among them. They were all just playing one another off against the other. The slaves were no better than their beneficiary class masters. They were just less successful at becoming beneficiaries.

Lang had no illusions about human potential. Luckily it was not his job to have to even pretend to have any illusions. He was paid to be cynical. He was paid to think the worst of everyone. He was paid to be suspicious of people. He was paid to find and detain those his society had defined as 'anti-social' or 'criminal'. And once he had captured his prey, he could walk away from it all.

It may have surprised many people, however, that Lang was never bitter or vindictive about his job. He never judged anyone. He had as much compassion and empathy for the supposed 'criminals' as he had for the social workers and corrective services people who he handed them over to. The realities out here in 'The Druitt' must have smacked any hope for humanity out of those social workers heads. Like a two by four hitting them, completely unawares, square in the face. They burned-out at a massive rate. Reality was bleak out here. But then, was it really any better elsewhere?

Sure, maybe people dressed better, talked better, ate better, drove nicer cars and lived in nicer houses, in the nicer suburbs. But were the people any better? Sure they liked to imagine they were. They liked to put down the

'Westies' with their uncouth ways, their supermarket clothes, their poverty and listlessness. It made them at least feel better. But who were they really kidding?

Did human nature change just because you paid, fed, housed, and educated it better? These things surely provided some extra 'padding' and 'insulation' between people. But below the surface you found the same old envy, jealousy, greed, selfishness, sense of entitlement, and a desire to use other people as mere means to their own ends. It might be dressed up prettier, but human nature was human nature. What were you going to do about it? How many people even cared about it? How many people actually *wanted* to change? To change the world. To change their community. To change themselves. For that was what it would take. Did anyone want to give up their sense of entitlement to enjoying more than others?

Even the least privileged members of society fought among each other for an unequal share of the available pie. They had their own strict hierarchies. They battled for ascension. They plotted and schemed. They were as treacherous and deceitful as any high priced lawyer. They might be fighting over scraps, but status and wealth were always relative, weren't they? It was a question of entitlement to more than others. More. That was the point. Inequality. Whether you were envious of someone for having a few more dollars than you, when you all only had a few dollars, or whether it was billionaires complaining that another peer had a few more million. It was about a sense of entitlement to having more than your neighbor. How dare they have more than you! You envied everyone who had more than you. You wanted more for yourself. You deserved it. You lived in envy of those who had what you did not have. An envy that often burned. It distracted you. It often lead your mind down dark alleyways of the soul.

And you were jealous of others having what you did have. You did not want others reaching the same level of status, privilege, and benefits as you enjoyed. It was completely illogical. Irrational. That was the point. Humans were emotional. All their motives were, consciously or otherwise, derivative of their emotions. Reason was merely a tool for calculating costs and benefits. A tool for finding means to satisfy emotions. It was never the source of any motivation itself, except when it considered potential consequences. And then it was fear that was really behind reason. All human actions reduced to a desire for pleasure, and a fear of pain. Including the pain of losing a source of pleasure.

But it still appealed to Lang as even worse than all that. For your own enjoyment of what you did have could surely not be lessened by knowing that others also enjoyed the same benefits. Shouldn't that make you even happier? To know that others were also happy. Or did that only apply to a relatively few rare individuals who were for some reason full of good-will for others? So called 'good-natured' people. People who suffered to know others were suffering. People who felt real joy at seeing another's happiness. People with true empathy for the feelings of others.

Ask the psychologists and you would get a disturbing answer. Happiness was, for most people, based on feeling more fortunate than others. And feeling that your fortunes had actually improved, as compared to their own past. And so it was not only necessary to keep others down, but also to continually be pulling yourself up higher. That was what was necessary for human happiness. And so you did not need the genius of the world's wisest philosophers to see the dilemma of 'society'. Happiness was incompatible with the 'equality' everyone claimed to be seeking. Society was based, as Napoleon had noted, on inequality. So Napoleon had enjoyed all the luxury an Emperor could desire, as the supposed representative of the spirit of the French Revolution. A revolution supposedly motivated by the noble quest for Liberty, Equality, and Equality.

History shows that all human society's demand and nurture their hierarchies. The pyramid is not just the symbol of the U.S 'petro-dollar' ponsy / pyramid scheme. It is a universal symbol for human society. Everyone wants to imagine that they are better than someone else. Everyone wants to feel superior and more fortunate than someone else. This is how the system we call society works. Everyone is led to imagine that they can climb the pyramid. To climb the social and economic hierarchy.

The 'grease' of society is corruption. And conspiracies. Everyone may pretend, openly, to be working towards one shared goal, the good of society. That is the ideal. The illusion that we like to imagine. In reality all the 'players'



are secreting plotting and scheming towards their own advancement, or that of their own family. They only do the bare minimum that is required to keep society functioning. Society is not the end in itself. The good of society is only a necessary burden that each player seeks to re-distribute onto other players. It is merely seen as a necessary means to the players own private, selfish ends. If possible, most players will ensure that others pay for the costs of society, while they themselves merely enjoy its benefits. Individuals are quite willing to sacrifice the good of most of their fellow citizens, if it means a private benefit for themselves.

This is the motive that must be kept in check. Society is always at risk of being destroyed from within. Those with the most power exploit it, taking from the less powerful. The less powerful, in their turn, do the same to the even less powerful. That is why all societies are pyramid shaped. Each layer, if it is to consume and enjoy more than those below it, must be smaller in number than the lower layers. Take a look at the wealth distribution of any society and you will find it pyramid shaped.

The reason most society's eventually collapse, like all ponsy schemes, like all pyramid schemes, is that those below must be motivated to keep slaving away for those above, by promises of 'promotion' to the higher levels. More and more people with an ever increasing 'sense of entitlement'. Ever increasing corruption. Until those whose official function it is to keep society functioning end up focusing too much on their own advancement, and less on the integrity of the social system. They find they advance faster by not reporting any problems they are having. Those below them who inherit these problems, when they are advanced to the office where the problems were never reported, will not want to appear incompetent. Why should they be the one held responsible for their superior's actions? And who would dare point the finger at the people who had the power to advance them higher in the hierarchy?

And so problems are never reported, and continue to grow. The current officer is promoted up and away from the problems they had inherited, and allowed to grow. The new guy soon learns how the system works. Any 'whistleblower' is punished so severely for merely reporting problems that everyone can point to them, in hushed whispers, any time one of their colleagues or subordinates even hints at 'problems' existing. Everyone can deny their own moral responsibility by reference to how the whistle blowers are crushed and destroyed.

Surely no-one could fairly expect them to be heroes, and suffer the same fate. No. You can comfortably lower your own moral standards along with your ethics. You will win no friends by being the fool who talks about 'problems'. Keep your mouth shut, your eyes and ears closed, and as long as you have 'no problems', see no problems, and report no problems, you too will be promoted. Leave the problems for the last guy out the door as this pyramid scheme collapses.

For the only problem with the policy of 'no problems' is that sooner or later the problems get so bad that they are impossible for anyone to overlook. The system is poised to collapse like a house of cards. The crisis becomes obvious to everyone. It can no longer be hidden. No longer denied. By this time the people who had set up the 'pyramid scheme' have long awarded themselves performance bonuses and 'golden parachutes'. They are off to the tropics to enjoy their rewarding, society funded, retirement.

Hell, if they get bored, or even greedier, then will then hire themselves back to the organisation as highly paid 'advisers'. In this capacity they will be rewarded and praised for identifying problems. The same problems they had been responsible for. The whistleblowers who identified them decades ago is now rotting in poverty. The people who mobbed and victimised him are being rewarded, again, for their lack of ethics, and their incompetence.

Lang understood all this. That is why he never stuck his neck out. He knew that if he was right, he would be punished for being better than his colleagues, let alone his superiors. If he was wrong, then he placed himself in the unenviable position of being someone who had 'made a mistake'. Of course people who didn't make mistakes didn't make anything. But he had learned that no-one expected him to actually do anything positive. Just don't make mistakes. And if you do, don't let anyone know about them. And for god's sake, cherish any mistake your colleagues make. It will only make you look good, and indebt them to you for never mentioning it. Even better if they actually

broke the law. That was called 'leverage'. It always came in handy if you ever did anything potentially limiting to your career prospects, let alone freedom.

Every society that had ever existed had collapsed. Lang had no illusions about this one. He was not going to be the poor sucker whistle blower who tries to save everyone, only to be punished for his good intentions. While he admired those who did try to improve society, to repair and renew it, he felt sorry for them. He knew how they would suffer. It was inevitable. How was his society going to avoid repeating history, when the people that made up society were still the same sort of people? They had not changed. How could a sane person expect the same sort of people to interact in the same sort of way, and yet produce a different outcome, to what they had over the last few thousand years?

Oh yes, it was certain. This house of cards, this current society, this pyramid scheme we call society, it was coming down, sooner or later. And out of the rubble they would probably go on to build a new pyramid. Of course even those near the bottom had little to lose from a 're-shuffling of the deck'. But even they feared having the pyramid collapse around and upon them. For they would suffer too. Society provided even the lower levels of its participants with benefits that they would find hard to replicate if left to their own devices. But at the very base? The slaves? The ones who made up the majority of the population? All they had to lose was their lives of drudgery and indignity. That is why Napoleon, the great atheist, had officially recognized 'god' and the Catholic Church. He understood that those at the very bottom would never put up with the inequality of the pyramid without the fear of god and hell.

But no matter how hard the Church and the beneficiary classes worked to try to prop up a rotting facade of society, the Pyramid was doomed, by its very nature, to collapse. The trick was simply to have a 'plan B'. For the rich this meant self-exile to another pyramid, where they would be welcomed, and live out the rest of their lives on the spoils they had collected in the old, collapsing pyramid. There was a lot of money to be made in the last years. The more rotten the pyramid, the greater the corruption. The hegemonic elite began sending their wealth to other, more stable pyramids. They exploited the last years to their own advantage, and then, just before it all fell to pieces, they would lay the blame on someone else, the poor sucker who had been 'promoted' last. The poor sucker left to take responsibility for the problems. The poor sucker left with no response-a-bility to do so.

Lang realised that he represented the interests of the top half of the pyramid. They paid him to keep the bottom half, which contained 80% of the population, but only 20% of the wealth, 'disciplined'. Mt. Druitt was geographically around 40kms from the city, with its beaches, wealth, and power. But that 40km really weighed on you in a way far disproportionate to the distance.

Traveling by private car might be 45minutes if you got a clear run. But traveling time, in terms of 'upward mobility', well, that was another thing altogether. For out here, socio-economically speaking, you had the entire weight of the pyramid upon you. This was the base. This was the 'urban sprawl' upon which the entire pyramid sat. You might say 'squatted', with all the associations that term implied. For the people out here really did get 'shat' on, when it came to justice and equality.

Mt Druitt lay between the nicer areas that ended around Seven Hills, and then began again just before the Nepean River, and the Blue Mountains beyond it. You saw and 'felt' the difference as soon as you passed into the aptly named suburb, Blacktown. It was as far from the beaches as from the unique beauty of the mountain rivers, streams, and gorges. It was a sort of 'waste-land'. A 'no-man's land'. For the people in the city and mountains thought of the people here as little more than human waste. They were 'no-bodies'. They had no power, no wealth, no influence. They might have their own 'suburban dreams'. Many even had employment. Some had come a generation earlier and built houses here, not knowing what the area was going to become. In the beginning they even laid out and cared for their gardens. When the future of the place was still wide open. When its destiny had not yet been made clear to anyone willing to look and see. But soon most of the gardens went to seed. The houses were left to slowly rot, with little more than shabby repairs being made to meet the minimum legal requirements for renters. Anyone who could leave, left. Those who remained had no way out.

Out here you were as far from the political decision making power as you could be. They were going to be stuck here for generations. There was not really any exit. If you had a car you could escape for a day or two. But in the end you would be sucked back in by a vacuum. You simply had nowhere else. No-one else. Your family and friends were here. You had nowhere else to go. Sure you might try. But you would find that world outside was not very welcoming. It was not like in the television soaps, or the movies. The world was not waiting with open arms. You couldn't simply work hard and pull yourself free of your roots.

If you had work out here, it was usually of an ad hoc nature. Bits and pieces of exploitative, temporary work. No matter how hard you tried, you would end up requiring some sort of government payments. Whether you could not find any work at all, and got unemployment payments. Or you injured yourself on some typically unsafe work site you had been bullied to at by your 'Jobsearch' agency, and had to sign up for sickness or disability payments.

And then there were the young mothers. What did they have to look forward to? At least they could enjoy the one satisfaction not dependent on wealth and power. Motherhood. In fact the government, fearing that the pyramid was becoming unstable, with too few new slaves to replace the aging slaves, had offered a 5000 dollar 'baby bonus'. It did not specify how that money was to be spent. And so a girl in High-school with no bright prospects on the horizon, nothing to look forward to, could at least count on her own government housing, a big screen TV, and a beautiful baby.

There were quite a few women, even from much higher up in the 'pyramid' that would even envy these young girls. They would get to be mothers. They would get to enjoy all the delights of motherhood. At least for as long as it lasted. A few years at most, before the reality of her situation had set in. Before she was left with a young child that needed so much that she could not provide it.

In the first year she could give it everything it needed. Love. Comfort. Food. Cute clothing. A soft, warm, bed. But soon the child's needs grew well beyond her mother's ability to provide. Soon the child began resenting having been born into the world she had forced upon it. It resented not having all the things it saw other children enjoying. At school. In the shopping centers. And most of all, on television. Maybe to ease the pain, she would have another baby. Another 5000 dollars. Another cute bundle of joy.

She could no longer count on the love of her young child. Because she could not give it what it needed, let alone what it wanted. But she still had so much love to give, and needed so much love, the love that only a baby could offer her. It would raise her social status for a year or so. It would gain her approval and acceptance among the women she met in the street and in the shopping centers. They would coo and smile at her and her baby. It was something. Only people who knew what it meant to have nothing would be able to be generous, and to empathise with her.

The people out here were only 'supported' by 'welfare' so that they were around when needed. They provided a 'buffer' to ensure that the labor supply would always be greater than demand. This would undermine the ability of workers to negotiate better working conditions and pay. Anyone who did not put up, could be threatened with 'replacement' by one of the many unemployed people they knew were desperate for their job, no matter how bad the pay and conditions. So workers shut up. They put up with whatever they were forced to endure. Wages kept falling. Working conditions kept getting worse. If unemployment became an issue for the voters at the next election, the government simply replaced one full time job with two or three casual positions. It then proudly proclaimed its success in 'solving the unemployment problem'.

What the voters did not consider was that most of the newly 'employed' earned so little that they were still dependent on 'support payments'. They were still welfare recipients. They were only 'nominally' employed. But that was all that mattered when the official statistics were published. The mass media ate up the deception. It was the 'Golem' of those higher up the pyramid. Its members could still reasonably entertain aspirations of upward mobility. Serve the masters well, and they rewarded you, as long as you had something of value to offer them. Some talent. Some skill. Some exceptional form of 'human capital'. Some valuable service you could perform to gain their favors.

Then there were the jobs that no-one else would do. So casual employment agencies set up shop. All they had to do was tell the '*Jobsearch*' agencies that they could offer work, and they were sure to be sent cleaning staff and unskilled laborers. The people sent had no choice but to accept a two hour bus and train trip to their work site. They could not refuse. No matter that they would be spending more time traveling than 'working'. They would get a few hours pay for a whole days effort. If they refused, then they had their 'benefits' reduced, and then cut off. They would end up destitute and homeless.

And there was always the off chance that Australia, led by U.S and British interests, would become involved in another terrorist action / illegal military action that it would define as 'just cause'. The Pyramid needed men to perform the menial tasks associated with warfare, including killing. The parents of educated, working class kids were no longer keen to send their sons and daughters off to die in wars. They might accept professional jobs in the military, but they were not going to accept 'front-line' positions as riflemen, cooks assistants, and latrine diggers. So the Pyramid kept this 'stock-pile' of human capital in 'reserve'. It would feed, clothe, and house them to the bare minimum, so they would be there, if and when needed. Not because they gave a damn about their 'welfare'.

And so Lang had complete understanding with those who sought out the 'numbing' escape of drugs. Whether legal prescription drugs and alcohol, or illegal 'street' drugs like heroine or crack. What was the difference? They offered a little relief from an unbearable reality. He usually felt more relief than sorrow when he came across the routine drug-overdoses. You could see from their haggard faces and bodies that their 'souls' had long since departed. Long before the mere facts of their actual deaths.

They had been mere husks of humans. They had been the dried out, withered, rough, and juice-less fruit that had fallen to the ground long ago. They had begun their slow rot long before. They had merely been saved from any further pointless suffering by a bad mix of street drugs. Or, more often, an unaccountably 'pure' mix of drugs. A quality product that had somehow escaped the typical 'dilution' that occurred as they passed from one hand to the next, from one drug deal to the next, from Northern Sydney, to the cross, to western Sydney, and then out here.

He had just stumbled into this drug deal. He had simply been on his way to follow up some leads on some routine case when he virtually walked into a drug deal. It was taking place on the side of the road. The road was empty as it was late enough that anyone with a car had already left for work, and it was too early for anyone to be returning home. For some reason the dealers were particularly jumpy. Probably they had not paid off the right people. This was probably an 'off the books' deal between some lower level members of the gangs who had gone behind their drug bosses backs. It was a 'private' deal. One that would never show up on their bosses accounts. That was a dangerous business. Stealing from the boss. 'Double-dealing' the drug dealer. That could leave you living in a world full of hurt. If the boss even let you live. More likely have you beaten death to send a clear message to any other of his 'employees' who had their own 'entrepreneurial ambitions'.

That would account for the fear he had seen on their faces. The abject terror. It was not just the fear of being arrested. It went much deeper than that. It was a fear that their bosses would learn of it. And their bosses 'discipline' was a whole lot scarier than anything Lang could or would ever threaten them with. Fear prevents you from thinking straight. It produces a simple 'flight or fight' response. All leaders of all criminal conspiracies have relied on fear to keep their 'rank and file' in line, and to place a limit on their too ambitious subordinates. Stalin. Hitler. And now the Zionist C.I.A with its 'false flag' 'terrorist' operations. Fear united people in a way nothing else could. It silenced their complaints and ambitions. They were happy enough just to find 'protection'. They were willing to give up all their rights and enslave themselves to their leaders, simply in return for 'protection'. The threat did not have to be real. Only real in the minds of the people.

As the would-be dealers ran off shitting themselves, Lang noticed an old sports-bag full of money. He picked it up nonchalantly, with no particular plan or intention, and threw it down on the passenger seat of his car. Just then his phone rang, startling him out of his reverie. It was the computer crime unit. They had, in a sort of internet 'triangulation', found his 'perp'. This 'Prophet' would be facing decades in jail.

What was his crime? Who had been his victims? Why did Lang find himself quite reluctant to arrest him? Why was it that Lang was actually hoping that he would find 'his man' long gone by the time he got to the location he was heading to? Why had Lang taken such a great interest in this case? He had surprised many people with his questions. He had almost interrogated his judge friends, and some of the legal aid lawyers he occasionally socialized with. He had wanted to know what the likely consequences were going to be for this 'Prophet'.

'The Prophet' was one of the tags used by a blogger who had been breaking the new internet laws. Laws put in place to censor people from merely discussing issues associated with euthanasia. Death with dignity. End of life choices. The right to decide! Women had the right to decide if a not-yet-person in their womb should live or die. Lang assumed that most fetuses would prefer to live, rather than suffer the horrific death of abortion. He felt that this assumption was hardly extreme or tenuous. And yet a fully grown adult had no right to ask for help to have a dignified, comfortable death. On the one hand it seemed to Lang that the system was facilitating murder, and on the other hand denying someone their basic human right. Well surely in both cases basic human rights were being denied. The right to live if you wanted to live. The right to die, how and when you wanted to die.

This 'Prophet' had merely published a recipe. A recipe for a 'peaceful pill'. A pill that would ensure a quick, painless death. A pill that could be made from ingredients that were readily available, and could not be 'restricted' due to their common use in so many 'legal' applications. And for this, his judge friends and legal aid friends had informed him, the Prophet would be considered 'an accessory to murder' and face up to 25 years in maximum security prison for each and any deaths which might be connected to his publication of the recipe. Even if no judge could make such a connection, he still faced a minimum sentence of 5 years without any chance of probation.

For once in his life Lang really felt that he was being used as a tool. As the means to some sinister ends he could not agree with. It was one thing to charge people, and appear in court. Usually they had done bad things. It had been necessary to respond to their actions. They were a threat to the peaceful, productive operation of society. Sometimes they were a real threat to people's safety, and even lives.

But this 'Prophet' had not done any harm to anyone. In fact, as far as Lang was concerned, he was a true freedom fighter. He was heroically battling something that was clearly wrong. He was doing society a great service. He was doing good. He had nothing to gain. He had everything to lose. And yet he battled on. That was true heroism. Not running into a wall of machine gun bullets just because some dipshit with ambitions of being a 'great man of history' had ordered you to.

And yet Lang was being sent as an agent of the 'bad guys', to do their 'dirty work'. It was probably the first time he had really defined himself on the side of the bad guys. He was being used. Used as a tool for bad people to do bad things. Was he going to prostitute himself so? He didn't feel he was being dramatic. He just felt it in his gut. When did he become the Golem's bitch? Had he already been such a tool, and just hadn't noticed? Had the change been so gradual, like the hot water heating around the lobster, which he just had not noticed? Had he always been a tool? Had he merely been fooling himself?

'No, fuck that, Lang cursed to himself. He was not and was never going to be, anyone's 'tool'. He was not going to be the Golem's 'bitch'. Not going to be a pawn for the Zionist's to play with. He hadn't put up with so much for so long just to sell out that cheaply. He was going to live a free man. A free agent. If that meant dying a free man, well then so be it. What was the value of a life of slavery? A life where you could not speak your mind openly. A life where you could not challenge the 'official fiction'. The 'dominant hegemonic social reality'.

Lang knew what he was not going to be. What he was not going to do. But he was as yet unsure of what he would do. And so as he drove off to 'get his man', Lang was in no way conscious of what he was going to do next. He went into 'automatic' mode. He was moving more by muscle memory than by conscious intention. He parked a few houses away from the house. His detective habits kicked in. They had saved his life, and the lives of many other people, on many occasions. He 'switched on'. Into Zen mode, his colleagues would joke. He let the place speak to him. He emptied his mind and just calmly observed. He became the watcher of himself, and his environment. He was passively alert. Letting his environment do all the talking. He was all ears and eyes. Looking without expecting

anything. Looking without any plan or intention. Just looking. Open to seeing. His head free of any noise or anticipation. He defined nothing. He let everything define itself and present itself to him in its authentic shape and form. He pre-judged nothing. He experienced everything as if for the first time. 'Beginners mind'. 'Mind-less-ness'. 'Empty-mind'. Accepting of everything. His mind a clear, open portal for the 'no-thing' from which all things emerged.

But literally nothing called out to him. The comings and goings of cars and the occasional pedestrian, dog, or cat, revealed nothing. Nothing spoke to him. No threat revealed itself. There was nothing to suggest that this was anything but a typical suburban street, a typical suburban brick veneer house. For some it might be a home, a place to share warmth and affection with family and friends. For others a living hell. For the unlucky, a dark, sinister, close, claustrophobic and ugly ad-nauseam nightmare they would try to drink, inject, and smoke themselves out of.

But typical, non-the-less. Nothing to be wary of. At least no more reason for caution than usual, in 'the Druitt'. Lang approached the house discreetly. Offhandedly. Walking casually. Not wanting to give anyone a reason to look his way, let alone give him a closer look. He adopted the gait and mannerisms of a disinterested local doing nothing in particular. He blended in. He became a part of the local furniture. The local fauna and flora. Not showing any interest in his environment. Bored. Irrelevant. Neither a potential opportunity nor threat for anyone. As such no-one would pay him any attention, if their eyes happened to wander in his direction. He would be of no more interest to any casual observer than a tree or power pole. That was the way to survive. Whether as predator or prey. Blend in. Become part of the scene. The best place to hide is out in the open. Acting neutral. Belonging to the landscape. A part of the backdrop. The scenery.

Detective Lang would later 'explain away' why it was that he was operating alone, against normal protocols, in this matter. It was not too unusual, given the budget limits and thus personnel shortages in 'the force'. He often worked alone. He did most of his best work alone. His colleagues had no problem leaving him to himself. He didn't bother them. He was a team player, when it counted. At least when it came to his work. He knew when to turn a blind eye, and a deaf ear. When to keep his mouth shut. He never presented himself as a threat to his colleagues. He was no pushover either. It was pretty well accepted that working alone left fewer witnesses. It reduced the need to lie. What you didn't see or hear, well, you could not be asked to report on. Could you? No sane judge could expect you to give evidence about things you had never seen or heard. And so it was the typical 'modus operandi' among Detectives. If a colleague called, you came running. Otherwise you kept a discreet distance.

And so Lang could be confident that no-one would challenge his explanations. That was one of the privileges of his posting out here. He was, for the most part, left to his own discretion. No-one really cared what he did. As long as he supplied the legal system with a steady stream of 'alleged criminals' to process. Just to keep the system running along smoothly. To keep the prisons at optimal capacity. To give the public the impression that there were criminals, and thus a need for policing. And to give them the impression that the police were doing what they were being paid to do.

It was mostly about impression management. On some level you were constructing a demand for protection, by offering up evidence of a 'real and present threat'. On the other level, you were constructing the impression that policing was effective at reducing threats. Threats to the public's safety. Threats to their secure enjoyment of their possessions. Of their privileges. Their benefits.

As long as you allowed your bosses to look good. As long as your 'narrative', your 'story', served their interests. As long as it defined drugs as the problem. As long as it blamed the 'bad choices' of the 'perpetrators of crime'. As long as it defined 'criminals' as 'exceptions' to the rule of the 'noble savage'. As not-typical-of-humanity-in-general. Keep your narrative close to the official fiction, to the standard, to the benchmark, to the hegemonic mass media definitions. Support the social reality. Feed the public consensus. The conditioned, naturalised, normalised illusion of reality. Feed the hegemonic 'schemas'. Reinforce the sleepwalking public that their waking dreams were real. Do this, and the powers that be would accept any convenient story you narrated for them. Do this

and they would approve of you. You would be accepted as long as your 'story' was acceptable to the status quo. Go along to get along. Lauf mit!

You got them, the 'public', the 'society', the 'authorities', 'off the hook', any time you provided acceptable narratives for them. They wanted to look efficacious. They wanted to look like they were 'managing' well. They wanted the public to sleep well at night, and work productively through the day, with a false sense of reality. A false sense that 'there were no problems here'.

And if by accident or design the story you offered them did not suit them? Well bad luck for you. That could be a real 'career limiting move'. In fact a career killer. And if you thought you might challenge their power to define reality as they wished, you would be sorely disappointed. By the time your 'report' had been 'processed' through the system you, well, you would not recognise it. The players would come up with their own 'narratives' for the courts. By the time it got to court you would know how the game was to be played.

You would go along with whatever the system made clear was expected of you. That guy was guilty. That one innocent. Drugs were the problem. Not society. Society was fine. It was just some people needed reminding of the rules society expected of them. Society was good. People, generally, were basically good. Just a few 'bad apples' who could and would be found out and punished. Everything was O.K. No problems here. We put the problems, the exceptions, in prisons. And if you, as a law enforcement professional, have a problem, then, well, you are clearly incompetent. No one else is having any problems!

Lang had learned all these 'informal workplace practices' very quickly, as a young Detective. He did not need much 'coaching'. He had eyes and ears and saw how the game was played. He learned the rules. He found them acceptable. So he was found acceptable.

He played the game. It was an interesting game, especially at first. Now perhaps not so much. Now he was perhaps wondering if life should not be able to offer the average person more. Maybe a lot more. He had educated himself by reading widely. By traveling widely. By keeping his mind wide open in his daily life. There was so much to see and hear. To learn. To discover. So many things to question and challenge. So many things to throw away as cognitive rubbish.

One thing, however, was quite firmly established in his mind by now. The wider public could not accept determinism, the absence of free will, or their own response-ability for the problems. They wanted to blame drugs, and the criminals. Like most enlightened judges he knew, Lang had long since abandoned the notion of 'free' will and justice. The criminals were as much victims of the personalities, situations, and conditions they had inherited, as their victims were. But the general public would never be open to such ideas. Just not satisfying.

It was more satisfying for the average person to imagine that they were morally superior to someone. Preferably to whole 'groups' of people. Like drug addicts. Like criminals. The list of people the average person was able to feel superior to was shrinking nowadays. Used to be the lowest status person could feel superior to women, to foreigners, to people of different religions, even to homosexuals. But these days it had become socially unacceptable, at least politically incorrect, to consider yourself superior to someone based on their gender, sexual orientation, or religion. So the last resort of the self-esteem challenged was, really, only drug addicts and 'criminals'.

And so the public, society, played deaf, dumb and blind when it came to the social conditions that catalyzed the negatively loaded inheritance of 'drug addicts' and 'criminals'. The public wanted to feel secure in their self-esteem and moral superiority over someone. Further, the 'public' didn't want to accept its own responsibility for social problems. It would not even let them be defined as social problems per se. It defined them as the personal problems of the drug addict and criminal. No problems with society. No problems with people in general. Just 'personal' problems of the few 'bad apples'.

And for the kind hearted, the people overflowing with good will, there was the final 'excuse' for these 'bad-apples'. They too, they could claim, were actually noble savages. Only they had been caught in the trap of the demon 'drugs'. Not only was society fine, and the majority O.K. In fact everyone was fine. All they needed was to be protected from 'drugs' and they would give up their lives of crime. All the 'social' and 'personal' problems could be

solved if only we fought and won a war on drugs. It was so simple. Such an appealing idea. It really appealed to the masses and the Marxists alike. The idea saved their 'noble savage' from extinction. It put the average human back up on the pedestal where it liked to sit, admiring itself, at the center of its universe. Man is good. Society is good. Drugs are bad. The source of every ill. The demon. Drugs filled the role that the devil filled for religion. It was defined as the problem. As the temptation to evil. As the tempter. As the source of everything that was wrong with the world.

Lang had quickly learned how the 'war against drugs' game was to be played. In your official capacity, you limited your narratives to the 'traditional' themes of drug abuse destroying our youth. In the context of a few 'evil' people out there among an otherwise 'good' humanity. These few 'bad apples' deliberately chose to commit crimes and harm others. The problem was thus limited. Personal. And manageable. It left the 'noble savage' myth unscathed. If you kept within this worldview, any story you fed the system was readily digested. It would then be regurgitated throughout the entire process. It would be 'swallowed' and then regurgitated from stage to stage. From official investigation report, to court records, to sentencing, and onto parole board hearings.

If you found yourself in prison, you quickly learned to 'find' god, and to blame everything you did on your drug habit. If you didn't have any problem with drugs, you were still advised to keep to the story. In any case, if you didn't have a drug addiction when you entered the 'correctional facility', not to worry. You certainly would have every chance to pick one up quickly enough. Everything could be bought in there. Everything except the truth. No-one was interested in the truth. No-one was buying that. So you kept to the official fiction. You played along to get along. In this case to avoid going in. And to get out as quickly as possible.

Your legal aid lawyer would push you to ascribe your problems to drugs. The parole board hearing participants would encourage you to do so, by listening to you with great empathy, and then being very sympathetic about your early release. As long as everyone 'admitted' the source of their problem was drugs. Then all they needed to do was sign up for drug rehab, and some form of AA. It got society 'off the hook' for the problems of society. It defined them as individual problems. As 'drug' problems.

As Lang approached the brick veneer dwelling, all his senses were calmly alert and open to any incoming information or indications of threat. His mind was clear and open. Very Zen. However at another pre-conscious level he was quietly excited. In a positive way. There was no fear. Just the pre-conscious thrill of knowing that he was probably about to meet this 'prophet'.

It is true that he had every conscious intention of bringing him back to the station in handcuffs. Nobody would be able to fault his professionalism. There was nothing to indicate that he was about to 'aid and abet' a 'criminal'. If you had interrogated him at that very moment you would have found a detective intent on prosecuting the law to its full extent. His 'business' was to arrest his 'target'. He had clearly put aside any personal respect he might have for the man.

However as he entered the door other un-conscious and pre-conscious impulses apparently became activated. They passed the barrier of his conditioning and into his conscious will. The door had been left ajar, apparently to allow a breeze to blow through. To provide some relief from the clammy, stifling, heat of the day. A piece of foam placed under the door slipped from the pressure of the breeze on the door. It swung open smoothly.

Lang was strangely not the slightest taken aback by the man's sudden appearance in the doorway. His nerves were not at all tense. He was completely calm. In fact he welcomed the sight. He recognised the countenance he faced immediately. He had seen it so many times. In all the photos and video the various library 'spy-ware' had taken of the man as he entered his name in the internet register, and sat for hours typing, and uploading files.

The face had never had any of the characteristic trademarks of a 'criminal type'. This 'prophet' would never have profiled as a criminal under any known profiling system. It was not the face of anyone who had ever intended anyone, human or animal, any harm. There were clear signs of frustration, and even despondency, almost despair. But never any signs of malice.

The face showed that its owner was clearly surprised. This surprise was further revealed when its owner tried to conceal it with an attempted tone of indifference. Lang responded with 'It's you, isn't it'. At first the 'prophet'



tried to deny this, but in fact it soon became apparent to Lang that his 'capture' had come as a relief to the 'Prophet' himself.

He had long grown tired of running. He knew he would live better in prison than out here in 'freedom'. Out here he was free to be humiliated and pushed around by 'center-link' bullies. They would force him to submit to nasty employers seeking to exploit the unemployed with 'offers' of dangerous, unsafe, exploitative factory and service jobs.

He was better educated and massively more competent than most of the government and 'Centerlink' staff he was forced to deal with. They seemed to take authentic pleasure in his misfortune. It gave them an opportunity to 'cut down a tall poppy'. To humiliate, and to push around one of their 'betters'.

He was sick of playing games to satisfy them. He was sick of his miserable existence. Jail would be an improvement on the past 3 years. And more than anything he was lonely. Abjectly lonely.

He was fed up with running and hiding. He wanted to confront society, and the media, rather than hide from it. So he held his hands out. 'Will you be cuffing me then?' His tone and demeanor suddenly changed. He was acquiescing. The true Daoist virtue, like, Lang reflected, 'knowing when to stop'.

Then suddenly a whole lot of unconscious and preconscious impulses broke through into his conscious will. A plan suddenly crystallized in his conscious mind. This 'Prophet' was a good man. He was not going to let 'the system' break him down. 'You have two passports right? You are a dual-national?' The 'prophet' could sense in Lang's sudden change of demeanor, all his body language, his gestures, his tone of voice, something he could not quite put his finger on. But he found himself completely willing to go along with this man's suggestions. To answer his questions completely, and to do what he said without any reservations or questions.

'Yes', was his succinct response. 'Right then', Lang instructed him, taking control of the situation, 'get your passports. Pack a few things. You are leaving the country'. The 'prophet' had lived most of the last 3 years in his car, showering in hostels and caravan parks, and even occasionally overnighing at them. He had few possessions. He packed them easily into a large bag. He grabbed his passports, carefully put his classical guitar into its padded bag and slung it over his shoulder.

Lang went through his pockets looking for something. He found it. It was a pre-paid mobile phone he had kept from one of his 'raids'. He could make calls on it that could never be traced back to him. He made a call, then passed the phone to 'the prophet'. 'It is the cab company. Book yourself a cab to the airport. Get them to pick you up at the shop on the corner. Got it?'

Lang waited as he did as instructed. The 'Prophet' was about to walk out the front door when Lang indicated that he was to jump the back fence. That would be the easiest 'narrative' for the police to construct from what it would be reasonable for them to expect. They would have no reason to suspect any 'foul play' on Lang's part. He expected them any minute.

The 'prophet' turned to look at Lang, a grateful look on his face. He almost looked guilty. Like he did not want to get Lang in any trouble. 'Why are you helping me?' All the masks fell from Lang's face. His 'persona' evaporated. For a moment it was authentic Lang. His humanity suddenly lit up his face. He became suddenly real for a moment. 'Let us just say that I have made mistakes in the past. I have fucked up like everyone else. Everyone deserves a chance to redeem themselves, don't they?'

This candor and totally unaffected humanity hit the 'Prophet' with a force that only completely undiluted warmth and goodness can. It threw him off. He was not used to it. He was used to being abused, rejected, disapproved of, exploited, demonised, and worst, simply ignored. His body language said all he needed to. Lang saw all of this in his face. He read him like a 500 page autobiography, reading it all in his eyes, the hang of his lips, his posture.

Lang suddenly felt the sports bag he had 'relieved' the drug dealers of in that 'deal' he had just recently stumbled into to. Without giving the matter too much thought he handed the sports-bag over to 'the prophet'. 'This should be enough to get you safely wherever you want to go, and to keep your shit together for a

while". It was the bag of money. He had not even been aware of having carried it into the house from the car. 'Now go. The police will be here any minute. I will keep them busy long enough for you to get out of here. Don't worry, you'll be alright'. He smiled. Suddenly Lang felt good about something. Lang was not sure why or what it meant, but he felt deep down that some 'tipping point' had been reached. He felt something click inside, something begin growing, a small light of hope, a sense of ease. 'Yes', he thought to himself, 'everything was going to be all right'.

## Chapter Nine: Crime and Punishment

Detective inspector Lang was not at all curious as to why the media were so interested in his current case. The new owners of a local 'egg farm' had reported being threatened and harassed by animal rights activists. 'Egg Farm?' Lang had spent his childhood holidays on his grandpa's farm. That was a farm. Lang did not really know what word was appropriate to describe where most of today's eggs came from. 'Hell? The term 'factory farm' just didn't come close. Anyway, what concerned him was getting the media dis-interested. He did not want the media floating around his neck of the woods, looking for a story.

Just having them hanging around asking questions, looking into things, could easily prove a real nuisance. They might accidentally stumble upon a real story. Lang knew what stories, out here in 'The Druitt', which a lucky reporter might accidentally stumble upon. He didn't need nosy reporters wandering around, taking a professional interest in what went on on his patch, on his watch.

The media, or at least the public they pandered to, were naive when it came to policing. They were no less child-like when it came to the legal justice system. They appeared to imagine that the legal justice system was about justice, or 'fairness'. They never really considered how empty these phrases were. If people had no free will, then how could they be held responsible for their actions? In what way was it fair to punish someone who is a victim of their own lack of impulse control? A victim of their holistic inheritance!

Punishing anyone for their actions, when they had no free will, was patently and definitively unfair. It made no difference if they were 'guilty' as such of any particular crimes or not. It was absurd to make a distinction between punishing a 'criminal' and punishing an 'innocent' person. The conventional concept of 'justice' was meaningless.

What the 'system' required was to 'sacrifice' a number of people as a deterrent to others. These others just might be persuaded by such deterrents not to act on the same impulses that the 'criminal' had. These impulses threatened the peaceful, smooth, productive functioning of society. Most 'criminals' were simply people with low impulse control. People who faced circumstances and problems that were unmanageable. Often completely hopeless. This made any supposed deterrents seem trifling in comparison. The crimes they committed were often their only possible 'solution'. They employed desperate means, as they were motivated by desperation. Under these conditions it is impossible to think rationally and reasonably. The deterrent value of most 'punishments' had little impact upon people in such circumstances. They were never going to stop these sorts of crimes. They were ineffective as deterrents in most cases.

But the public demanded revenge upon 'criminals'. It called it 'justice', but it was not motivated by any real desire for justice. It was motivated by a desire to feel superior to someone else. Anyone could feel superior to a 'criminal'. The legal system pandered to the public. It did not really concern itself with justice. It only concerned itself with protecting the interests of the beneficiary classes.

In Lang's experience, most of the 'criminals' he investigated and arrested had nothing to gain from complying with the laws and mores of the wider society that had rejected them. Society had abandoned them to the fringes. It had marginalised them. It had denied them access to any legal opportunities for satisfying their needs, for gratifying their urges, for earning incomes. And just as importantly, it had denied them any constructive means to gaining status, acceptance and approval.

Most of the perpetrators he was supposed to identify and round up had nothing to lose. Most modern prisons offered better living standards and personal opportunities for inmates than they would ever have had access to 'on the outside'. The social welfare system was simply there to force them into exploitative casualised employment markets. Why be 'hard-working poor', when you could be lazy poor? Why give the beneficiary classes

the satisfaction of being your slave masters? Why work just so that others could enjoy the benefits of your sacrifice, effort, and risk?

Lang kept in mind the biblical warning, *'you will be judged by the same measures by which you judge others'*. He had long since ceased judging anyone. He didn't judge criminals any more than he judged the legal prostitutes who preyed on them, calling themselves 'lawyers'. He didn't judge the junkies, the whores, or the Judges did the legal systems dirty work. Moreover, he had even stopped judging himself. He enjoyed what life offered him, and didn't complain about what life threw at him. What was the point? It would change nothing. Complaining just added to your suffering, when you had bad luck. And denying yourself some pleasure that happened to come your way was not going to make your life any better either. In fact it would be truly sacrilegious.

Lang had become truly ZEN. He lived in the moment. He gratefully accepted anything good that came his way. He begrudged no-one else such good fortune. He did not dwell on his own past mistakes, or the 'strings and arrows of outrageous fortune' that life had thrown at him. He did not dwell upon the ills that others had inflicted on him in his past. He forgave himself those he had inflicted on others. He sought to do good. But he was not hard on himself when that good eluded him. Maybe, he reflected, karma was trying to teach him something. Maybe teach us all something. It seemed to him that most people needed to suffer a good deal before they learned to be compassionate, just, and fair. He had had his own fair share of suffering. He had learned his lesson.

He bore no malice towards those who had been part of that lesson. He bore no malice towards anyone or anything. He might lose his temper now and then, in sheer frustration, but he had become pretty mellow, in comparison to that 'self' that he had once been. In fact he had rejected the notion of a continual, developing 'self' as such. He was pure potential for experience. He was open minded. He would not limit what he was, or could be. He would not subscribe to the idea of a fixed 'personality' as such.

Even if, in reality, he found people to be pretty predictable, once you knew their motives, he always left people room to prove his expectations wrong. He tried not to pre-judge anyone. He tried to eliminate all prejudice from his mind. He let people be what they were in this moment. He tried not to let his interactions be poisoned by what that person had been, in the past. In this way people were free to surprise him, and often even themselves. He gave people room to be the best they could be.

Lang wanted to keep likely re-offenders off the street, but in his experience most criminals who killed other criminals merely saved the tax-payer a lot of money. If he didn't think a person was bound to re-offend, then he saw no point in 'punishing' them. And when he charged re-offenders, he did so without any sense of moral superiority or 'judgment' as such. It was merely a practical measure. They should be put away to prevent them re-offending, where their crimes were particularly unpalatable. However they had no free will, so he made no moral judgments. He merely judged their actions.

By the same token, if 'innocent' people were put away, it served more or less the same purpose as incarcerating a 'guilty' criminal would have done. It provided providing a potential deterrent to other 'would-be' criminals. And it was, in reality, just as equally unfair to punish a 'guilty' person as it was to punish an 'innocent' person. And in any case, who was really innocent? It was more a question of what they were guilty, or innocent of. Everyone but the vegans were guilty of horrific crimes against their fellow sentient beings. Most people were opportunistic when it came to profiting from their own holistic inheritances, at the expense of those with less fortunate holistic inheritances.

Many philosophers had noted this in the past, and many currently serving judges shared this insight. They were merely motivated by what the philosopher David Hume called 'moral sentiment'. They acted according to the interests of 'society'. Society had made all that is great in man possible. When society breaks down, all that is good about man is lost, giving way to all that is bad. Yes Lang had read Hume, Hobbes, and Plato. He was affectionately known as 'The philosopher' among his superiors, colleagues, and subordinates.

Whenever Lang heard the press, or a member of 'the general public' refer to 'innocent' victims, he always corrected them with 'innocent of what?' It was absurd to globally define a person as innocent. It was like globally

defining a person as guilty. We were all made up of good and bad. The same person who had horrific acts committed on his behalf on animals, would claim to be the 'innocent' victim when they were on the receiving end of some injustice. Sheer hypocrisy. He saw it. They usually failed to. Of course. For most people injustice was something only perpetrated by others. They themselves were always victims. They never saw themselves as perpetrators.

In most people's minds, the legal justice system was there to protect them, from others, and not vice versa. Most people considered themselves 'innocent'. And when they did take responsibility for acts and omissions that brought them in conflict with the legal system, they always claimed some 'mitigating circumstances' or 'diminished responsibility'. Whereas their perpetrators were 'evil', they themselves, when committing more or less the same acts, would define these acts as 'exceptions'. They defined themselves as essentially good. They had been 'acting out of character', having been 'swept away by the moment'. They and theirs deserved leniency, clemency, and forgiveness.

Of course when they or theirs were the victims of exactly the same acts or omissions, they demanded 'justice'. They demanded that the perpetrator 'pay'. That they be 'punished'. They were evil, and should be locked up behind bars. The public had to be protected from them!

Detective inspector Lang was able to keep a balanced, open, unprejudiced, unbiased, neutral, independent, objective, equanimous mind in all his actions. He was able to keep a distance between the emotions of those around him, and the 'facts' of the cases he was investigating. He was able to empathise with the victims of crimes, as well as identifying with the perpetrators. He kept his eye on the bigger picture, the interests of society. His aim was to best serve the interests of those he was paid to protect. In fact he defined his role as that of a facilitator of society. He made society possible, by managing the less desirable impulses of humanity, while facilitating the more desirable ones. He made no 'moral' judgments of people. He merely judged behaviors as more or less desirable, given the context that they occurred within.

So it was by virtue of Lang's insights into reality, and his role within society, that he was quite capable of 'overlooking' some things. He had occasionally made bureaucratic 'blunders' which had made his evidence inadmissible in court. He did so in return for the help of petty criminals in busting the real criminals, the organised crime leaders and their 'business partners' in politics and 'big' business. That was not 'immoral'. What was 'immoral', in terms of Hume's 'moral sentiment', was the exploitation of a situation to serve your own interests, while sacrificing the interests of society.

Some corruption actually facilitated society. It made it possible. It made it more productive and creative. Human nature was human nature. You had to accept it, and work with it. Sometimes you might make 'mistakes', but Lang was always one to err on the side of justice. He would rather take the risk that he had let a 'guilty' person go free, than that he had risked having an 'innocent' person punished.

Lang found the notion that 'you are innocent until proven guilty' was patently absurd given that the State paid public prosecutors to try to have people incarcerated. He had seen their egos at work. They did not try to find the truth, they sought to 'win' their case. They tried to prove that someone was guilty. People got arrested and locked up first. It was then up to them to prove they were innocent. So surely, to be honest, the state treated its citizens, its tax payers who paid all its costs, as if they were guilty, unless they could prove otherwise. The assumption was obviously of guilt. Otherwise why go to the expense of trials?

The poor had no chance in the legal justice system. What counted was how good your lawyer was, and not how innocent or guilty you were. Lang had seen it time and time again. He rarely found a lawyer who was not willing to attack the innocent, or defend the guilty, if that was what paid their own bills. The interests of 'justice' were only ever secondary. In fact Lang often wondered if 'justice' ever really figured at all in the motivations of most lawyers. Or judges for that matter. They were often pushed to go 'hard' on drugs, or on prostitution. Politics figured heavily in the career prospects of judges.

However his role was not to 'judge'. He was grateful of this. For as the good book said, 'You shall be judged by the same measure by which you judge others'. And Lang would therefore have found it very hard to convict many

people. He would have found it hypocritical. He would have cringed at the idea of convicting people of drug possession charges, for instance. As far as he was concerned, it was your own business, as long as you did not fail in any of your duty of care at the time. In fact from what he had read and heard, it was the C.I.A that had pushed for the criminalisation of drugs, so that it could monopolise the distribution of drugs around the world, to fund its 'covert' 'black' 'ops'. Its 'shadow government'.

Lang felt that, at the end of the day, the 'criminals' who were 'locked up' were really merely 'scapegoats'. They had been sacrificed in the name of 'society'. In terms of fairness, it really made no difference whether you punished a person who was nominally 'innocent' of that particular charge, or someone who really was guilty as charged.

This allowed Lang a great deal of 'moral' maneuvering room. He was guided by a Hume-like moral sentiment. He had no delusions of 'morality' as such. For the ignorant or naive observer, many of his actions would have appeared 'corrupt' and 'unjust'. Technically many of his practices were in fact illegal, even criminal. Not being able to rely on any observers of his actions being as enlightened as himself, he found it expedient to keep most of his dealings as secret as possible.

This was, then, the reason why he had been less than exuberant in his welcoming of the Media's enquiries into his latest investigation. And when they had begun turning up in ever greater numbers, he had become more than a little nervous. In fact he had not really slept much in the last few days. His nerves were a fraying. He found himself more irritable and impatient with the public than usual. Though of course he did his best not show it. He put on his most polite and professional persona. He wore a mask. It was tiring, as he was not used to having to wear a mask. Whereas most people wore masks all the time, and basically adopted a persona then lived their entire life within this self-imposed set of limits to their own personality, Lang tended to be genuine, authentic, and real. He usually felt quite comfortable presenting his true self. He had rarely found the need to 'play' a part.

As he understood that beast, your typically opportunistic journalist was focused on their own narrow, selfish ends, to secure their own fame and fortune. They were not concerned with the greater interests of society. The media worked against the interests of society, in Lang's experience. They had to be managed. They had to, like Plato's 'beast', be 'played'. You had to learn the moods of the beast. You had to pander to it just far enough so that you could lead it in the direction you wanted to go. Feed it just enough to keep it satisfied. You tuned and played them like a musical instrument. As your instrument. In this way you could re-direct them to unwittingly serve the interests of society.

Generally Lang focused on simply keeping them at arm's length, off his back, out of his hair. He would give them just enough so that they would leave him in peace, so he would be free to continue serving the needs of society.

Lang had to admit, to his own displeasure that, like irritating flies, mosquitoes, and other bugs and vermin in the wider ecosystem, even journalists had their own particular value. They were to be tolerated. They could be useful at times. In any case, there were, in Lang's long experience, few journalists with enough intelligence or motivation to really prove dangerous. They were unlikely to take any risks. All they wanted was a comfortable career. They were not interested in justice. All they really wanted was to sell advertising space. Any journalist with an interest in justice, like any teacher with their student's interests at heart, wouldn't last long enough out here among the 'wild wild westies', out here in 'the Druitt', to achieve anything.

They would be mobbed by their colleagues, and the industry they worked in. Lang had himself seen genuinely 'good' people victimised. He had no delusions about human nature. Once, in his naive past, he had entertained notions of the 'noble savage'. He had harbored those, what he was now sure were 'disingenuous' Marxist myths of a humanity that was being prevented from reaching its noble potential by 'the system'.

But history had shown that however ideal and idealistic a system this 'noble savage' was placed in, it tended to corrupt it. It was the individual, and the individual conspiring in groups, that came to define whatever system it had inherited. It was the 'savage' in man that was to blame, and not any system. Lang wondered whether the Marxists really believed their own ideology. Or had they been merely pandering to 'the beast' of public opinion. To

get public opinion on their side, in their struggle for power. Were they really trying to sabotage 'the system', so they could themselves take absolute power?

In 'Mein Kampf', Hitler had argued that the Marxists only pretended to have the interests of the workers at heart. In reality they simply wanted to divide and conquer. To set off nation against nation, and workers against their bosses. They wanted to weaken the system and impose their own. One which they ruled as Kings. As their Torah, their Pentateuch, the five books of Moses in the 'Old Testament', and the Talmud, described. As lions among sheep that they could slaughter at will. The world, the people in it, were to be their inheritance. Their slaves.

Marxism had been a front for Zionism. Hitler and his colleagues had seen through the 'pretty' facade of the 'Marxist', and stared straight into the ugly face of a Zionist. They had taken it upon themselves to do the unthinkable, to overcome their every moral scruple, simple in order that mankind would survive this threat. They would do the monstrous, to save humanity from the monster it had seen behind the mask. The monster that controlled the media, and public opinion. The monster that controlled the world financial system, and could bring nations to their knees, then buy them up cheap. Buy up their land, their industries, their media, and, ultimately, their people.

Lang, in his own hard-earned wisdom, had learned a hard truth. What 'the system' in fact kept humanity from expressing was not its nobility. No. What it had kept humanity from expressing was its full potential for savagery and injustice. It was in fact 'The System' that allowed the few enlightened people to manage the general public, to direct it towards its positive potentials, and to deter its individuals and groups from doing their worst. Every time there has been a breakdown of one system, the interregio leading up to the next tended to release the worst in people. So much for the anarchists, the true faithful, with their absurd belief in human goodness. They were the ones always urging us into a leap of faith. A leap into the abyss.

The savage, it had turned out, was as far from 'noble' as the 'lies' of Plato and his protégé, the Catholic Church. So when the media showed interest in some break-ins at a local battery hen 'factory-farm', Detective Inspector Lang made sure the investigation would leave no room for any possible criticism. Lang was not overly interested in the case, at first. He simply wanted to get rid of the prying eyes of the media.

He decided to send that new ambitious young fellow, Detective Self. William Andrew Self. Ah, how Nietzschean, he smiled to himself. Will A Self. The will willing itself? Pure tautology. But Lang would be the first to realise that this would be lost on most people, living in their illusions of 'Yo no soy Marineros, Soy Capitan', 'I am no sailor, I am the captain'.

Lang found that the Mt. Druitt Police Station had been getting quite a bit of flack lately. Something about a series of threats and break-ins at the local battery hen 'farm'. The new owners seemed quite frantic. He recalled something about 'loony-tune' freak animal rights groups threatening their livelihood. The owners had gone to the newspapers, claiming the police were not investigating. They complained that the police had not been taking their complaints seriously enough. They feared an 'escalation'. Apparently the 'perpetrators' belonged to some animal rights groups that wanted to close down all battery hen 'factory-farms'. These animal rights 'whack-jobs' complained that the conditions the animals were kept in were cruel.

Detectives had quickly gone online. These 'whack-jobs' liked to advertise themselves. To 'preach' their 'sermons' on the only stage available to them. The web. Internet searches revealed a group operating out of Sydney calling themselves 'Unto others'. Their home page quoted the bible. 'As you do unto others, so shall be done unto you'. Many considered this sort of language to be threatening. They were 'terrorists', 'employing threats of violence to attain their political ends,' according to the news reporters.

Lang reflected how the guilty often felt more vulnerable than the innocent, and how they sought to employ the police and legal system to protect them from being held accountable for their own actions. They would go crying to the police for 'protection' from those they had committed violence against, in one form or other. They would provoke someone to anger, and then use that anger to define them as sociopathic, as mentally ill, as angry people per

se. Look at that angry person. There must be something wrong with them. I need protection from people like that! Of course their anger was often legitimate and justified. In fact perfectly reasonable.

A quick briefing on the whole situation led Lang to consider this 'Unto Others' to be the sort of group that might 'harass' a 'factory farm'. The local papers had perhaps been right about something for once. They had reported that a number of these activists had broken into the sheds at the 'factory- farm' and released hundreds of chickens from their cages. They had filmed the conditions of the hens and then placed these videos on you-tube and other internet sites.

The new owners had complained that they were barely covering their costs as it was. They could not afford the more 'humane' conditions the animal right's activists were demanding for the battery hens. The market would not bear these costs. Consumers demanded cheap products. They had no concern for the suffering of the animals that went into producing these products. Costs would have to be passed onto the consumers. They would not pay the premium prices that 'free-range' eggs attracted.

The previous owners had ultimately given up, after suffering various forms of harassment from animal rights activists, the new owners had claimed. They had barely been breaking even as it was. They employed a dozen or so people, and these jobs had been put at risk by the actions of the activists. They had complained to their federal and state political representatives.

Lang had originally felt that the new owners were exaggerating any damage done to their business, and their fears of being attacked personally. However when a number of shots were fired at their homes, their fears appeared justified. And worse, it gave the 'media' something to sensationalise. 'Eco-terrorism'. 'Animal rights Jihad'. Those were just a few of the headlines that Lang was faced with.

So Lang had to make sure he made all the right impressions on all the right people. He issued a press release stating that the Mt. Druitt Detectives were following up on leads and treating the matter as a criminal investigation. Thus the developments of the following week were 'as welcome as the truth in the parliament', as the young Detective Self had aptly put it.

But Lang's life was, to paraphrase an old Chinese Proverb, about to get a whole lot more 'interesting'. That week the greatest number of 'hits' on 'You-tube' were for a video of a family being held in what appeared to be a battery-hen cage. That may have made Lang uncomfortable enough as it was. What made the video really uncomfortable for Lang, however, was who the family were. It was in fact the family who had just recently bought the 'egg farm'. The family who had been complaining of the lack of police protection. Complaining that he had not been taking their complaints seriously.

The owners and their family appeared in videos tightly packed into a cage, in what appeared to be a battery-hen shed. A group calling themselves 'The Animal Liberation Army' (T.A.L.A) had claimed responsibility for the action. The group claimed the kidnapped family were being held in 'art appropriate' conditions. Lang could not help but note the language used was the same that the RSPCA used to define acceptable living conditions for battery hens. The point they were making was clear. Why was it O.K to treat hens this way, and not people.

Of course such arguments were unlikely to resonate with many humans. Lang could see the 'poetic justice' of the action. But his job was not literary critic, it was to 'serve and protect'. It was, more specifically, to get media attention away from 'The Druitt'. So that they he and his people could get on with their jobs of protecting society from its own members.

Lang had found websites of 'The Animal Liberation Army' where they argued that the only reason any less powerful group had ever been granted its freedom was because it, or its supporters, could raise an army to fight for its rights. This was how slavery had been defeated. The rights of people had not been 'respected' as such in principle. What their oppressors had 'respected' was might. Right is might. Slave owners had resigned themselves to being deprived of their slaves after being militarily defeated. They had been forced to do so, by violence, and threats of violence.



Thus T.A.L.A had 'taken up arms against' the oppressor. It had styled itself as the 'army' of oppressed animals everywhere. Of course in the commercial press they were defined as 'terrorists'. The mass media got to define who was a terrorist, not the 'freedom fighter'. They were 'crazies'. They were socio- paths. Of course, as Lang noted, 99% of humans were sociopaths, when you took a universal, non-speciests definition of the concept.

Most people acted to satisfy their own desires, independent of the costs that others would be forced to suffer as a result. The others, in most cases, were the less powerful members of any society. And animals were the least powerful of all. Most people simply excluded animals from the concept. In the same way as men had excluded women, and white-skinned humans had excluded black-skinned humans.

The public, according to the media polls, was divided into a majority that was outraged, and a small minority that supported the actions of T.A.L.A. There were several incidents of groups of people coming to blows discussing the video. It was of course all over the mass media, in news reports on the television, radio, and popular press, all around the world. Calls were being made for laws banning animal rights activists. Groups such as PETA were coming under criticism, for simply tacitly supporting any notion of animal rights per se. No PETA members had been implicated, and yet the opponents of PETA opportunistically sought to implicate them in the kidnappings, and thus turn public opinion away from them.

The tone was very emotional. Only as emotional as could be expected from guilty parties trying to deny their guilt to themselves. These party's guilt was repressed and unconscious. As such it expressed itself in its opposite. In an inverted form where self-loathing and guilt becomes righteous anger. Where the perpetrators of a horrific crime express their guilt in the form of an otherwise inexplicably emotionally charged loathing and hatred of the victims and their defenders. That 'Southpark' episode involving PETA came to mind.

Several offices of animal rights protection groups had been sprayed with graffiti. Many of their web-sites had been 'attacked'. In one incident, fire-bombs had been thrown at activist's offices and homes. Luckily, so far, no-one had been injured. But things appeared to be turning ugly. Dangerous. A genuine threat to peaceful society.

Suddenly the media had turned its spotlight upon 'environmental terrorism' and 'animal- rights crazies'. Some media reports had even begun showing sympathy for the two groups. Scientists were going on record to state that the greatest threat to humanity today was the destruction of the environment. The greatest short term problem facing mankind was not global warming, but the exhaustion of, and contamination of, our fresh water supplies. Whether or not it was merely part of a historical climate cycle, global warming was not really the most pressing issue.

Dairy farms, piggeries, and cattle runs were all consuming the precious fresh-water reserves of the planet at an alarming rate. The wastes produced by the dairy industry, piggeries, and other 'intensive' factory farming of animals, were contaminating the water tables around the globe. Most of the crops grown were fed to farm animals. You could shower for two years on the water that went into 'raising' one cow for slaughter. Most of the rain forest that had been cleared over the last 50 years, and which continued to be cleared at a dangerous rate, was used to raise cattle for beef, or soya to feed the cattle so unfortunate as to find itself being raised in concrete boxes, in so- called 'intensive animal husbandry', in 'factory farms'.

For those still unwilling to accept that the current global warming was not man made, but a natural part of the planets climate cycles, based on solar activity, and not on greenhouse gas emissions, Going vegan, it was reported, would have more impact on reducing those greenhouse gas emissions than eliminating all forms of mechanized transport combined.

Even Al Gore, one of the most vocal and popular 'global warming' activists, had been caught out by the embarrassing admission that he himself was not willing to go vegan to save the planet. Al Gore was insisting the general public make real sacrifices, but was unwilling to make any real sacrifices himself. It inconvenienced the rich Gore zero to drive an electric car, or to live in an energy efficient home. He was rich, He could afford such luxuries without sacrificing anything by way of lifestyle or standard of living. However few average people could afford such luxuries. The one thing he, and everyone else could do, was to go vegan. However it was this very sacrifice that Gore was unwilling to make. He could have been a real role model. It left Lang wondering why on earth the Nobel Prize

and Oscar committees awarded him a Nobel prize, and an Oscar. Something smelled fishy there. Whoever was behind Al Gore's conspiracy to create a carbon tax industry had managed to pull more than a few strings. All part of the mass media blitz, it seemed. 'Full spectrum dominance' in action, no doubt about it!

Al Gore's actions lead many to speculate that he had ulterior motives in promoting his 'carbon credit trading scheme'. He stood to personally make a fortune from the scheme. If he really cared about global warming, then he would have gone vegan. So perhaps he did not really believe that global warming was man-made. Or maybe he did not really believe it to be the problem he and his massive lobby group had made it out to be. It appeared that their extensive mass media public relations blitz was no more than 'hot air'.

Either way Gore had no credibility. The scientific community was appalled to discover that the results of global warming studies had been 'faked'. Other research clearly demonstrated that it was Solar Activity that was responsible for this current 'heating' of the earth. It had little to do with carbon emissions. Thus Gore's entire 'carbon' conspiracy was 'washed up', and 'hung out to dry'.

That did not mean that the weather was not going to become extremer for the next few decades. It did not mean that exclusive ocean front real estate was not going to take a 'hit'. It did not mean that many of the world's most populated cities would not soon be underwater. Rising sea levels, and extreme weather were facts. Only they were part of a historical cycles that came and went over long time frames. They were related to the cycles of increasing and decreasing solar activity that had lead, around a thousand years ago, to a brief mini ice-age, followed by a period of unusual warmth and fertility, both of plants, and humans. When the 'global warming' part of the sun's cycle kicked in, it was not uncommon for families to have a dozen children. Or for entire tribes to be on the move, as their lands became flooded by rising sea levels, and extreme storms.

Al Gore was, as one blogger put it, 'a wanker when it came to his so-called principles'. This blogger described his whole agenda as 'Pure masturbatory self-congratulation devoid of any substance'. He went on writing 'While the main cause of de-forestation is the need for more land for cattle, and more soya to feed them, Gore blabbers on about energy efficiency, completely avoiding to mention the fact that going vegan would have the equivalent impact of eliminating all forms of mechanised transportation and industry combined'.

That comment had made Lang laugh out loud. He had come across it on one of the many 'Vegan' blogs he had come across before finding the sites he was looking for. The Animal Liberation Army. Lang's interest was in solving a crime. This research was merely as a means to an ends, at least as far as Lang himself was aware.

The 'crime' had occurred on 'his watch', and on 'his patch'. The media was all over him. Suddenly Mt. Druitt had become the epicenter of the world media. The only way to get them off his back was to solve this case. And while he was doing that, he would have to make sure that the media was kept distracted from any other 'issues' in his patch. He went into 'harm minimisation' mode. He warned all his detectives in a special 'brief' to keep on their best behavior as long as the media were snooping around. They would have to put some of their 'routine' behaviors 'on hold' for now. Take no risks. Keep it all 'by the book'. He reminded them that the police public relations groups had set up a task force to deal with the media. All public queries were to be directed to this unit.

## Chapter Ten

And so the media feeding frenzy had begun. Television camera crews from the local media mingled upon a few press reporters sent by their multi-media conglomerates 'just in case' they could find something they might 'blow up' into a story. If they found anything interesting, the film crews would be sent. Otherwise they were to report back on any developments, and see if they could 'dig up' a story. News had been a little disappointing lately. A little slow. Nothing was happening.

At least nothing that the mass media bosses would ever allow the media to report on. Something really big was in the works. The Golems were all busy briefing their sub-golems. The media was being reeled in and prepared for something huge. But in the mean-time the public had to be kept distracted with meaningless 'news', as always. And so the mass media were hungry for a new tasty treat. Something sensational. Something to ensure that the public's attention was *mis*-directed from what was really newsworthy in the world. Until, that is, the self-defined 'masters' were ready to 'go public' with the real story. The story that had been developing for hundreds of years, and was now coming to a climax. Like a million lovers reaching their pitched frenzy of desire at the same moment.

To Lang's dismay, the Media had 'discovered' Mt. Druitt as a sociologically interesting 'human zoo'. It was inhabited, they had discovered to their joy, by a species of humans some people unkindly, yet rather aptly, referred to as 'ferals'. They were the 'underclass' of Australian society. They had a unique look about them. They dressed differently. They sounded different. They walked, they even stood different, to the rest of Australian society.

They formed a social sub-strata unto themselves. And these 'ferals' had, in the tradition of American talk-shows, risen to the opportunity to make a spectacle of themselves on television. The media encouraged them to show themselves at their worst, by rewarding the worst of their behaviors with their attention, and ignoring anything positive.

An ex-teacher took advantage of the media attention to air their own grievances of victimisation in the public education system. He described the conditions at one particular school, Bidwill High, in such critical detail that soon the media were swarming around the school and local shopping centers interviewing students, trying to get teachers to speak out in public. The students mostly delivered what the media wanted. Of course to appear 'balanced', students who were doing well enough despite the system were allowed to complain that their suburb was being misrepresented.

However the overall picture was one of an entire sub-class of Australians who had been left to go 'feral'. The education system was pandering to them, and failing them miserably. They were being 'passed' in examinations even though they were basically illiterate and innumerate. Parents around the world could relate to this. Their own public schools in the U.S, Britain, and even Germany, were experiencing the same sorts of trends.

Some journalists described, in very colorful language, how many students appeared not to have bathed, brushed their teeth, or washed their clothing, for several days. The principle had refused to be interviewed, re-directing all inquiries to the media-liaison unit of the N.S.W department of education. This unit had, by now, developed a great deal of experience at 'damage control'.

One more serious journalist from the BBC paid particular attention to the speech of the Mt Druitt 'ferals'. He related his experiences on Mt. Druitt railway station, while pretending to be waiting for a train. He reported that... 'The voices of the people on the train station revealed more about them than their toothless smiles, their crude hair-styles, or their cheap casual clothing. You could hear a total lack of hope in their high pitched drawl. They made absolutely no effort to enunciate their words.'

'It was as if they had given up all effort in their lives in general. This was expressed in their unwillingness to make any effort to speak clearly. Their expression had a particularly nasal quality to it, as if they were speaking out of

their noses, unwilling to make the effort to open their mouths. The only thing that motivated any effort was the chance to swear out this or that grievance loudly. Every third word was an expletive swear word such as fuck or cunt. Often a sentence was made up of little more than a string of expletives. One 'person' expressed their 'plan' to 'bash that fucking cunt next time I see him'.

Another reporter commented that 'Everyone appeared to have aged well beyond their years, in terms of their skin, hair, posture, eyes, and gestures. A girl who must have been around 15, somehow gave the impression of being 50, in terms of the price life had imposed upon her. Women around the age of 40 appeared haggard and ancient. Among this 'type' I also came across very attractive young girls, kind and reasonable looking older retired people, and a few people who I could easily imagine were struggling to 'escape' this milieu. To escape 'The Druitt'.

'The teachers I spoke to, of course 'off the record', were all clearly 'doing their time' in this district, while 'awaiting transfers to more desirable schools'. They accumulated 'points' much faster here than in most other state schools. If they kept their heads down, their eyes and ears closed, and their mouths shut, they could, within 10 or so years, move onto a 'choice' school 'down the coast'.

Off the record they expressed what they claim is a 'common' notion among teachers here, and the Department of Education alike, that school like Bidwill High were merely 'holding cells' for students before they inevitably inherited a prison cell. At least maybe in prison they might get an education. And clean clothes. And someone might remind them to wash. And brush their teeth. They would get more attention from the social workers than they ever got from their own parents.

It was clear that the system has little ambition for most of the students in Mt. Druitt. We were given documents that showed that the 'turnover' rate at Bidwill H.S is amongst the highest in the state. It is, according to its own 'points system', among the least attractive places to teach in N.S.W. The principle and Education Department refused to comment. All of this of course goes against the image that the Australian government want to project of Australia being 'the lucky country'. It appears that the luck is not very fairly distributed.

The 'ferals' of Mt. Druitt were given every chance to make a 'bad' impression on the world media stage. They of course jumped at the chance. Further, to Detective Inspector Lang's dismay, they were keen to 'out' the Mt. Druitt Detectives and Police as corrupt. They claimed the supposed law enforcers were engaged in everything from child prostitution to drug dealing. In interviews with foreign media, 'ferals' claimed they had proof, or could provide proof, of corrupt detectives and police in 'The Druitt'. They claimed that they could never get the 'local' Australian media to listen to them.

Lang almost choked when shown some recent interview 'takes' by a well-known television presenter. In normal circumstances this situation could easily have proved fatal to Lang's career. However these two had a history together. The presenter was having a field day, laughing at his friend's expense. 'So', he asked, goading him on, a wicked smile in his eyes, 'what are you going to do about that?'

Of course Lang would not have to do anything about it. His friend was only taunting him. The footage would never air. And Lang would pay the interviewee a visit. Maybe remind them of the 'indiscretions' he had let pass by, without charges. Remind them of their place in the 'food chain'. Remind them that if he, Lang took a fall, they would all feel the power of his gravity, and fall with him. Only they would land much harder than he would.

Then just as quickly as Lang had found himself the center of attention, the media, and the problems they presented, suddenly disappeared. The media lost interest in the 'ferals'. That meant that the 'ferals' disappeared from the public's thoughts. It was as if they no longer existed. It was as if they had never existed. Before most people had seen them on TV, or read about them in their magazines, the ferals had not existed for them. Now the ferals, and 'the Druitt', returned to their 'blind spot' in the public consciousness.

That was how it was with the public. They were lead around by the nose by the mass media. That mass media told them what was worthy of their interest. The mass media directed the masses attention, focusing it like a laser beam on whatever it wanted the masses to be thinking of. It then told them how to think about what they were

shown. How to define it. This is how the mass media constructed social reality, and therefore the average person's reality per se.

## Chapter Eleven

Lang thought his life could now return to its normal course. Things were returning to normal. Back to the familiar. Until Lang's luck took a dramatic turn. It was those damn egg farmers again. They just would not leave him in peace. Only this time things were serious. Serious enough to focus the attention of the world's media. And thus the attention of the world's public.

At the time it felt to Lang like a turn for the worse. But in hindsight it would prove to be the pinnacle of his law enforcement career. It would also be the end of a life he had never really felt was his, and the start of a life that somehow did feel like it was his.

It would prove to be his greatest 'public' of his success. Most of his best work would never reach the attention of the public. And that was the way Lang wanted to keep it. Sometimes for less than noble reasons. Though in future, his best, and most noble work, would be so secret that even Mossad and the C.I.A, those 'Golems' of that secret society known as Zionism, that existed within the secret society known as the Illuminati, would not hear of it.

The new owners of the battery hen farm had been kidnapped. An animal rights outfit calling themselves 'The Animal Liberation Army' had claimed responsibility. They said they would hold their hostages until the government banned battery hen farms in Australia. But media commentators were spreading worries among their viewers and readers that this new action might spark a host of 'copycat' attacks around the world. The media had been experiencing a quiet month, and had latched upon this new development like sharks in a feeding frenzy. It made great copy. It was easy to sensationalise. It was easy make this story appeal to the public's fears. To their emotions. It was being 'blown up' and 'milked' for all it was worth.

Radio talk-back hosts had rarely gotten so many call ins. Mostly to attack those 'vegetarian terrorists' and 'loony tune animal rights whackos'. But there were also a few calls expressing of empathy for the animal rights activists, and the animals they were trying to protect. PETA had been compelled to issue a public statement denying all knowledge of the kidnaps, and any connection to the kidnappers, after several attacks on PETA members, and a huge traffic of criticism directed towards them on their official web pages.

Television talk shows interviewed famous vegans and animal rights activists to get their 'celebrity' opinions. There was a consensus among the most public animal rights groups that no vegan would condone any sort of violence. Whether to humans, or non-human animals. That said, they were quick to re-iterated the point that the activists were making. The conditions that battery hens were forced to endure were inhumane. Not fit for any animal. They all publicly appealed to the kidnappers to release their hostages. They warned them of the harm they were doing to the animal rights movement. They said that they could of course fully empathise with the frustration that had lead the 'Animal Liberation Army' to such extreme measures. However they could not condone such violence.

Lang was soon swept up in the national hunt for the kidnappers. The Federal Police had instigated a task force after consulting with the N.S.W Police Department. Anything less had become a political impossibility, after streaming video was posted on you-tube, appearing to show the kidnapped victims being held in battery hen cages. Relatives and friends of the kidnapped victims had identified the victims. They made emotional, nation-wide appeals to the public to provide any information they might have to police. The mass media kicked into high gear, to exploit the situation for all it might be worth. Advertisers were keen to buy 'spots' on any program relating to the kidnapping. Ratings for these sorts of programs had shown that they were the number one topic of interest in 'the burbs'. It made for great television.

With hundreds of police and detectives involved in the task force, Lang found most of his detectives being 'seconded' to help. He was left with two of his newer detectives. That was fine by him. He liked to work alone if possible. Even better when you had a few people to run down leads for you, and have your back if it came to a fight. He was very happy to have been left with Detectives Self, and Lawson. Ms. Lawson.

At first there was little for them to go on. Too few 'dots' to join. Too few pieces of the puzzle to form any idea of the 'big picture'. Lang began with some hands on investigations of local animal rights activists. But his investigations didn't yield any results. None of the locals appeared to have anything to do with T.A.L.A, The Animal Liberation Army. In fact, after investigating the group for several weeks, Lang had come to the conclusion that there was no such organisation as such. Just a few unconnected bloggers using that 'tag'.

But then Lang got a break, as happened every now and then. In fact most of the biggest breakthroughs in his line of work came about this way. Of course in the official reports it was put down to hard work and pure genius. But in reality most investigations stalled for lack of clues and leads within a few days. They tended to either remain in 'the horse latitudes', until they were filed away.

And then out of the blue the 'cold case' would suddenly come back to life, re-invigorated, and dash out of the starting gate with a leap and a bound. Often due to sheer good luck someone stumbled upon a key piece of the puzzle. A fresh lead. An enlightening piece of evidence. A clue. A chance comment overheard in the questioning rooms. Some pissed off ex-friend 'ratting' on his 'mates'. Someone had slept with someone's girlfriend and now he was out to get revenge. Insights, epiphanies, and revelations. That was what Lang had often reflected, accounted for about 80% of the success of any investigation. Things you had no control over. Sheer dumb luck, in most cases.

In this case it was jealousy. Romantic envy. There was a reason that the bible warns us resist envy. But you cannot command human emotions. And just telling someone not to do something is rarely effective. Envy was one of the most explosive, treacherous, insidious, poisonous sort of human impulse that the 'noble savage' was prone to. Someone loved someone who loved someone else. Not them. And that someone then felt entitled to 'revenge'. They defined themselves as a victim. They could not bear someone else to have what they themselves could not have. It was the most unproductive of emotions. Malice born of what the perpetrator would have defined as love, but which was no more than selfish desire. No-one gained anything. Everyone was a loser. Only in this case there was one winner. Lang.

Someone, motivated by jealousy, and possibly drunk not only on self-pity, but also alcohol, had been ranting and raving on their Facebook page. One of Lang's young detectives had come across it while surfing the web for clues. It seemed to be about the recent kidnappings. So Lang had their specialists 'ping' the star-crossed lover and track down his I.P address, and then his server. The YouTube video postings were all being made through 'mirrors'. It had been impossible to determine the original source of the live streaming video of the 'kidnapped' battery-hen 'factory-farmers'.

Any viewer could see it was live, because a television was playing in the corner of the screen. But finally, thanks to human nature, and cupid, Lang was now able to serve a warrant on the server operators to reveal the name that the broadband connection had been made in. And 'bingo'. Lang had a name, address, and within a few hours, he and two younger members of his team found themselves out in an old industrial area of Liverpool, in Sydney's South-West, standing between dilapidated old warehouses, some of which appeared still to be in use, or at least to have been in use until recently. Either way, it was a depressing sight. And that was saying something, given that Lang's usual hunting grounds in 'the Druiett' were hardly anyone's idea of paradise.

One of Lang's colleagues appeared to have found something. He was motioning with his hand from across the other side of the rusted zinc metal enclosed warehouse they had just begun searching. He quietly made his way through an assortment of broken down machinery that may have, in its day, been used to fabricate fridges and washing machines. But today it was nothing but rusted junk. Lang guessed the company had gone belly up, and closed down at short notice. It's executives had probably already divided their 'golden parachutes' before sending some legal clerk to inform the workers that they no longer had jobs. The executives' interest in the factory had ceased

the moment they had cashed their 'performance bonuses'. That the workers' pension fund had been discreetly 're-directed' to finance these 'bonuses' was of no concern to them. Their accountants, creative as always, had made it clear that their actions were either legal, or that by the time anyone got around to noticing any 'irregularities', they would be well gone.

And so the factory, still in complete working order, had simply been left to rot. The workers were locked out. The creditors were screwed. The consumers would soon be buying cheaper Chinese products. They would forget the true price of what the mass media loved to call 'free' trade. All the jobs, the hopes, the dreams, of fathers and mothers working for a better future for their children, in the land many had moved to after the war, to escape the poverty of their homelands. The Zionists had brought about revolutions, depressions, and wars. They thought they had escaped them, by moving to this 'Great Southern Land'.

Land considered his economic history lessons on 'The Golden Harvester Judgment'. It had defined the Australian Industrial relations code. That a man should earn enough, alone, through laboring diligently at his job, to support his wife and family at a reasonable standard of living. But now that belonged, well, to history. Today there wasn't even a 'minimum wage', let alone a guarantee a man could support his entire family from his honest labors. Today both husband and wife had to work. At any job and for any wage they could get. The mass media, in the 70s, had announced the opening of the labor markets to women as a boon to women. As progress. As a step forward. However in reality it was simply a fact that few men could earn enough to support their families. It was no 'political coup' or 'sign of progress' in 'women's liberation'. It was sheer desperation and necessity that drove most women into the workplace.

Of course the mass media determined how most people defined their situation. It defined their reality for them. It manufactured consent and constructed public opinion. It would probably shock most sociology and social psychology students that these terms, these phrases, these concepts, were used by Adolf Hitler in his 'Mein Kampf', long before Noam Chomsky. Only who read 'Mein Kampf'? Who would? Wasn't it just full of anti-Semitism and mad nonsense? Isn't that what the mass media had conditioned everyone to think? Well surely if that is what they want you to think, then it must be true? Right? They could not possibly have any ulterior motive in trying to demonise Nazism, Hitler, and the German people? The only people who had stood up to the Zionists? The only people who had actively opposed their plan to enslave the Gentiles? The only people who had had an alternative 'New World Order' that really did have the interests of the workers at heart. The only truly honest political alternative to Marxism, or its equally 'designed to be untenable' compassionless capitalism.

That was the other 'secular religion' founded by Zionism, to divide and conquer. 'Greed is good'. 'Monetary policy'. The business model that defined profitability as its exclusive mono-maniac end. A business model designed to fail, and to victimise the people. So badly that the people would reject it, as they were sure to reject its supposed threat, Marxism. Both socialism and Capitalism were set up by the Zionist to fail. To destroy each other. To leave the world's populations calling for a 'solution'. An 'alternative'. That would be the moment that the Zionists would go public with their plans. They would offer the alternative. Claiming that all other alternatives had already proven themselves untenable, they would impose their centralised government, their New World Order upon humanity.

The Zionists had ensured the failure of the alternatives. It had itself set them up to fail. That was their purpose. Not to improve the lives of the workers, to bring relief, and peace. They first created enemies and then 'played' each off against each other. None would be allowed to succeed. The Zionists would manipulate the money supply, first expanding it, and getting people hooked on cheap credit. They would encourage the masses to borrow money for things they did not need. They did the same to governments. They got them to spend big. All around the world. On useless schemes.

Then the Central bankers would contract the money supply, sending interest rates through the roof. The people would be unable to pay back their loans, no matter how many jobs they worked. They would be forced to sell off their assets cheaply. And to sell their labor cheaply too. They would become debt-slaves. The same worked with entire nations. The World Bank and IMF, which had encouraged the nations to take on debts they could barely



afford in the best of times, now turned up at their doors in this, the worst of times, and threatened to 'cut off their lines of credit' and bring their economies and nations to their knees, if they did not do exactly as the World Bank and IMF told them to. In other words the Zionists had gained political control of supposedly 'sovereign' nations, without firing a single bullet. They made everyone their 'Golem'. They had 'The Philosopher's Stone'. Only these days it went by another name. The Federal Reserve Bank. Central Banking.

The Zionists, knowing when the markets would peak, would sell off just before the busts. They would then have cash to buy up all the 'real' assets of an economy at bargain basement prices, well below their real market value. This is precisely what at least one U.S President had warned his people that a 'secret society' (one he was not willing to name) would do. It is in fact what the famous 'Protocols of Zion' proudly proclaim that the Zionists would do. And they had done it several times over. And yet no-one appeared to be any the wiser. They had produced the Great Depression. They had produced WWI. Then the Bolshevik revolution and WWII. Produced. Just like a film producer in Hollywood.

The Zionists bankers were of course happy to supply armies with the money they needed to wage eternal war against each other. Without these loans, most of the wars of history could never have taken place. They would not have taken place. The bankers would 'hedge' their bets by lending money to both sides, and 'running the numbers' so that whoever won, the Zionists would profit. And then of course they would go into the 'loser' nations and offer loans, and buy up real assets cheap. It was the Zionists who were the only real winners of war. 'War, what is it good for?' The Zionists. And no-one else.

Did they care if Catholic Gentiles killed Protestant Gentiles? Did they care if Christian Americans killed Muslim Iraqis, Afghanis, Iranians, or Syrians? Divide and conquer. And profit from the misery and suffering of war. Until the Gentiles had worn themselves out killing each other, and the Zionists could make their move for world domination. A New World Order? Just the realisation of one of the oldest plans of all. The plan expressed in the Old Testament. In a book that the Gentiles reprinted by the millions, and held in high esteem. Proof if it was ever needed that the best place to hide secrets is right out in the open.

Lang's mind had covered all that ground in the few minutes it took him to find his way across the jumble of rusted dreams, to his younger colleagues. They were impatiently waiting for him. Clearly they were also more than a little hesitant. Even fearful. They had seen something. They were all keyed up with adrenaline. Adrenaline mixed with fear. Fear of what horrors they were about to witness. The videos had been pretty nasty. Ugly. Sickening.

Humans being kept in battery hen cages. Crushed in together like, well, animals. Imprisoned together above piles of their own faeces and urine. Breathing in nothing but the gasses of their own decomposing wastes. Not a ray of natural sunlight. Not a breath of fresh air. Not a hope of freedom. It must be beyond comprehension. Just the thought of it made Lang and his colleagues feel like the walls were closing in. Like they had been buried alive. A fate worse than death.

Who could do such a thing? What sort of monsters were they dealing with? What could justify such an act of barbarism? Such monstrous inhumanity? But of the three detectives, it was only one, Lang, who saw the terrific hypocrisy in defining it as O.K to treat chickens that way, while cringing in disgust and horror only because the victims, in this case, were human.

They were ready for the worst. They were primed for horror. Their nerves were at end. They were prepared to be shocked. They could deal with this. The social workers and counselors would have to deal with the victims. That at least was some relief. They, the detectives, would have the easier task. They looked each other in the eye and paused to compose themselves. Then at a silent gesture from Lang, they unholstered their Glock's in unison. Lang gestured for the youngest to wait near the entrance. He directed the other to move behind a large bench from where he could cover Lang. Once the two were in position, Lang carefully edged his way towards the sounds of talking. As he moved, he gestured for the other two to take up new positions, so that as he moved forward, they would always be guarding the exit, and covering him.

They inched their way forward like this for a few minutes. As they got closer they could make out the conversation more and clearer. Whoever it was appeared to be quite cheerful. They heard youthful, educated voices. Articulate voices. Voices full of promise and positive expectation. But with a note of sadness, and frustration. They did not sound like the voices of 'terrorists'. Not like the voices of the sorts of monsters that could cage up humans, and leave them to rot above their own excrement, with just enough food and water to ensure their suffering would be long and enduring.

These voices lead to a lowering of Lang's estimation of their threat level. He and his colleagues all realised just how tense they had been only now that the intensity of the threat level had suddenly fallen. You could see it in their posture. They felt a sense of relief. Whatever was going on here did not appear to be a real danger to anyone. But they remained cautious. It would not be the first time that things had escalated from apparently harmless to deadly at the blink of an eye.

It seemed at first that they must have the wrong location. But then the unmistakable smell of urine and faeces stung their senses back up several threat levels. It was stomach turning. They had to cover their noses to stop from retching at the foul odors. They all instinctively crouched low. Their guns felt more real in their hands. They were filled with a sense of urgency. Something was about to happen. They looked to each other for reassurance, and to Lang for direction.

Crouching low, Lang moved across the floor littered with broken machines in the direction the smell seemed to be coming from. And then, slipping around a dark corner into what was once an office, he suddenly came upon the source of the disgusting sensory attack. What he had both been seeking, and yet hoping he would not have to find. That scene that had been etched into the retinas of millions of television news viewers, internet surfers, you tube viewers, and daytime talk-show audiences.

Half a dozen miserable wretches, their limbs cramped in the confines of a cage, crouched in their abject hopelessness. One was actually urinating, the golden liquid splashing into, and mingling with, the urine soaked faeces that were rotting beneath their prison. It was too horrible for words. The insane, depraved dream of a sick mind. A sociopath. A vicious, malicious, monstrous, ineffably evil mind.

Detective Self, bent over, his body suddenly wracked with convulsions, wretched violently. The detective, who had silently crept up to join Lang, had startled him out of his little world of horror. Back into the real world of horrors.

Lang was then suddenly reminded of the people talking in the other room by their sudden silence. The victims in the cages turned towards Lang and his convulsing colleague. Their third colleague now joined them, her Glock drawn, covering the direction of the now silent voices, her eyes seeking out the shadows, alert for any movement from any direction. But there was nothing but silence and stillness. A stillness only made the louder by the sick detectives soft groans, as he tried to recover his composure. He was clearly horrified. But the embarrassment was also beginning to bring some color back to his now chalk-white face.

He mumbled a quiet but sincere 'sorry boss' to Lang. But Lang could understand his reaction fully. He had only barely managed to choke back his own gut wrenching response. It was only human. Thank god they were still capable of such a human response to horror. He knew detectives and cops who would not have been ruffled in the slightest by any of this. They were dead inside. He did not envy them. He was glad that he and his colleague could still feel. Still had empathy. Still had compassion. Were still shocked by the horrors of this world.

And then he was stunned again, this time by a voice. Righteous. Clarion. Angry. Frustrated. Critical. Judgmental. And somehow victorious. 'If only the animals had a police force, to come and save them!' the voice boomed. 'If only the animals had an army to liberate them!'

Then Lang saw, through the gloom which was broken here and there by dusty shafts of violently bright sunlight, something that seemed strangely familiar. It took him a few moments to realise he was looking at himself. In fact it was only when he moved, and the image moved, that his brain made the connection. It was himself. At first he thought it must be his reflection in some piece of glass that had survived intact in the office windows. But that

glass lay broken all around him on the factory floor. And then he made out the dim outline of a video monitor. His eyes had trouble adjusting to the contrast between the shafts of daylight streaming in from outside, the relative light of the factory, and the dim darkness of the captives 'cell'.

And then suddenly Lang felt like he had been hit by lightning, as all around him everything became a blur of dazzling white light that hurt his eyes. His senses were once more overwhelmed. Instinctively he sought cover, grabbing and dragging the detective beside him, behind an old bank of lockers he had made out before the lights had hit them. Lang heard the surprised shouts of their colleague. But Lang could not quite make out what she was yelling. He was suffering from sensory overload. The smells. The lights. That voice, like the voice of an avenging angel. That voice that seemed to speak from some depth of hatred, and at the same time, the very height of love, compassion, and a longing for justice.

It took a few moments for Lang's eyes to adjust to the bright light. But then the feeling hit him, even before his eyes could really focus properly, that he was in some kind of mobile television studio. When his eyes had adjusted, Lang made out the high definition cameras. He saw the tripods. He saw himself, crouching, gun drawn, looking about him like a strange combination of prey and predator, on the large monitor he had mistaken for his reflection. He saw himself in a scene that was somehow familiar.

It took his conscious mind a few moments to catch up with his senses. His unconscious was putting two and two together, but his conscious mind was still reeling, and it lagged a little behind. But soon enough it all 'clicked', and Lang got the 'four'. He was in the YouTube video. People all around the world were watching this, him, live. But he was confused. What role was he playing? He recalled the voice. Yes, he was here to liberate the kidnap victims. But where were the kidnappers? Had they already fled? Were they here? Perhaps they had him and his two detectives in their sights at this very moment?

Lang's racing thoughts were focused by, this potential threat to him and his colleagues. He consciously dragged his attention away from the big screen, and deliberately calmed his minds, as he made a methodical 'sweep' of the entire scene before him. He could make out no immediate threats.

Then he heard a different voice. It was detective Lawson. She was shouting in a clear, authoritative voice, 'Everybody stay where you are. Put your hands behind your heads'. Lang and Self quickly moved to back her up. That was always the priority. You watched each other's backs. It had to know for sure that your back was being watched, to do your job with confidence. When they got to her it was clear that she had everything under control. And so they raced back to the owners of the egg farm, to free them from their terrible prison. And it was here that the biggest surprise was waiting for them.

## Chapter Twelve

Lang had harbored suspicions from the very beginning. Only he had kept these to himself. No point muddying the water, when all he had to go on was a gut feeling. But some things just hadn't 'added up', to his way of thinking. His own team had discovered apparent links between the new owners of the battery hen 'farm' and several animal rights activists. At first the connections didn't seem to make any sense. Why would people with close ties to animal rights activists buy a struggling egg farm that was cruel to animals, and keep it operating? Lang had suspected that the kidnappings might prove to be a hoax. But if he was wrong, then there was nothing to be gained from being the only one looking foolish. And if he was right? Well how was he going to prove it? Other than actually find the 'victims'.

Like the 'victims' of the 911 hijackings, Lang reflected. People were told there were victims. They saw pictures of them on television. No-one stopped to actually check. Who had the time and energy? Who would have thought to? Even today, over a decade later, how many people actually realised that most of the supposed identified 'hijackers' were alive and well? Saudi Air pilots and FAA officials who had reported their 'identity theft' within days of seeing their own photos among the 19 supposed hijackers who had died and gone to paradise, as the just reward of the jihadist. How many people realised that the people on the flight manifestos had never boarded planes that had never taken off? How many people realised that the supposed 'phone calls' had been clearly faked? That there was no way on earth that those calls could have taken place? Lang was often shocked when he talked about 911 with people. They still had no idea about what really happened. The still believed the original 911 hoax. The official fiction.

And so when people heard a story about a family of egg farmers being kidnapped by animal rights activists, and then saw streaming video of said persons imprisoned in battery hen cages, well, they just accepted the narrative offered them. Terrorists had hijacked planes and flown them into the twin towers of the World Trade Center. Even though no-one had actually seen a commercial passenger jet crashing into either tower, when shown doctored video footage of 767's flying into the twin towers, who was going to demand more evidence? The whole world had also been duped by this animal rights media stunt. A brilliantly executed illusion. And without the resources of the C.I.A or Mossad.

The C.I.A bragged that it 'owned' the mass media. Well these animal rights activists had 'co-opted' the mass media to its own ends. It had made the Zionist's Golem its bitch. A mass media that normally ignored the plight of the world's most defenseless and most exploited creatures had been tricked into turning its powerful, narrow, spotlight on them, even if indirectly. And thus it had, at least for a few days, focused the minds of the masses upon things it would rather pretend had not existed.

If it was not on TV, then, for most people, it did not exist. If the mass media were not hyping it, then the masses rarely paid it any attention. They say that where attention goes, energy flows. So who knows what seeds their little stunt may have sown in the mass consciousness? In any case it was a heroic idea. And well executed.

Lang was duly impressed. They had gone to great lengths. He was impressed with their commitment and motivation. They were willing to put up with terrible conditions to 'act out their 'roles'. The whole thing had been a brilliantly conceived and executed media stunt. They had bought the farm. They had set up their dramaturgical context. They called police with complaints of harassment. They had set the scene perfectly. They had primed the public, and the police, to think of terrorist threats. They had conditioned the public and the police to think in terms of terrorist threats. And then when something fitting the expectation occurred, it was accepted without question. Without doubt. The 'producers' of this narrative simply let their 'audience' jump to their own conclusions. And leap they had. They had taken the leap of faith necessary for the construction of a social reality. It was the basis of all religion, secular or otherwise. The basis of any good story.

The participants had been willing to endure horrific conditions in the name of their principles. They had suffered that other sentient beings might be spared the same suffering. These guys were true heroes, in Lang's book. It had been a long time since any human had impressed Lang in such a positive way. These people demonstrated the truth of their convictions in their actions.

If only Lang could find some way to help them. To get them off the hook. Some loophole in the law. If only he had broken some rule in entering the building. Perhaps the entry had been unlawful, and thus any evidence gathered might be made inadmissible in court. He had managed such things before. But this case had such a high public profile, he doubted he could play it out that way.

But still. Where were the victims? What crimes had actually been committed? Conspiracy to fool the police into thinking that a crime had been committed? Surely at best the charges would only amount to making misleading reports to the police?

What could a judge sentence them to, as punishment, when they had already endured such horrific conditions for days on end. The streaming video had been live, and continuous. There had been no apparent breaks to let the 'victims' out of their cages. The realism of the stunt had been complete. And thus so convincing.

Lang admired them. They had found a way to make their point without hurting anyone. It was a win-win for Lang and his team too. The whole world was to see how competent he and his detectives were. In the media storm the animal rights activists had gotten the world's attention, and had made their point powerfully. They had rubbed the public's nose in their own human hypocrisy when it comes to our treatment of animals. The activist made the final point, to the worlds waiting media. 'As we do unto others, so shall be done unto us'. With this the group 'Unto others' had gained world-wide media attention to its cause. Oh, and they stated quiet clearly that, as far as they knew, there was still no such organisation as 'The Animal Rights Army'. For better or worse, they added. For better or worse. For all the slaves of the past had been freed only after armies had violently battled on their behalf, to free them. It had taken thousands of years to ban human slavery. It had only happened in the last 200 years. And women had only been given the vote in the last few decades. But maybe these things represented an exponential trend that might give hope for the last slaves, the non-human animals.

Of course, human nature being what it is, Lang had little expectation that 'Unto Others' would manage to change anything. But that should never stop anyone admiring them. Wasn't that what true heroism was about? Fighting impossible odds. Not backing down even though you had no chance of victory. Dying free, on your feet, for your convictions?

They were ultimately charged with various offenses relating to causing a public nuisance and so on. Sure Lang may have appeared a little foolish in the video footage that had been streamed live around the world, and then repeated over and over on the world's news shows. That said, he had, after all, been the one to track them down. The best Federal police, N.S.W detectives, and even a few ASIO operatives, had failed to do what he, with his small team, had succeeded in doing.

This was a line he, Self, and Lang often repeated when later interviewed on talk shows. Soon they had left the force, and, riding their wave of public recognition, grounded their own private investigations firm. The decision to do this had been easy, after a large organisation Lang had never heard of offered them a very attractive 10 year contract to provide independent investigation services for them. The organisation had specifically made the offer to the three as a group.

However, as was typical, the media soon lost all interest in the story. But in this case you could not blame them. For the story that had pushed Lang into the media shadows was one truly worthy of the term 'news'. And this new 'news' item was no mere passing matter. In fact it was going to remain at the top of the headlines for the next 100 years. It was going to be the most enduring 'news' story ever to capture the public's imagination, and hold it.

## Chapter Thirteen: 'The Crisis'

Something strange was going on. All over the world species of insects were apparently becoming extinct. A certain pattern was forming. All species with a life-cycle of a few days had already appeared to have disappeared. They appeared to have stopped reproducing. For some farmers this was at first felt to be a real boon. However others were soon to discover the meaning of 'ecological services'. The bees, wasps, and other insects that had for thousands of years been pollinating their plants, had stopped providing these free services. They had apparently disappeared. All over the world scientists were searching for insects with life-cycles of a few days or less. At this point they were a little baffled and expected that some explanation would be forthcoming, and that the whole thing was just some temporary phenomena.

But their search was in vain. Both for the creatures, and an explanation. It was human nature to simply deny. To rationalise. To find some comforting way to 'explain away' the apparent 'problem'. But they were beginning to become nervous. More than that in fact. Frantic. Desperate. For by this stage they were unable to find any surviving species with life-cycles of more than a few weeks. And the longer they waited, the more species appeared to be becoming extinct. As the weeks turned into months, they were searching, in vain, for species with life-cycles of a few months.

While farmers had been forced to employ expensive artificial insemination methods to pollinate their plants, leading scientists, and gradually some politicians, began taking in the situation. Of course for the average person, the new situation seemed to be a boon, with nothing but advantages. No spiders. No pesky mosquitoes and flies. No wasps. Even for the farmers, the benefits, so far, far outweighed the costs. No more need for expensive pesticides.

But the predators were finding the going tough. All the birds, lizards, and other creatures that preyed on insects were going hungry. Those that could, the omnivores, made up the shortfall by eating more fruits, seeds, nuts, and plants. Those that evolution had left completely dependent on 'prey', on insect life, the carnivores, had found themselves in an evolutionary cul-de-sac. A one way street. A dead end street. They fell from the sky in huge numbers, making a mockery of the New Testament Jesus' metaphor and similes. They would be the first of the carnivores to go extinct. But not the last.

## Chapter Fourteen: Sex scandals

Professor Sturm was always excited by the prospects of a new academic year. A new intake of young, bright, receptive minds. A new intake of young, vibrant, youthful bodies too. But this semester he was especially excited. This was only the second year of his new lecture series, and already his courses were regularly oversubscribed. Of course the topic of sex was bound to interest a bunch of 17 and 18 year old first year university students. And it didn't hurt that he was probably the sexiest university lecture ever to have taught at a University. Or that 80% of the sociology first year students were female.

They came to hear his velvety, soft, smooth, deep, masculine voice. The content of his lectures revolved around sex. But even his voice itself was filled with sexual overtones and undertones. The students did not just come to hear his lectures. To hear his voice. The students also came to see his sparkling blue eyes, his tanned, graying good looks. He was a youthful 50. When he began speaking, most of his audience was enthralled. The rest were in awe of this power of his to enthrall so many young women.

Sturm's 'question-times' were so popular he had to extend them. Rumors abounded about 'incidents' that girls claimed to have actively instigated in his office. During holidays, he would 'run into' his students in the most unlikely of places, and with the most predictable of outcomes. Sex. Of course that was his specialty. In and out of academic life.

Sturm's voice flowed out over his audience like warm water, as he began with 'Sex is more important than mere survival. Each individual member of a species is programmed to die. How long they manage to survive is really a moot question. Few species live more than 100 years. Many live only a few days. So how well adapted they are to their environment, how strong, fast, how clever, is really beside the point. Sure, the stronger, faster, and smarter may live a little longer than their less adapted competition. They may prove more successful predators, and more difficult to catch prey.

They will have their days, and years, in the sun, basking in the glory of their superiority. But within a few years each of them will succumb to a predator that none can escape. Time. Their heart muscles will beat a limited number of times, and then stop. Even if they manage to outsmart every predator. Even if they are able to catch any prey. They are doomed to be prey to their own genetics. The best they can hope for is to remain healthy for as much of their limited time-span as possible. To enjoy each moment allotted to them by their genes.'

'Unless the individuals that make up a species reproduce, the species will disappear. Thus we are bound to be obsessed with sex. It is this obsession with sex which ensured the survival of our forebears. All those animals whose offspring ultimately produced us. If our ancestors had not been obsessed with sex, we would probably not exist. The single most efficacious motivator in evolution is lust. Just ask yourself how many people would have been born if sex was not the powerful, exciting, stimulating, fascinating act that it is'.

'Sure, the female of the species gains pleasure at the thought of having babies. But how many men share this fascination? How many men would bother reproducing if the act of conception was not intrinsically pleasurable? What incentive would the females have to offer the males to provide for them and their offspring? To simply hang around? How could the women manipulate men if there was no sexual gratification to trade? To offer. To induce men to provide free services. To motivate men to risk their lives fighting over the chance to 'mate'? Was the prospect of reproduction itself so attractive to males that they would literally become the slaves of their wives and children, just for the chance to be 'fathers'?

'Sexual reproduction is currently the dominant form of reproduction. But this wasn't always the case. Even today it is not always the case. Many species of fish and reptiles, including the Komodo dragon and Gecko's, yeast, beetles, fleas, and snails, can breed via parthenogenesis. This typically results in female offspring themselves capable

of parthenogenesis. And there are 360 species of deloid rotifers which have survived 70 million years without sex'. Sturm paused to enjoy the laughter. 'I mean, they have reproduced via parthenogenesis'. But this is an exception to the rule. Usually those species that can reproduce this way, without sex, and via sexual reproduction, tend, in the long run, to revert back to sexual reproduction'.

'The text books consider it a 'scandal'. They will tell you there is really no definitive, conclusive explanation as to why sex is so popular.' Sturm paused and took a look around his attentive audience, with his typical provocative look. He did not need to say any more. It was already quite clear to him, and to his students, why. 'There are clear benefits, to be sure. For example parthenogenesis means that every female in a species is capable of reproducing, without the need to find a male mate. And as the offspring are typically female, it means that each successive generation will contain more females, and thus more individuals capable of reproducing. This is a good recipe for the survival of the species through time.'

'However these benefits come with some costs. Radiation, such as solar radiation, tends to damage D.N.A. This damage will tend to accumulate over generations where an organism reproduces only its own, damaged, D.N.A. One benefit of sexual reproduction is that each partner contributes chunks of their own D.N.A. And so their offspring have a better chance of inheriting at least one undamaged set of D.N.A. Any damage will only be passed on and accumulate in future generations if both partners have suffered damage to their D.N.A at the same location in the genome. 'Moller's Ratchet' is the argument that, over successive generations, species that reproduce via parthenogenesis will tend to accumulate disadvantageous mutations and lose the race of 'the survival of the fittest'. And while on that topic, we must also consider that, while males tend to be quite indiscriminate when it comes to mating, and are often quite willing to mate with any female that will have them', Sturm paused to let the chuckles pass, 'there is likely to be at least a little 'positive selection. The 'fittest' individuals will attract each other, and produce even 'fitter' offspring. And diversity will be ensured as the males tend to mate at every opportunity'. Sturm encouraged the laughter that followed with his 'Errol Flynn' drollness. 'And so, for evolution, and at least for the males of the species', He smiled with his Errol Flynn charm once more, 'sexual reproduction has proven most successful'.

'Those of you who have been reading my course notes', he added with mock frustration, 'will already understand how mutation is a double edged sword. It is mutation itself that provides for diversity. The process of evolution depends upon diversity. It requires change. In fact the very essence of evolution is mutation. We, represent the current batch of mutants.' At this Sturm waved his arms to include his entire audience, then turned to include some members of his teaching faculty who often attended his lectures. This produced a spontaneous ripple of laughter throughout the students.

Sturm paused to allow the laughter to swell and then calm, before continuing. 'Evolution is a process of becoming. It is not about being as such. 99.9% of the species from which life as we know it has evolved, have gone extinct. There simply would not have been room on this little blue-green planet for all the species that have ever existed. That is the most fundamental, basic basis of negative selection. Competition for relatively scarce resources. Like territory. Like food and water. Even sunshine.'

'At this point I would like to clear up a common misconception regarding 'survival of the fittest'. The idea that only the strongest, healthiest, most adapted males will get to mate with the females is at least a little misleading. For few males are willing to fight to the death. And so many strong males will simply decide that it is not worth it, when competing for mates with very aggressive, stupid males who either don't think about the risks, or are so sexually aroused that they are willing to die to get access to a mate. And so the offspring would tend to become stupider, more aggressive, and less risk averse, over time. And this might be the case, if not for what Evolutionary biologists like to call, and pardon my French, 'The sneaky fucker'. Sturm enjoyed shocking his students a little as much as they enjoyed being shocked a little. He waited for the chuckles to subside before continuing.

'While the macho-men are butting heads, imagining this will decide who gets 'lucky' this mating season, other males are quietly passing on their own genes to the next generation. These are the so-called 'sneaky fuckers'.



For while the classical case may apply in some species, such as the Bull Seal, where only the biggest, strongest, most aggressive males get to mate, in the wider world females are either less fussy about their choice of mates, or employ their own criteria in choosing mates. They don't leave it to the male to decide who will mate with them. They actively chose their own mates. They may not be so impressed by the ability of a mate to defeat other males in contests of strength and stupidity. And so there is greater diversity in choices, matings, and hence offspring, than is the case in the classical case most people consider to define the rule.'

'But mating is only half the story. Once conception and reproduction has occurred, there remains the question of whether the offspring will survive long enough for themselves to reproduce, and ensure the continuation of the species. With sexual reproduction, assuming the male shows interest in his offspring, or has an emotional bond to the female, the offspring is ensured the protection and provision of the male. And so the offspring of two organisms enjoys an advantage over the offspring of one organism. Only half the population can reproduce. This reduces the number of offspring. However it more than doubles the survival chances of the offspring'.

Sturm gathered his thoughts a moment before continuing. 'And this leads us to consider what criteria the female may have in mate selection. This is the only stage in evolution that is defined by positive selection. Of course most females would prefer the most attractive males. From a purely aesthetic position, this means they get to spend their time with the most attractive males, and then to enjoy the company of the most attractive offspring. But generally speaking, underlying qualities we find attractive are usually functional advantages. Beauty is much more than merely skin deep. It is structural. It is functional. It is a good indication of past and present health. Clear, healthy skin, unmarked by the scars of past diseases, is a good indicator of health. Bone structure is functional. Long limbs and good muscle tone are an asset as prey and predator alike. Large, clear eyes offer definite advantages in terms of vision. The sort of muscle co-ordination indicated by mating dances are clearly functional in real life. There is nothing at all superficial about beauty or sex appeal.'

'While appearance and dancing skills will mean offspring will inherit good genes, it does not mean that they will survive long enough to pass them onto the next generation. That is where other criteria become relevant. Sure, female lizards will quickly move from their current mate to a mate with a bigger rock. Rocks absorb the heat of the day. They are the equivalent in human terms of a big house and a good job. But in the case of fish, the biggest fish do tend to secure the best territory, however the female tended to choose the male that showed the greatest care, motivation, and interest in guarding the eggs from predators. And so often it is the 'nice' guy who is committed to the 'relationship' that gets the mate, rather than the strongest, richest, best looking male.' Sturm paused, and glanced about the audience in a way that bred expectation in them. 'Which is what most of us men count on when courting women!'. With this a sprinkling of laughter and 'thank god's spread through the students as Sturm gave his teaching staff a quick smile.

'Of course there is always the case of the 'cuckold'. The male who is tricked into caring for the offspring of another male. In this case the female does chose the biological father based purely on his genes, his strength, speed, agility, physical co-ordination, looks, and dancing skills. However she chooses a male who is a good protector, provider, and carer to be the 'parent' as such. Many people find such attitudes 'scandalous'. However, if we are to be open minded, we can see how this works in the interests of everyone concerned. The conscientious male gets a loving 'wife'. The offspring get both the optimal available genetic and social inheritance. The offspring get the best biological father, and the best parent. And so the species' chances of survival and reproduction are enhanced. It is only the notion of the 'selfish gene' that loses out.'

Sturm then took a quick look at the time and quickly sorted through his lecture notes. He shuffled them about a little until he found what he thought would be a good way to 'round off' the lecture in the time left to him. 'Which leads us into another of nature's 'sex scandals'. Homosexuality has already been 'officially' observed and documented by biologists in over 450 species. It is, however, considered even much more common than that. Ubiquitous, even'.

'Long term pairing of male black swans has been documented. The males steal eggs from other nests, then raise them as their own. These same-sex couples are actually more successful parents than most heterosexual swan couples. The biologists who reported this research took a career limiting risk. They had already waited until they had tenure before reporting these findings. They were fearful of a backlash from a homophobic academic industry. Most such research is self-suppressed by the researchers for fear of making such a career limiting move. Even more researchers had gone on the record to say that they had failed to report such findings for purely personal reasons. They simply felt uncomfortable with the mere idea of homosexuality. They were not willing to accept that homosexuality was normal and natural. Either for swans or for humans.'

Sturm's tone was a little less playful than usual. His audience responded empathically by adopting his tone. They studiously made notes and waited upon his next comments, in an atmosphere of subdued silence. They were tuned into his tone. It was what some social-psychologists referred to as 'charisma'. As mass appeal. As a natural phenomenon. Verging almost on mass hypnosis. He 'owned' his audience. Once they were keyed into his tone he could raise it or lower it at will. He was a natural leader. He displayed the power of 'sympathetic resonance'. He could virtually 'tune' his audience like an instrument. And so as he went on, his audience waited, calmly alert.

'The point is that the desire for a 'family' goes far beyond the idea of a 'selfish gene' ruthlessly seeking to ensure its reproduction and hence survival. The black swans in the study, like same-sex human couples today, seek to share their life, their love, their gifts, with their children. It is not merely about reproducing themselves. It is not about just about having a copy of themselves to live vicariously through, to realise personal ambitions they had for themselves. It goes much deeper than that. It is about having people to love and care for. It is about a need to nurture. It is about something rare, and almost self-less. O.K, it may have a touch of 'co-dependency' about it. But still, if you are looking for something authentically good in the world, then one place you can hope to find it is in the families of same-sex parents. And that is really ironic, given the demonisation of homosexuality, and same-sex parenting, among large proportions of the general population.'

'Form follows function, and not, as the teleological functionalists mistakenly have it, the other way around. Sex does not exist to serve a function. Its functionality is merely random. Pure chance. Pure 'hit and miss'. The reason that most animals today reproduce sexually is because this form of reproduction has just happened to prove more successful than asexual reproduction'.

Sturm paused to give his next comment a space to grow from. 'The orgasm emerged randomly at some point. It provided organisms with an incentive to have sex, even if they had no interest whatsoever in reproducing themselves. In fact it became a need in itself, almost equal to the need for food, drink, and shelter. It just happened to promote the reproduction of the species. And so those species which happened to enjoy this property tended to out-reproduce those that did not. Those animals that are highly sexualised, who are motivated by orgasm to have as much sex as possible, are more likely to reproduce, and thus to survive as a species, than those who do not. That is why the eco-system, and any particular species, is bound to be defined by individuals who are obsessed with sex. Sex is, from the standpoint of the survival of a species, and of life itself, GOOD!'

Of course this sort of statement was bound to appeal to an audience of teenagers. 'Sex is good'. They of course did not need to be told. But it was always great to hear that it was now 'official'. It was comments like these that guaranteed Sturm command of his audience's attention. It was this sort of stuff that had already become legend on campus. It guaranteed his courses, and lectures, were constantly over-subscribed. It ensured funding. It ensured that the 'thought police' of academia on campus were powerless to censor Sturm in any way. He was given a free hand. He was a huge resource. A draw card for the university. No matter how great the malice, envy, jealousy, or ideological opposition of any of the university staff might be, they were powerless to criticise, let alone harm him in any serious way.

Sturm waited for the applause and occasional verbal outbursts of support to die down. The lecture theater, for these brief moments, resembled a rock concert. After giving the energy and enthusiasm of his students' time to express itself, and settle down, Sturm resumed. 'Evolution depends upon the motivating power of the orgasm to

provide constant fuel for its processes of binge and purge. The process of evolution has no concern for the individual outcomes. What it requires for huge pool of potential candidates to operate upon. It then leaves the 'filtering' process to 'negative selection'.

The more adapted individuals reproduce and the less adapted ones don't. Of course we are talking in very long term cycles. The random mutations are slight, and occasional. But the more variety, the greater the potential for random mutation. The process is ruthless and playful. It has no intentions. No ambitions. No moral compass. No good or evil. No shoulds or shall nots. No limits. No restrictions. No preconceptions. It operates without prejudice. It is just as 'happy' to produce 5 eyed, one legged, 4 armed organisms as Michelangelo's 'David'. It is playful. It has no concern for the suffering of the individuals that make up the species. In fact it has no motives, no goals, no objectives at all. It is simply a process that is successful, and has become the defining process, because it generates a massive amount of diversity, and mutation, and then only allows the most adapted of its 'binged' products to reproduce'.

Sturm continued with descriptions of the temple prostitutes and 'holy' whores of ancient societies. He described, in detail, how the prettiest young girls would be taken to the monasteries and become 'goddesses' incarnate, in which role they would participate in all manner of erotic and sexual acts with the monks, often involving ritual orgies. They would also be 'prostituted' out to rich travelers, who would pay for the privilege of bedding these 'holy whores'. Of course by this time there was barely a dry seat in the lecture hall. Not one of the male attendees would be able to get up and walk out at that moment without carrying something in front of them.

And it was not only heterosexual sexual organs that were reaching a climactic peak. His voice, like a sensual stream of warm fragrant oil, flowed, in a virtual wave of liquid silk, in all its sensuality, over his audience, drenching them in its soothing, erotic heat. His students knew he subscribed to the opinion of Freud, and many earlier prophets and holy men, that a person could only be truly 'whole', and hence 'holy', when they had accepted both the feminine and masculine aspects of their nature, including their sexuality.

Sturm was known to endorse the position of the Hindu 'saints' who promoted active bi-sexuality during spiritual rites. Rites meant to ensure the connection of the participants with their 'divine' natures. While it was clear, based on reports, that his main interest was young women, he also made no secret of his open-ness to occasional 'flings' with beautiful young men. It was true that these always occurred in the company of beautiful young women. And he was almost apologetic when asked about this.

He admitted that he was probably still a little 'sexually repressed'. He had, after all, been born, and spent most of his youth, in an atmosphere of homophobia. As it was, his appeal with consciously heterosexual men was that of a 'love' for their ideal self. For they saw in Sturm their ideal selves. Sexually active. Sexually successful. Sexually open. High status. Educated. Respected. Yet free. They also associated him, unconsciously, with the respect of sex with cute young women. And so he represented a sort of cult figure on campus which was almost as strong as his idol status among the consciously homosexual males who simply lusted after him.

Sturm then went on to criticise notions of 'sexual exploitation'. 'When a woman claims that a man used her for sex, she is implicitly admitting that she had been using him. She had been employing sex instrumentally, as a means to her own selfish ends. Her complaint 'he was using me for sex' simply reflects the fact that she didn't get what she had expected, what she had wanted. She had failed to get the man to honor the implicit 'sexual contract'. The man had failed to provide his end of the 'tacit' agreement. She had not obtained the ends she had been employing sex as an instrumental means towards. The man had simply not provided whatever good or service she had implicitly expected from him, as 'payment' for having given him the 'privilege' of her sex. Thus she is shouting 'I am a whore'. 'I am a prostitute'. Didn't you know that? You must pay!

He continued, careful to keep his tempo under control. No matter how confident he had become, there was always the danger of his speech 'racing' with the sheer enthusiasm of his 'message'. For he was not playing here. He was not here simply to 'titillate' his audience. It was not a popularity contest. He did not need anyone's approval or acceptance. He was his own critic. He was his own judge of success or failure. He had long since stopped caring what

other people thought about him. For him it was all about the message. He was on a mission. He had important things to 'get off his chest'.

'You see, if the woman had been having sex because she was sexually aroused and felt a strong need to have sex with the man, then she would have absolutely nothing to complain about when he engages in sex with her. She would have had her needs 'filled', so to speak'. As serious an intellectual as Sturm was, he simply adored to use language in this way, expressing himself 'obscenely', but in ways the feminist fascists could not censor him for.

They, the feminists, and his other 'critics', were mostly jealous of all the wet, warm, young pussy he was getting. He was not going to let their sexual jealousy ruin his fun, nor the satisfaction his students got from him. And they were, according to all gossip, very satisfied. He let his female students know that he was thinking about their sweet young pussies in no uncertain terms, without ever saying anything the feminist fascists might be able to use against him. And they responded, in many cases unconsciously, as he intended. The image of being 'filled' had the desired impact.

Sturm checked himself, to make sure he was pacing his speech. He had to be careful he did not get too passionate in his delivery. It was not just some academic exercise for him. It was his whole motivation. He had something to say, and he valued the opportunity to say it. He treasured this freedom to express himself, and maybe have a positive impact. 'A girl can have sex with as many men or other girls as she wants, without losing her innocence. It is only when she uses the promise or offer of sex as a means to attaining some other ends, that she loses this innocence.' He paused before continuing, to give his audience a moment to digest his words. 'Thus a virgin who uses the mere promise of sex to get what she wants from a partner, whether that promise is tacit or implicit, has already lost her innocence, whereas a girl who has had sex with multiple partners, with no ulterior motive, still has her innocence completely intact.'

Sturm then introduced the topic of bi-sexuality, quoting that famous exchange between James Dean and an interviewer in which Dean, when asked to comment on rumors that he was bi-sexual, casually responded with, 'Well I am not going to live my life with one hand tied behind my back'.

That comment always got a response. He let his audience enjoy the quote before forging ahead with an outline of the arguments of Fliess and Freud for the bi-sexual nature of all humans. He explained how, before Freud's time, people considered masturbation to be a form of mental illness. The ironic result of this unnatural restriction on nature was mental illness. Freud had found that by freeing up people from their sexual repressions, and encouraging a more honest, authentic, and active sexuality, Freud could cure many of his patients.

Sturm then explained Freud's position regarding the sexuality of infants. Freud had discovered that infants are sexual by nature, and naturally desire to have sex with their mothers, fathers, and other siblings. He briefly explained the principles of Freud's 'Oedipal complex' as the basis of later feelings of guilt, and the way that religion had always exploited this guilt by defining it as 'original sin', and offering 'redemption' for it. For a price, of course! Sturm explained the connection between slavery, and the priest's defining any act that did not increase the reproduction of slaves as sin, from masturbation, to hand jobs, to anal sex, and of course including homosexuality.

By the end of Sturm's lecture some students were literally panting. He could have 'had' over a hundred teenage girls at that moment. They had had all the foreplay they needed. They would not need any elaborate seduction. He had found this to his own great surprise after his third lecture in his first year. During one particular 'question time' he had 'had' 3 different girls in succession. The first, a very innocent and almost painfully pretty brunette, had sat down and simply asked him about his comments on innocence, and using people.

She asked, as if for clarification, if it was 'morally' O.K. for a student to ask their professor to have sex with her, as long as each gave their informed consent, and had no ulterior motives other than to give each other pleasure, and to make each other cum. And if she gave him a blow-job, then there was no risk of pregnancy and little chance of any sexually transmitted diseases. So this would be quite safe, wouldn't it?

By then his cock was straining in his trousers. The way she was talking had made him so hard he had had to 'adjust' himself. She had then stood up and lifted up her skirt. She had asked him, in the loveliest and most innocent,

and therefore sexy, of feminine voices 'do you like my panties?' She then modeled them for him, turning around, bending over, parting her knees and pulling them up tightly, revealing her crack through the soft cotton. 'Is it okay if I take them off?' Not awaiting a response, she proceeded to slide them down her thighs.

She had waxed her pussy. 'Do you like my pussy? Can I suck and wank you off into my mouth? Please?' She came around the desk, playing with herself with one hand while unzipping his pants, and gently easing out his now rock-hard, throbbing cock. Pre-cum was dribbling from the shining, bluish-purplish-pink head. He was breathless with desire for her. He felt the velvety warmth of her tongue as she swirled it around the tip of his cock. It drove him mad as he felt her run her tongue up and down the length of his shaft, teasing him.

She proceeded to gently suck and wank him off into her mouth, looking up at him with a pleading look, begging him to cum. 'Please cum in my mouth Professor Sturm, please cum quickly. Mmm, I want you to cum in my mouth', she purred in a friendly, feminine, seductive tone. As the pleasure of her ministrations reached an unbearable peak Sturm couldn't help but begin 'fucking' her mouth. He grabbed her head to keep her warm wet mouth over his cock as he began climaxing, her tongue swirling around his shaft and head. He came down the back of her throat.

A knock on the door surprised her, almost sending her sprawling. Picking up her panties, she smiled as she left the room, giving the next girl a knowing look, and thanking Professor Sturm for his 'help'.

## Chapter Fifteen

It was around this time that Sturm published his critique of Australian government calls to 'have one for the country', to have more children. It was merely the expression of sentiments that had been growing around the developed world. Development, it appeared, had proven to be the ultimate form of 'birth control'. The government pension system had been built upon the assumption of population growth. The pension system was not funded by the current generation. The beneficiaries of pensions in the next 20 years were expecting the next generation to pay for them. It was a symptom of the whole 'enjoy now and (let someone else) pay later. But the next generation was not being conceived. There would not be enough new taxpayers to pass the current generation's pensions debt onto. The whole system was a pyramid scheme. A house of cards. Unless the current generation found new players in their pensions' ponsy scheme, it was going to come crashing down around their heads.

Sturm's critique revealed the faulty logic in the conventional position of governments across the developed world to promote population growth. The traditional strategy of funding pensions was built on the presumption of a continual growth in the population. This would ensure that the population of value producers grew faster than the population of non-economically productive members of society. The main flaw in this approach was that it was not viable to maintain positive population growth forever. At some point population growth would have to be curbed, due to the economic problem of increasingly scarce natural resources. And it would be at this time that the problem would become unavoidable. At this point either the retired cohort, or the economically productive cohorts paying the taxes to support them, would have to accept a lower material standard of living.

Promoting population growth now simply represented delaying the date at which the problem would have to be dealt with. Further, it would increase the ultimate scale of the crisis, when the problem could no longer be 'put off' to the next generations. Thus this conventional strategy merely increased the problem. Of course each current retiring generation would be happy to pass on this problem, this explosive legacy, to the next generations to deal with. Let them accept a lower standard of material welfare. Sturm noted how the current generation that was retiring had enjoyed the highest, unprecedented, and unlikely ever to be repeated, standard of living.

They had enjoyed decades of wage rises, soaring real estate values, and economically unsupportable windfalls from speculative investments. They had grown up with a sense of entitlement. They felt entitled to lush pensions on top of their windfalls. The generation that had just retired, and would still be around another 20 years, owned most of the wealth of their nations. The current generation were pretty clueless about economics. They just didn't get it. By the time they understood the ponsy scheme they had inherited it would be too late. The system was doomed to crash. And it was likely to happen in their time, unless they had lots of children to defer the debts onto, to delay the ultimate collapse until after it was no longer their problem.

The Government was paying mothers 5000 dollars for each child born. In other words that child was inheriting a 5000 dollar debt, to add to its collective per capita share of the existing government debt. Dual citizenship was going to be abolished. It would have to be. To avoid the children 'skipping' on their 'inherited debts'. Debts inherited from their parents. Debts which were ultimately known by the Zionist Central bankers. The next generation would be born debt slaves. Yes, the Goyim would soon be the 'slaves' that the Old Testament, which most of them revered as 'sacred', had predicted. Slaves to the self-defined 'chosen people'. The same ones who had given the world Judaism, Christianity, Islam, and Marxism.

Of course when it came time to publish, Sturm's paper would be edited, so as not to offend the sensibilities of his readers. Even a professor with tenure could not afford to speak up about Zionism. It rankled Sturm no end. But he was not willing to martyr himself to the herd. And somehow, for some reason he could not quite pin down, Sturm felt quietly confident that the longest, most sophisticated, and brilliantly executed conspiracy of all time was

going to fail. Ask him why and he would not be able to say. But he knew it. And so he could afford to let the 'Golems', the Zionist collaborators, win their battles. Every battle they liked. Let them enjoy their victories. For he knew for a fact, like he knew he was alive, that they were going to lose the war.

## Chapter Sixteen

Around the globe the general population began noting, to their initial delight, the absence of flies, fleas, and mosquitoes. If you were making a film about 'the crisis', you would focus on a farming family, noting with joy the absence of the usual pests. Mosquitoes. Flies. Ants. Even the farmers appreciated this freedom from the insects that had plagued humanity across recorded history. The parasites and insects that typically attacked their crops and animals seemed to have taken a holiday. This in itself was a blessing for many farmers.

However its corollary was the absence of the 'ecological services' of bees, wasps, and other insects, that humankind had always taken for granted. Humans had relied on these 'helpers' to pollinate their fruit trees since time immemorial.

These isolated farmers could have no idea of the scale of the 'event'. It was only weeks later as statistical trends became clear that scientists picked up on the situation. These new conditions proved not to be isolated cases. Across the globe reports came in of the very same phenomena occurring.



## Chapter Seventeen

All the federal agencies in America and across Europe were suddenly flooded with reports of 'raids' on sperm banks that no-one could account for. A clear pattern of sorts was forming, but no-one could make any sense of what it might mean. Why would sperm suddenly become the target of criminals? How much a 'pop', as they joked, was sperm really worth? But the scale of the action was no joking matter. It was universal. All the sperm banks around the world had been 'cleared out'. The detectives and news presenters might enjoy a quip at the story, but was it really a laughing matter? What could it mean?

## Chapter Eighteen

It would not be until nine months after 'the crisis' had begun, that the impacts of 'whatever it was' became apparent on the human population. Few people are ever really 'conscious' of the fact that each year around one percent of the human population, around 70 million people, more than the total population of France, reach the end of their natural life cycles, and die. They tend to die discreetly, in hospitals, and in old people's homes. They are whisked away by an efficient machinery. Only their nearest and dearest take any note of their passing. For them it is a personal tragedy. They cannot comprehend how the rest of the world can just go on as usual. Their worlds have changed unimaginably, and yet the rest of the world goes on as if nothing had happened. Death on a truly apocalyptic scale just slips by our consciousness.

In fact, around the globe, over a 1.2 million people die each year from road accidents alone. Usually in the prime of their lives. However even these deaths register only among family and friends, unless they their victims were famous. And people enjoy living in denial. It is the most common 'coping strategy' in the face of death. The denial is so ingrained that many people still resist wearing seat-belts. They resist the reality of physics. That is human nature, denial. That is what killed Princess Dianna, not the Paparazzi. The one person wearing a seat-belt in that tragic 'incident' survived the 'crash'. Well, actually, Princess Di survived the crash, she just did not survive the 2 hours or so, for some never explained reason, it took the ambulance to cover the 5 km of empty Paris roads between the 'crash' site and the hospital.

## Chapter Nineteen

The speaker, his voice full of authority, clearly used to being listened to, turned from a conversation he was having with his personal assistant, a cute young woman in an expensive designer skirt-suit, and engaged his audience. 'You will note recently that the market has tended to, in roughly 2, 5, and 10 year periods, climb to a certain point, fall, then climb again, while roughly remaining within the range. The Arabs and Chinese have massive investments they are trying to protect. Every time we sell, they buy, trying to protect their shares, and to produce an artificial rally, a new positive momentum. We wait for them to stop buying, and we sell again, to reduce our exposure to losses. So far this has been effective. We have re-capitalized billions in real estate and traditional investments into our new target areas of bio-tech.

Why? The real estate and stock markets depend on population growth. Real capital assets increase only in nominal value, by and large. That is, the demand for them increases, while their supply is more or less fixed. Little or no real value has actually been added to them. Their market price simply reflects supply and demand. This is what drives their increase in market value. Without a constant increase in birth-rates or immigration to maintain the massive worldwide population growth of the last 200 years, the currently historically high market value of real estate and other equities such as shares, can not be sustained. In fact they are so 'out of kilter' with reality, their price to earnings ratios are so high, that any even slight decrease in demand for them tends to send them into free-fall'.

'This consequence would be greeted differently by different people, and by many with ambivalence. Home owners in those countries with growing populations, due to natural population growth, or as in the case of the Western nations, immigration, had seen their home values double every ten years or so. The banks had then offered them easy loans, so they could effectively spend this windfall without selling their homes. This fueled economic growth, and the banks' profits. At this point in the 'cycle', even working class people benefited.

However as the children of the 'baby-boomers' prepared to leave home, they felt the down-side of this situation. Their children could not afford to buy into the 'home ownership' aspirations of their own parents. Many could not even afford to rent. This contributed to the growing trend of 'nest-hockers', adults who still lived with their parents, into their 20s, 30s, and even 40s. Some parents were happy to have their 'babies' with them. Others had been looking forward to them 'flying the coop', and were not at all happy with this new development.'

'It was only the relatively few who had jumped on the 'negative gearing' bandwagon, using their equity in their own homes to finance more and more investment properties, that managed to side-step this negative consequence. They made a fortune from their negatively geared real-estate investments. The government, in order to encourage the private sector to build more rental housing, had offered generous tax concessions which effectively meant that those who took advantage of 'negative gearing' got the government to pay the bulk of the interest on their investment loans. These families experienced only the benefits of the situation. Their children could afford homes at the new prices, thanks to them stepping in to co-sign for them, or put down cash deposits. Of course in the 80's in Australia, due to interest rates soaring over 20%, many home- owners, especially those who had speculated in the property market, had lost everything, but people have short memories.

'So when in the 90's interest rates once more sank to record lows, many people were once again lured by the prospects of easy, tax-payer subsidized, speculative, windfalls, to repeat the same cycle. And so a new 'bubble' was pumped bigger and bigger, to bursting point. And what is key to note is that it was this group of speculators, this constituency, these 'aspirational' voters, who continued to bring successive conservative and republican governments to power'.

'It was these conservative politicians that constantly appealed to 'family' values. They were the ones encouraging their voters to 'have one for the father, one for the mother, and one for the nation'. This would ensure

population growth, and the growth of the 'market' value of real-estate. Many voters' financial security, and the basis of their lifestyles, was completely tied up in the 'success' of their real-estate speculations. If the market collapsed, so would their lifestyles. Everything was dependent on population growth. As immigration had being unpopular, the politicians, and their aspirational, conservative – republican voters, were putting all their bets on the baby boomers 'having one for the father, one for the mother, and one for the country'. In other words, three kids, to prop up the house of cards, to keep pumping the 'bubble', to keep bringing in new 'ponsies' into the pyramid scheme. Their financial security would dry up like the wet patch from last night's sex. The frantically heated speculative bubble risked climaxing and exploding from the frantic pumping of easy credit into the banking system'.

All the while the speaker spoke in his congenial, jokey, familiar, and yet commanding tones, his assistant's eyes were undressing him, remembering how soft and warm his hands had felt as they had caressed her. She was conscious of a suddenly cool wetness running down her inner thigh. She should have worn panties, she thought to herself. His wealth turned her on. His success made her hot. His status made her wet. His voice left her panting, desperate to feel his warm hands all over her body, overcome with an anguished need to feel the hot head of his cock pressing against her wet hole, penetrating her, fucking her, cumming deep inside her. She had to wrench herself from these thoughts, bringing them back to this meeting, and her boss's presentation.

As he continued you could feel the concentration his audience was paying his every word and gesture. In the past they had learned to do so. It had paid to do so. Failing to pay attention to his words had proven extremely expensive to those who had not listened, or who had not taken him seriously. Those who had at first dismissed his prognoses and recommendations, soon learned to listen. To pay attention. To consider what they had paid for his seminars to be the best investments they would ever make. In fact he only demanded such high fees in order to ensure that he was not wasting his breath. He didn't need their money. He didn't need to hustle for a living. His personal portfolio already rivaled Warren Buffet's, even though he had only been in the investment industry for a little over a decade. What he enjoyed was being taken seriously by the most powerful people on the planet. That was his Viagra. That and young women.

Pretty young women. Really pretty and really young women. He had discovered that his appearance on the cover of finance magazines, and even more so his guest appearances on the nightly finance reports of the international cable television stations, did more for his attractiveness to pretty young women than mere money could ever do. That was his real motivation. At least as far as he could consciously explain it to himself. Each of his audience had paid, in one way or another, around 100,000 dollars to attend this exclusive presentation.

He took long slow gulp from the chilled mineral water decanter his assistant held out to him before continuing. 'So the conservatives rode a wave of popularity among those who wanted to reproduce, and have their actions 'glorified' as 'self-less' and 'patriotic'. These 'aspirational voters' wanted to believe that everyone could become rich, without giving second thoughts to the lack of economic logic implicit in such a faith. Thus they had come to invest everything, literally and emotionally, in conservative economic policies. If the conservatives' economic policies failed, so too would their own aspirations, their own dreams.

And so they continued to back a losing strategy for decades after it the clear flaws in the gamble became self-evident to anyone who was willing to see the truth. Luckily for the politicians that was only a very few. And so the bubble sustained itself almost indefinitely. But anyone who was able and willing could see that the strategy was clearly flawed and bound to bring economic and social catastrophe.

The able analysts might see the 'slow motion train wreck' in progress, but they were powerless to get any of the passengers to pay attention, let alone to get the driver to take his foot off the accelerator, and onto the brakes. People believe in their right to dream, their right to illusions, their right to denial. Anyone who challenged them was dismissed as a Communist'. The presenter, unbuttoning the top button of his exquisitely tailored designer suit, the light shining off shoes that would impress the most fetishist of women, continued. 'In terms of production, most large industrial production has been exported to the third world. I won't use that term 'developing nations', as they were never meant to develop at all. That is clear to everyone here. All the other labor needs of the West have been,

up to now, met by an eager supply of immigrants from the East to the West. Of course we have also seen the west turn to automation in a limited way'.

He paused, made eye contact with every member of his audience, and calmly continued. 'We can expect that the next generations in the developed world will become dependent on robots for most tasks that today can be foisted upon a disempowered labor supply desperate for work. We are thus slowly taking our capital out of most traditional investments and moving them into robotics and biological-information technology'. He then unleashed his dentist's artistry, splashing health and vitality all over his enthralled audience, as he beamed his famous smile, the one that projected the definite feeling that 'you have just made the most positive impression upon me possible'.

He adjusted his posture slightly, leaning imperceptibly towards his listeners. 'Robots, my friends, will become our new 'working classes', our new 'service personnel', because there may never again be a pool of unemployed workers whose situation the labor markets can exploit. They will become rare commodities. Supply and demand will begin working in their favor in around 20 years, based on our projections. And before you think the stress has gotten to your investment team', he quipped light-heartedly, his eyes 'laughing', I would like to introduce professor Sturm to you all. He has been at the forefront of research into the current 'situation'. He walked towards Sturm, offering him his hand, in a languid and perfectly choreographed change of speakers. He danced lightly to the side, to give Sturm 'the stage'. Even Sturm marveled at his host's physical fluidity and grace. He was a dancer. He was a magician. He was confidence personified. He exuded confidence in himself. You believed him, because he thoroughly believed himself.

Sturm was aware that while this group was small, it represented, directly and indirectly, a market capitalisation the size of the state of California, which, on its own, represented the world's tenth largest economy. A digital 'counter' of world population size was projected onto the wall behind Sturm. The digital numbers were 'clicking over' at an almost inconceivable rate. In fact few people had ever stopped to observe this digital counter. Occasionally those lobby groups calling for responsible population management set up such counters in public places, to draw attention to the fact that the world's population was, then he corrected himself in his mind, had, been spinning out of control.

The majority of this new life would be born to grinding poverty. For most, their lives would be 'Arbeit ohne Lohn'. Work without pay. Effort without reward. Investment without return. A joke without a punchline. They would pay dearly for the few pleasures they would experience. Only the lucky few would find a relatively bearable niche as exploited labor. The rest would never even enjoy this comfort. They would live as scavengers, from day to day, from hand to mouth, on international aid, and the hand-me downs of the West. They would die of horrible diseases scavenging through the west's contaminated garbage and industrial waste, breathing in volatile chemicals and metals as they melted down old computer parts, or worked in Western owned factories under conditions no Western country would allow, but which corrupt local authorities permitted, in exchange for the appropriate 'considerations'.

However those here present were the beneficiaries of such a system. Their wealth and privilege had depended upon this system of relations. It was thus with a sense of relief and satisfaction that Sturm relayed his information to this audience. 'But that model's efficacy depended upon a situation that no longer exists'. Sturm paused to let this sentence sink in, as his listeners glanced worriedly at each other, before addressing his audience once more. 'The projection we are now watching is last year's data. As you can see, the population is growing at a mesmerizing rate, set to reach 9 billion within a few decades'.

He indicated to his assistant and a new projection was blended alongside the earlier one, showing the climb and climb of real-estate values in countries such as Australia and Britain, where immigration and population growth had continued. He indicated to his assistant for another third projection to be blended alongside these two.

The new projection showed the trends in population and real-estate values in Western European countries like Germany as they began showing flat, and even negative, population growth. The point appeared, at least superficially, clear. His audience required no explanation from him. Rising population growth had fueled demand

for real-estate and stocks. The rest of the nominal growth in real estate and equity markets was a direct result of the new retirement funds made obligatory in most of the developed world, to ensure that the workers would fund their own retirement'.

Sturm laughed to himself at the thought. He reflected how it had been the Zionist central banker's lobbying that had brought about those compulsory retirement funds. Retirement. The promise to the workers that, even in this world, they would get some reward for their life-long labors, sacrifices, and risks. Yet Sturm knew that few people under the age of 50 were ever going to know what that concept had once meant. Sturm handed the rostrum over to the previous speaker, who elegantly flowed back into the limelight, thanking Sturm, shaking his hand and patting his shoulder. Sturm then returned seamlessly back into the background, keen to see the rest of the presentation.

The speaker continued, his voice resonating with charm and authority. 'The clear message all this data sends is startlingly simple and clear. Sell real-estate. Sell industrial stocks. Sell anything whose current price is based on the assumption of continued population growth. Sell anything whose supply is only reflexively limited due to increasing populations. We are set to see the biggest real estate bust in history. The 'sub-prime' housing bubble will be a joke compared to what seems to be coming. Why? Let me show you'.

The projection date returned to the last 2 months. A mesmerizing pace of constant flickering numbers showing a massive increase in world population. Second by second the numbers climbed, representing in abstract form those new lives taking their first breaths after having survived the most dangerous place on earth, their mother's wombs. But then this procession, this trend, began to slow. The figures began flickering up and down for a few moments, showing minor fluctuations in increases and decreases. They then began showing a definitive negative trend.

It took a few moments for the audience, a group of some of the most apt minds in the world, mathematicians and financial wizards, usually able to detect a trend based on the exchange of a few futures contracts, and the scantiest of financial reports, to fully take in what they had just observed. It then took a few moments for the impact to register, like the faint rumblings of an earthquake about to shake a city to rubble. Their first reaction was, as in all such shocks, denial. They simply found it hard to believe what they were seeing. Could it really be true? How could it be true?

But they were mostly sociopathic in nature. If they had had any empathy, they managed to numb it, to repress it. That was a pre-requisite to success in this business. That is how they had risen to their heights of wealth and secret power. They had traded in human and animal misery and exploitation, dis-interested in the real meanings of the transactions they carried out.

For them financial transactions were more or less a right to print money. They knew the beast we call 'the financial market' well. They had trained it. They fed it snippets of gossip to entertain it and keep it in their 'bann', like vampires and their victims. How many people or animals suffered as a result never affected them in the slightest. They were, effectively, as far as any measure might indicate, devoid of empathy. They wanted money and power to satisfy their urges, to gratify their desires, to enjoy rewarding and pleasurable lifestyles. They got it.

They had found a way to exploit human nature. In any event, their electronic transactions were completely de-coupled from any victims they might empathise with. When they saw misery, their only interest was in finding a way to benefit from it, to personally profit from it. And when many realized they themselves could benefit from human and animal misery, many actually actively sought out ways to increase that misery. Such men laughed when they accidentally came across naively inept financial 'analyses'. T.V presentations pretending to be 'informing' their audience of the meanings of the movements of the markets, usually as part of the 'news'. They would claim that the markets had moved such and such for such and such a reason. They felt obliged to construct some narrative that their audience would consume. Their audience would then happily grant them the status of 'financial analyst'. In fact most of what they said was, ironically, pure speculation. They constructed 'contexts' from the flimsiest of data, and always after the fact.

In reality most of the market movements were simply due to investment funds buying and selling shares to meet the needs of their clients entering and leaving the work-force. The rest was Arabs buying into the market. They had no choice. The U.S administration, the Golems of the Zionist central bankers, had forced them to sign agreements decades ago. These agreements granted the oil Sheiks U.S and British military protection, in return for certain 'concessions'. These included that they only accept U.S dollars in exchange for their oil. And that most of their 'earnings' would be immediately invested in the U.S securities markets, in stocks and government bonds. The Oil Sheiks would have loved to have taken all their money out of the U.S markets, and exchanged all their U.S dollars for Euros, but they had no choice. They saw what happened to Saddam Hussein, and Mohamar Gadhafi, when they had tried to do the same.

So now, in the face of no alternative strategy, the Oil Sheiks were doing their best to protect the investments, and the U.S dollar, that they had been tricked into dealing in. They employed automated buy and sell programs operating on small margins, and futures speculation. They tried to inflate any potential rally, and stepped in and started buying to prevent a cascading free-fall in the markets, when they reached critical values.

Then there were the speculators. Working on extremely short term margins. On buying short, and profiting from market declines. The worst of these operated in the Forex, the foreign exchange, markets. While the Forex traders claimed they were 'hedging', but as they never owned the actual financial instruments they claimed to be 'hedging' for, this was pure spin.

The 'news' shows 'analysts' were no more than the puppets of the Zionist Central Bankers. They fed them a line, and let them feel important and 'in the know'. They had complete control of the media. They owned all the major media corporations, from print to television. They even set up fake organisations pretending to be enemies of the system. They had always dealt in this way. They were agent provocateurs. They did their best to discredit any opposition to their plans. They set up what appeared to be opposition parties, organisations, web-presences, and even print media. This way they attracted their own real opposition, and could keep an eye on them. Control them. Direct them. And where necessary, set them up for failure, and publicly discredit them. They funded, and gained key control of, any 'terrorist' organisation that might be able to challenge them, or simply prove useful, in creating conflicts in the world, and thus demand for their industrial- military- complex goods and services.

The financial media were a joke. A one percent change would be ignored by these pretend television financial 'analysts' most days. But on slow 'news' days, the same, typical daily fluctuations would be presented as 'news', and related to some current context or news item, such as a political meeting, or the release of market data which had already been anticipated months ahead, and hence had already been incorporated into the market weeks before.

This was especially the case with BBC 'reports' on foreign exchange movements. They would 'report', as if it was news, foreign exchange movements that were within the typical daily trading ranges. 'The Euro rebounds and stocks rise as reports suggest EU leaders have agreed on a bailout plan for Greece'. In fact all that had happened was that the U.S dollar had weakened vis a vis the Euro and Pound. Any idiot could see in the same report that the Euro was down against the Pound. So in fact it had not strengthened in any way. In any case it was well within its typical trading range for the last few months. But all weekend the 'banners' appearing below the BBC's programs would continue with the same meaningless, misleading, statement.

And even more meaningless was the banner on Monday exclaiming, as if it was news, that 'A sharp jump in the Euro occurred today after reports that the Euro Zone leaders have agreed on a financial bail-out package for the Greek economy'. The had Euro simply improved its position vis a vis the U.S dollar by a cent. This was well within the typical daily trading range, and absolutely nothing worthy of any discussion, let alone a banner headline. Any informed, aware person would be left wondering if the people at the BBC were really that stupid, or if they simply had contempt for their audience's intelligence.

It might irritate some people that they could pretend to 'know' things they didn't, and mislead the general public. But those actually in the know were happy to have such television reporting reinforcing the Public's general

ignorance, adding to its general level of misinformation. It was this ignorance and misinformation that made it possible for those who really did understand the financial markets to make such vast, easy fortunes. They would collectively raise a toast any time they saw or read such absurd 'financial reports', toasting the charlatans behind them with the finest of 25 year old single malt whiskeys.

And it gave these sociopaths just one more reason to have contempt for humanity and society. It helped to have your contempt justified, over and over, reinforced and regularly confirmed, when your daily business was opportunism. The world belonged to such sociopathic opportunists. This audience, unlike the general audience of the BBC, were able to quickly digest the holistic meaning of what they were observing. Their minds made all the connections between population growth, labor markets, real-estate and market speculation, retirement funds, Arab oil markets and Chinese hedge-funds, Forex trading and commodities markets, and debt swaps of the nearly bankrupt P.I.Gs of the Euro-zone. Etc.

Going from face to face, Sturm could see the lights go on, the fears register, the recognition of opportunities and threats, the frustration, the irritation, the sudden insights of revelation, the plans fomenting, being revised, then once again re-calculated, the twinges and discomforts, the epiphanies and sparkling eyes as these financial genius's realised just how, and how huge, their profits from this new calamity were going to be.

They grasped the implications within seconds. Their immediate concern was how to eliminate their exposure to the coming financial crisis, and to be in a position to opportunistically benefit from it. This was their hunting ground. This was their territory. They were familiar with its landscape. This was how they had become rich. This is how they had gained their secret power. They were in their element. Crisis brought out their fangs and claws. They were keen to get them bloodied. They sniffed their prey on the wind. All their senses came alive. This is what they lived for.

They knew they would emerge from this coming crisis the wealthiest men in the world, if they played their cards right. They were confident of holding winning hands once the deck had been reshuffled by this newly minted crisis. They looked around at each other as this realisation sank in, passing in a tangible wave through the group, as if by tele-empathy. The more brilliant minds would first grasp the implications, they would turn to their colleagues, who would, as if reading billions of bits of information from their body language, subtle gestures, and demeanor, suddenly grasp the same implications. And the implication was fantastic wealth. And all the power, privilege, and satisfaction that went with it.

It was going to be a busy quarter. And an impressively profitable one. First they would limit their exposure to the downside. Short calls on various specifically targeted equities. They would do this gradually, to avoid calling attention to their actions. They would produce a few diversions in the markets, to encourage confidence and trust. Keep the Arabs investing. Keep the retirement funds plowing their money into the markets, not knowing they might just as well be plowing that money into the dirt. The result would be the same. What had Jesus warned about planting seeds on barren ground?

They would immediately begin divesting of any real assets like real estate. They would start shifting assets. They would set up 'dummy' companies, and buy 'shelf companies' that had already been registered, to ensure that all their activities could be carried out before anyone else got a whiff of what they were doing, and started asking themselves why. In the same way they would set up nominally new holding companies to start buying out majority stake holdings in any and every company that had anything to do with bio-tech and robotics, from start-ups, to the big players like Honda. They would stay out of Silicon Valley, though. It was a tacit understanding among this group that 'the Jews' and their 'Golems' were not to be alerted to what they were planning.

None of the players could say exactly why. And none wanted to be the first to ask why, and appear to be the only one that did not already know. They just had the deep conviction that that was how it was. They were sure that at some point they had understood. But had at some time forgotten.

Maybe they had all sworn some sort of pact, and participated in some sort of psychological processing? No-one could say at this point. And no-one was going to be the first to raise the issue. They were too busy planning how



they were going to spend their huge windfalls. And on carefully planning how to 'Spin' their investment decisions, what narratives they were going to construct to tell their clients, to keep them off their backs, without risking revealing what they were doing, and more importantly, *why*.

Part of their plan involved leveraging their funds to the limit. They were going to have to do some creative accounting with the banks. They were going to be betting everything on this. Without being able to explain to their clients or banks why, their decisions would appear risky and well beyond any reasonable level of fiduciary responsibility.

Their aim would be to minimize losses at this point as they shifted their investment strategies to adapt to the future that was soon to make itself felt in the most dramatic crisis since the extinction of the dinosaurs. The challenge was to be among the survivors. And as most paleontologists will tell you, it was the rats that survived that extinction, that disaster. They went on to evolve as the dinosaurs fell to ground. Rats. Yep, these financial fat-cats joked, they were the true survivors. Opportunists, those rats. And, after all, any biologist would tell you that it was, after all is said and done, us humans that had evolved from those rats.

## Chapter Twenty

Around the world the owners of vegan industries were suddenly finding it easy to attract new capital. The interest in their shares was overwhelming. New vegan I.P.O's were massively oversubscribed well in advance of their listings. Existing vegan industry shares increased in market value so quickly, that 'splits' became necessary to increase liquidity, to make it easier for average people to buy and sell shares. For example, when a share that had been issued at 100 dollars grew in market value to ten thousand dollars, it became inaccessible to average buyers. Also those that had made the windfall profits were keen to 'realise' some of their gains, but not keen to divest of a stock that was so profitable. And so the original stock, now valued at 1000% of its issue price, was split into twenty five hundred dollar shares. This made the stock more accessible to average investors, who jumped at the chance to buy into the booming vegan lifestyle market. And so almost immediately these shares doubled in value. It was like Microsoft and Apple all over again. The internet boom and information technology era seemed to be giving way to the vegan lifestyle era.

The meteoric success of vegan lifestyle related shares was at first attributed in the mass media to a new trend towards healthier living. Commentators talked about the mercury in fish, the radioactive residues and hormones in dairy products, the growing problems with water table pollution from piggeries and dairies, and a general consensus that people felt it wrong, because unnecessary, that animals should suffer for our satisfaction. These sorts of attributions were mostly made by those reporters who wished this were true, and who had been fighting to spread the vegan message for the last few decades. However, in reality, humans rarely respond to inconvenient, unwelcome news in such a positive fashion.

They are more apt to kill the messenger and live in denial. And so when the Vegan activists reminded them that it was the production of animal products, especially beef, which accounted for most of the world's ongoing deforestation, their messages tended to fall on deaf ears. Other commentators made a connection between global warming, and a growing realisation among the general population that adopting a vegan lifestyle could reduce CO2 and other greenhouse gas emissions more than eliminating all forms of mechanised transport combined. Al Gore had recently come in for great criticism. He had been called a hypocrite for only making lifestyle changes himself which were easy and convenient. He was rich. He could afford an electric car, an energy efficient house, and so on. He promoted these as solutions to people who could not afford them. At the same time he, the prophet of doom, Al Gore, was pushing others to make personal sacrifices for the sake of the planet, he himself had failed to take the step that would have the greatest impact. He would not reply to any criticism about his unwillingness to 'Go Vegan'.

In reality none of the new success of vegan lifestyle related industries had anything to do with ethics, empathy for animal suffering, a new interest in active health and disease prevention, let alone in combating a climate change that had been mostly discredited by independent scientific research. It was an anticipation of what was to come. In this anticipation masses of resources began being directed towards robotics, bio-tech, info-tech, and vegan industries. This did not reflect any current conditions at all. It was in anticipation of the future conditions that only mere handful of people had become aware of.

These few had been able to imagine the consequences of current events in advance of the bulk of humanity. And so they were investing based on their prognoses on how the world would look in a few years. What was happening was a shift among the biggest, most influential traders away from any industry that was dependent on animal based products, or which would be impacted negatively from the projected decrease in the world population. Around one percent per year. Of course initially the gaps in the labor market would be filled with keen immigrant labor.

However as the population decline took full effect, this supply would become completely exhausted. Literally. The labor supply was set to suddenly age in around 30 years, as the massive 'baby boomers' of the less economically developed regions of the world were absorbed, and not replaced. It would be the sudden drop in the 'replacement rate' of population growth that would kick in in around 30 years. Those who had recognised the importance of the new trends would have about a decade to realise their new investment strategies before the rest of the world caught on to the new trends. By the time the situation, and the rational response had become self-evident to the masses, it would be too late for them to profit from the realisation. This had always been the way with finance and investments.

Once the 'insiders' had control of the most desirable assets, they would let the rest of the world in on the secret, and overnight these assets would be in such demand that the increase in their market values would skyrocket. The profits would be unprecedented. And so those aware of the meaning of the new situation bought up futures in soy. They bought up the companies that converted soy into soy milks, soy 'meats', and all manner of soy products. Few of these investors ever tried the products themselves. However the rare few who did were surprised to find many of them quite palatable.

In fact their doctors had recommended they begin consuming many soy products for health reasons. Many of their wives and daughters already did. They were pleased to find their husbands and fathers showing such an interest. They were happy and surprised. They constructed their own narratives to account for this new interest. They became major shareholders in vegan industries. They felt good about this. Suddenly they felt good about their father's and husband's work. Rather than benefiting from human and animal misery, they appeared to be investing in human and animal welfare. It seemed a 'fat-cat' could, after all, change its spots!

They began restructuring their own industrial conglomerates. What few people realise is that a relatively few big business people, mostly men, sit on the boards of most of the world's major companies. They often joked among themselves about Freud's comments on the instinct to incest! They met each other daily in different official capacities, however the common motive underlying all their interactions was profit, wealth, and power. They had no interest in the means to these ends per se, other than as means. They would buy and sell people, chickens, human excrement, the finest works of art, investing in the most noble of enterprises, and the most ignoble, trading in life-saving medical equipment and research, as unthinkingly as they would trade in illegal arms and instruments of torture. They were equally happy to deal with despotic, mad dictators as with Nobel laureates.

To them it was all the same. The dealt in numbers. In figures. In profit-loss statements. They bought and sold anything they could profit from dealing in. They were traders. They had their eye on the bottom line. They shifted their dealings from country to country, according to minor benefits to be had from legal and taxation differences. When a country introduced environmental regulations, they shifted their manufacturing to one with fewer environmental protections.

When labor movements gained benefits for their workers in one country, the globalists simply shifted to another where the workers were less organised, and more desperate for work. They built chemical plants in countries where corruption would make it easy to side-step any regulation, and where they could easily escape prosecution. They were confident of having 'bought' all the local authorities, and knew, from experience, that they could 'buy' any officials off and never have to face any serious compensation claims from the local populations when the statistically predictable 'disasters' did occur. Bhopal was a good example.

The 'mum and dad' investors who bought units in the various unit funds of course all considered themselves 'good' people. They gave a little money to charity. They obeyed most of the laws of their own countries. They were nice to their pets and polite to their neighbors. They expected their investments to grow on average 20% per year. They did not care to know how their investment managers achieved this. They wanted to sleep easy in their beds, confident that they were becoming richer every day. They had a sense of entitlement. They felt entitled to become rich. They did not care who paid for this. As long as they and theirs could enjoy life, they did not really give a second thought to any consequences that others might suffer as a result. They were happy to 'believe' that their fund

managers were 'ethical', while not wanting to know anything about what they did. That way any responsibility, they could tell themselves, fell squarely on their fund manager's shoulders. They could be sure of a place in heaven. If their managers went to hell, well that was their problem!

## Chapter Twenty One

The men in the audience that Sturm had observed that day had all become independently wealthy. This meant something more than it might initially suggest to the casual reader. Their independence meant things the average person could never imagine. They were not only financially independent, in the sense most people dream of, of not needing to work for anyone, or to ever have to worry about money. No, their independence went much further than this. Their money bought political influence, and teams of lawyers. It bought them independence from what the average person considers 'moral' duties.

Like the papal dispensations of the dark-ages, these men's wealth and power bought them complete freedom from all the social restrictions that most people were limited and inhibited by. These men knew no limitations to their desires other than those that arose internally from within themselves, and their own neuroses. If they wanted to have sex with a beautiful man, woman, boy or girl, they simply made it known, and a beautiful man, woman, girl, boy, or any combination of the above, would discretely appear at any of the many luxury hotel suites, holiday villas, city apartments, stretch limousines, or private booths in any of the opulent restaurants and casinos they patronised, and often owned.

If they wanted to smoke a joint, inject some pure heroin, enjoy an opium pipe, or any of the many 'designer' drugs on the market, they did. Without hesitation. They lived independent of the laws that applied to the masses. They could manipulate financial markets within a certain range, for a certain period of time. They could construct public opinion about important issues, within limits. They employed the finest minds as their own spin- doctors. They owned and indirectly controlled, through their direction of advertising budgets, most of the major players in the mass media. They arranged product placements in films and computer games.

They paid popular media personalities to present, as their own opinions and views, any opinion or view these 'independent' men wished them to. They could hire the 'transferred' authority of the most respected and admired personalities that had a hold of the Public's imagination. They could use these established, respected person's public influence to serve their own ends. Within limits, they could sway the public to have this or that opinion, to hold this or that view, to like this or that idea, to love or hate this or that person. At worst they could respond to public opinion that was unfavorable to their interests, moderating it so that it did not impinge too much on these interests. At best they could positively construct a definitive public opinion about an issue in their favor. They were the closest thing to gods this earth had yet seen.

They could, like the Zionist Central Bankers, have the world believe that a few Arabs with box-cutters had hijacked several commercial airliners and crashed them into the WTC and Pentagon. Even after several of the supposed hijackers turned up the next day at their places of work, such as Saudi Air, and the Federal Aviation Authority. They could have people believing in telephone calls made from hijacked planes that had no on-board telephones, nor any possibility of getting a mobile phone connection. Phone calls made calmly as planes were literally falling from the sky at speeds at which they would have, according to the Boeing engineers who built them, be breaking to pieces. They could make the public believe that jet fuel had brought down structures literally built to withstand much worse impacts. No matter how many explosives engineers went on record to state that the buildings had all been blown up from inside, as part of controlled demolitions, they could get the public to believe in the original, absurd story.

They were, in effect, the current gods. In typical dialectical fashion, our 'modern' gods had evolved from the more ancient, rapacious, vicious, murderous, incestuous, thieving gods, indifferent to the fates of humanity in general. Into their Plato-ideal opposites, as caring, loving, compassionate, forgiving, kind, fatherly gods a-la God and Allah. And now they were, dialectically, reverting back to the original extreme. Yes, these current gods were

rapacious, murderous, and as indifferent to the suffering of humanity in general, as they were fixated on their own pleasure, gratification, and the power, social, political, and economic, that was the means to these ends.

They were the gods of the Ancient Greeks in Versace designer suits and Rolls Royce 'Ghosts'. They lived for themselves. They existed for their personal gratification, pleasure, and satisfaction. They knew no taboos, no external powers which might call them to account. They were independent, like those gods of old. They were the Titans of the new millennia. They knew no limits. They felt no compassion or empathy. Everything in the universe represented no more than mere potential means to their ends. They were pure opportunists. They lived for themselves. They lived for the gratification of their every impulse and desire.

On the odd occasions that regulators did feel obliged to 'show their teeth', simply to reassure the public, as a calculated act of 'impression management', the millions of dollars in 'fines', figures which duly impressed the average punter, represented no more than 'rounding errors' to these men. They did not even represent a slap on the wrist. More a limp handshake. They would recover these nominal expenses in a few minutes trading. They would in fact, through the 'magic' of futures contracts, putative 'hedge-funds', and 'short-selling', actually benefit from the resulting negative movements in their shares due to their public fines and penalties. They could anticipate these movements easily enough, based on their legal advice regarding the outcomes of the regulator's investigations.

In fact, most of the time, the regulators actually met with those they would be fining, to come to an agreement about what would be 'acceptable'. The criminals and the prosecutors would 'negotiate' terms that both could accept. So the traders knew the outcomes before the market. They placed futures orders based on the small share movements that would result, prompted by the 'narratives' of the 'finance analysts', and the regulators announcements. Thus they made more from their 'losses', than they paid in fines.

The BBC 'finance report' would do their best to appear 'expert' by repeating the finance analysts' narratives. These 'explanations' would by then have gained the embellishments of more detailed 'narratives' that only hindsight allowed. It was this which allowed them to appear competent and expert. Like when 'cold readers' first got their 'dupes' to reveal a few bits of private information about themselves, and then repeated the same tidbits later, by which time the dupe had forgotten all about this interaction. Few people would ever guess what had really happened, and why. In the current political environment, dominated by conservative economic policies, it was only the small business-person who went bankrupt and lost their homes, and their family's financial security.

The big-boys were 'too big to fail'. They would be given government welfare handouts. They got to keep their profits, and pass their losses onto the taxpayers. This was known as 'the privatisation of profits and the socialisation of losses'. Thus the big-boys would gamble with lives, jobs, and in the process destroy the real economies they parasitically sucked dry. They would then walk away with massive profits, while the average people paid the bill for their feast. That was the consequence of conservative politics. And by the time the voters were looking to the Liberal Social Democratic Party (L.S.D.P) for alternatives, the 'fat-cats' had banked their windfalls, moved their cash into tax-free havens, and moved with their families to St. Bart's or Monaco.

But the little mum and dad victims of this big scam were, in principle, no better than the fat-cat perpetrators of the 'fraud'. It had only been the greed of the average mum and dad that had facilitated the greed of the biggest players in this game of opportunistic exploitation of inherited inequality. This is the ethical context in which those in the west began complaining as unemployment rates began soaring once more.

The consumers in the west had originally been happy to benefit at the cost of overseas workers, in terms of cheap imports. They had exported the least desirable jobs at a time of positive expectations of economic growth and development. They knew that the jobs they exported would be filled by exploited workers who would endure appallingly poor, dangerous, dirty, and exploitative working conditions. This was the only reason they could 'steal' the jobs from their more economically developed world counterparts. They would work 16 hour days in horrific conditions for a few dollars a day. The workers in the West could not, and would not want to, compete with this.

But it had gone further than the workers in the West had ever imagined. In fact when all the good jobs that remained after this 'sell-off' suddenly dried up, the workforces in the most economically developed nations found the

same jobs they had once happily exported, much more attractive. In hindsight it appeared to have been a bad decision. The tens of millions of unemployed soon came to lament their past politics.

## Chapter Twenty Two

Sturm's guest lecture at Leibniz university titled *'Where is the heart in Harz IV?'*, was his response to the German conservative Christian Democrat government's labor market policies. They reflected the general trend around the world in the policies of center right, center left, and the more traditional Tory and Republican parties. Sturm's comments were greeted with constant outbursts of applause, as he reiterated arguments of his which had been finding ever greater resonance among the general public. 'Anyone can decrease the official unemployment statistics by taking one good, secure, reasonably rewarded full-time job, and turning it into 2 or even three badly paid, exploitive, part-time jobs. Anyone can increase 'efficiency' and reduce 'labor costs' by simply taking away all the usual penalties, compensations, holiday pay, and other employee benefits the labor unions had fought centuries to gain for the average worker. None of this represents any real gains in productivity. Let alone an achievement on the part of the bosses'.

He took a sip of water, and then continued. 'The government should be ashamed of itself. The Hartz program represents the worst development in labor politics since Noah's son was cursed by the Jew's god for having looked upon his father's nakedness, or the Catholic Church abolished the remission of slaves in Ancient Rome, or the Russian Orthodox church validated serfdom in Russia.'

However the issue of unemployment was set to become a matter for historians. Before the end of the year anyone who had actually wanted to remain unemployed would soon have a hard time doing so. In fact the unemployment offices of all the western nations were doomed to redundancy. This would be no problem for their staff, however, as they would easily find new jobs in a labor market that, for the first time since the colonisation of most of these countries, was defined by labor scarcity. Many were happy to be free of their old jobs. They had hated being the tools state victimisation of the unemployed. The most competent among them readily found jobs as 'head-hunters', actively pursuing and recruiting ever scarcer staff for increasingly desperate employers.



## Chapter Twenty Three

The payoff for investors in Vegan industries came almost immediately after the beginning of crisis, well before it had actually become apparent to most people. As species of animals which had previously been exploited as means to human ends, without concern for their own suffering, became extinct, vegan alternatives had to be found. Some already existed. Others were developed, by the innovative new Vegan industries. As such the value of investments in Vegan enterprises surpassed even the earlier oil based industries in size and speed.

Farm animals, like the insects before them, had, for some reason that scientists had yet managed to fathom, simply ceased reproducing. As the current population reached the end of its life-span, having no offspring to replace it, it became extinct. The speculation as to what was happening and why, was rampant.

Speculations ranged from exotic pseudo-mystical-religious ones about biblical 'end of days', to more mundane ones from the animal rights and environmental protection lobbies. We had destroyed Mother Nature. We had raped the earth and left it barren. We had choked Gaia with chemicals and pollution. We had opportunistically exploited our power over animals to enslave, torture, and abuse them. Nature was rebelling against us.

Suddenly you had no choice of whether to go vegan or not. Suddenly it was your only option. The markets rushed to provide new vegan products. Those who had already gained a market share were raking in massive profits on this wave of veganism. And it was not only in the food and beverage industries that the impact had been felt.

Bio-tech fields were suddenly faced with a lack of animals to test their products on. They were forced to adapt. They found new ways. Some of them were initially more expensive, but they had no choice. People would pay more for products they really wanted. Those they didn't really want or need simply went out of production. And few people noticed any real decrease in the quality of their lives or in their standard of living. In fact most people became healthier and more vibrant as a result. There was a massive demand for 'ersatz' products, ranging from meat, dairy, and egg replacement foodstuffs, tissue cultures for testing new products, to robotic workers, carers, companions, and pets.

## Chapter Twenty four

The human gestation period is around 9 months. Thus it took 9 months for the full impact of the loss of human fertility to be felt. However even in the mean-time these effects were unmistakable and impossible to overlook. Neonatal clinics were reporting a lack of new clients. Within 9 months demographics experts were searching the world over for any evidence of a recent birth. There were none to be found. It seemed the universe had lost the will to reproduce life on earth. Scientists began frantically taking sperm and ovum samples from every remaining species they could find, in a modern 'Noah's ark' of truly biblical proportions.

Different political groups began accusing each other of genocide, each believing the other had somehow sterilised their 'racial' group, the members of their religion, the members of their ethnic groups. However it didn't take long for each group to recognise that the loss of fertility was universal. It crossed over all 'race', ethnic, and social groups. Speculation by conspiracy theorists of attempts at eugenics seemed contradicted by this evidence. Everyone appeared to have been affected equally, no matter whether, rich or poor, ugly or beautiful, gifted or slow, talented or mediocre, fat or slender, Jew or Muslim.

It appeared that, without some sudden technological invention, without a 'change of mind' on the part of 'mother nature', life on this planet was doomed to extinction. It would take only 100 years, and the only life on this planet would be of the green and leafy kind. Or so it seemed. Many people were ambivalent about this fact. A brief survey of human and animal history on this planet appeared to support the Buddhists of this world, those who could not bring themselves to a Nietzschean affirmation of life.

All federal agencies were pooling their resources and co-operating across national and political boundaries. Everything was at stake. There was no room for petty politics, though of course some politicians did attempt to use the situation to their advantage. The greatest benefits would come to be felt by the poorest, the unemployed, and the workers. Suddenly their labor was in demand, and came to be valued more honestly. In the past the beneficiaries of inequality could opportunistically exploit their superior fortunes vis a vis the less fortunate. They could offer bare subsistence wages and exploitative working conditions. The workers could be treated as mere factory fodder and service personnel. If they didn't like the conditions you offered, then there were ten more waiting for the opportunity to be exploited. They could put up or shove off. And of course most of them, especially those with children, did put up with the most horrific and exploitative working conditions since slaves cut and chiseled the stone that was used in producing all the most beautiful architectural landmarks of antiquity.

The fortunate beneficiaries of the holistic lottery we call life could enjoy all the luxuries and privileges their good fortune brought, without concern for the costs their lifestyles imposed on the less fortunate. It was, as their religious leaders and books would tell them, their god's will, after all, and who was to oppose a god's will?

However now the tables were turning. In a situation of labor 'over-supply' you could pay a person very little to do hard, dirty, unpleasant, even dangerous and health-threatening work, simply because they had no choice, no 'market power'. The pay these workers received bore no relationship to the effort, sacrifice, or risk involved in their job, let alone the importance of the tasks they completed. The lucky took for granted that someone else would remove their rubbish, clean up after them, look after their children, clean their houses, serve them in restaurants, Cafes, supermarkets, style their hair, deliver their goods, provide their services, and do all the hard, dirty, dangerous menial factory work that needed to be done.

They didn't reward workers according to their effort, or the risks they took, or how difficult and undesirable their work was. They rewarded them merely according to market principles of supply and demand. Throughout the ages the princes, the kings, the State, the kings, the priests, the popes, had all made suicide, masturbation, homosexuality, anal, and oral sex, taboo. Those who engaged in such acts threatened to reduce the size of the

population. As such they were defined as sins and crimes which would be punishable by fates worse than death. This ensured an ever increasing supply of labor. This ensured the average worker would face great competition for jobs. This kept wages down. If you demanded better, you would be replaced by someone else.

The power of the taboo was that it was an emotional response that came in under the radar of logical, rational consideration. It was a knee-jerk reaction devoid of reason. Few people ever considered what the concept 'morality' meant. They simply had emotional responses to the taboos as 'moral'. Thus the most irrational, illogical, absurd taboos managed to become institutionalised. Few people ever questioned them, let alone came to a recognition of their true nature, and the motivation for their initial institutionalisation. Most people simply went on to unthinkingly reproduce them, passing them from parent to child.

Taboos against any non-reproductive satisfaction of our sexual needs had been designed to ensure that the workers would continue to reproduce themselves no matter how appalling their life experiences were, and how horrific the lives of their children would be. Labor was the only source of value. The more workers you had, the greater the population of your kingdom, the more value they could produce for their masters, for the beneficiaries of the taboos, the elites, to consume.

In fact Constantine, the founder of the Roman Catholic Church, first formally introduced laws against suicide, defining it as a 'sin', in response to the mass suicides of Christians during his reign, who, impatient in their desire to see heaven and Jesus for themselves, and seeing no point in enduring harsh, cruel lives of slavery in this 'vale of tears', committed mass acts of suicide.

As Roman society was built upon slavery, Constantine could not let such 'acts of faith' continue. In fact under Constantine's Catholic Church, remissions, the granting of freedom to slaves, a common practice in pre-'Christian' Rome, became rare. Of course centuries before, Plato had to be careful to have Socrates, the hero in Plato's Greek Tragedy, be ordered to kill himself, in order to avoid breaking the taboo against suicide.

In slave states like that of Plato's Athens, it was accepted that it was an unforgivable crime for a person to kill themselves. The gods had created them. Men were thus the god's possessions. It would be wrong of a man thus to deprive the gods of one of their possessions. Of course this was reflexive of the fear the slave owners had of being deprived of their possessions. Men did not 'own' themselves. Thus they had no 'right' to kill themselves. Religion always had been reflexive of the interests of the slave owners, the nobles, the priests, the beneficiaries of slavery, and other forms of exploitation and inequality.

It would not be until the 'The Church of The Age Golden', which a religion that served the interests of the exploited, rather than the beneficiaries of such exploitation, would emerge. The inextricable link between taboos against suicide and slavery are impossible to overlook once you escape the dark 'cave' of 'noble' lies. It is only inside the cave that it is possible to see the truth, to extricate the facts from the shadows.

Constantine's supposed 'Christian' Roman Catholic Church went on to produce such 'scholastics' as Saint Thomas Aquinas, who reflected the Church's position when he stated unequivocally that raping young girls was preferable, a lesser 'sin', than masturbation. Why? Because one lead to reproduction and the other did not. The original meaning of 'sin' in Aramaic was in fact 'to waste'. And what was most 'wasteful' was to ejaculate semen anywhere it could not produce new value producers, new soldiers, new tithe payers, new taxpayers, new 'faithful'.

The elites of every age were made up of a class of priests, kings, feudal lords, and later, capitalists. Every law and social norm was designed or reproduced to ensure that the population of value producers would constantly increase, so that the value that was available to be consumed by the beneficiary classes could increase. This principle had been honored since the beginnings of society. Society made many things possible, including the opportunistic reproduction and exploitation of inequality.

In fact it was society that made inequality desirable. But something had thrown a major spanner in the works. No matter how hard the various Popes and Imams prayed and threatened their masses to reproduce, or suffer fates worse than death, no matter how large the 'baby bonuses' governments offered women to reproduce, they

simply didn't. No matter how much the media insidiously promoted the romantic ideals and joys of parenthood and family, no new value producers were being born.

No matter how much heterosexual vaginal sex was engaged in, no new life emerged. It appeared that either god had changed his mind, or something had intervened to defy his will. As the various bibles had it, gods had decreed that man should reproduce so that his offspring could continue to suffer for eternity, for Adam and Eve's horrific crime of eating of the forbidden fruit, or Pandora's opening of that famous box of hers.

Like a monstrously selfish, egotistical child that has had its will thwarted, in all his 'lessae magestie', god had demanded that billions of people should suffer for eternity because Adam and Eve would not play their despotic games according to their arbitrary rules, or because one of their own had aided man out of compassion. However, now either the gods had decided to let up on their creation, or something had thwarted their wills. Of course those with a religious bent interpreted this all as evidence of an oncoming 'Armageddon'. This would have also been consistent with the Nordic 'Ragnarok' or 'End of days', which would ultimately end with one man and one woman inhabiting the new earth, the new 'Eden'. As things stood, 'Ragnarok' appeared a mere century away.

## Chapter Twenty five

'Chad Fitt and Angie Loleen? What?' queried Luke. 'The two last humans', Jules replied as she laughed, and her face lit up. Luke's face lit up empathetically with hers. 'Oh, you mean that Ragnarok myth? Mmm. Dunno. I haven't checked out their genes. But if happiness is merely a question of good-looks, then I would be happy to be reincarnated as the offspring of a Chad Fitt and Angie Loleen', he quipped, smiling.

He couldn't help but smile in her presence. She lit up his life. She was his all and everything. She filled him with joy just by being near him. He felt joy just in the anticipation of her being near. He was filled with a smile that grew from the tips of his toes to the hair on his head, every time he thought of her. His entire being had been completely renewed the day he had met her. He had been introduced to her by an acquaintance. He had been casually attending a seminar on a lovely tropical island that he had, inexplicably, been invited to attend.

## Chapter Twenty Six

'The Druitt' of all places", Lang thought to himself. 'What was it about this far reach of Western Civilization that attracted such fringe dwellers?' Of course he caught the irony of this metaphor even as it was forming on the edge of his consciousness. This was, of course, 'the fringe'. Inhabited by cheap industrial labor, cheap prostitutes, cheap drugs, and those barely inhabiting civilization itself. The outcasts. Those kept just in case of war, or to fill temporary labor shortages in the most undesirable jobs.

However Lang's empathy did not in any way impact on his frustration and irritation when having to deal with these people and their problems. He was doing his time, like most government officials out here. He had been sent here after a few 'indiscretions' with superiors in Northern Sydney. It was a sort of 'purgatory' for him. Of course it had its perks. Easy access to his drug of choice, cocaine. The drugs were free for him, so sex was free too. All the sex he could handle, with the youngest, prettiest, and most willing of girls. In fact he had already 'served' more time here than was strictly necessary, punishment-wise. And so some of his superiors had begun wondering about him. Why did he stay out there in the outlands when he could easily have applied for, and gotten, a transfer?

Of course the ones who entertained such questions had no idea of the benefits he had come to enjoy here. The others were actually jealous of him. Typical of life, if you fucked up a little, you got in trouble. At home, at school, or in the political arena of the workplace. But if you fuck-up big time, you get rewarded. You get promoted out of an office, you get the empathy of your voters, and in Lang's case, you get sent out to the outlands, where a smart person had so many opportunities for personal gain.

Lang enjoyed being more or less left alone by the powers that be out here in 'The Druitt'. No-one really wanted to know what went on in these 'outlands', this 'social wasteland'. This is where Sydney society sent its least fortunate souls. They were born here, into this wasteland of a place, through no fault of their own. The outcomes were predictable, like watching a train wreck in slow motion. You could see the damage, the pain, the suffering, the misery, coming.

The suffering was everywhere. But rather than running to help, the rest of society just wanted someone else to deal with the situation, and to report back that 'everything is under control', to report back that 'there were no problems here', 'everything was fine, in this, the best of all possible worlds.'

No-one wanted to know about problems. He noted a small sculpture he had seen at the Education Department's Mt. Druitt district office. It showed three monkeys, with the slogan, 'see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil'. It was the last dictate that society expected of him. What he saw and heard, and how he dealt with that, was his business. As long as he kept it to himself. As long as he didn't speak of it. As long as the wider public could thus pretend no problems existed, and sleep soundly at night knowing they were personally not responsible for having to deal with any problems. 'All quiet on the Western front', was the report expected of him, he dryly joked to himself. 'The Westy front'.

So he was left to deal with 'situations' mostly according to his own discretion. The judges around here were pretty 'enlightened'. Even those who could not, or would not, accept the deterministic nature of the universe, could not see that most of those society wanted them to 'judge' had had little choice in life. Life had, like gravity determining that water run downhill, and join up with other rivulets, to form streams that would join up with rivers, and flow on into the sea, naturally directed the people they were meant to 'judge' into the courts, into jail, into lives of drugs, prostitution, petty criminality, and self-destruction.

So Lang had, if he used sound judgment, more or less a free hand. Lang had long since recognised that, in terms of 'justice', it made no difference who ended up in jail really. No-one deserved their holistic inheritance. It was

something that happened to you. Who would have chosen to be born out here, with so few opportunities, with such a poor holistic inheritance?

Who would have chosen a life of petty crime and violence, if they had actually had any other alternatives? Of course no-one. No, they had had no choice in the matter.

Apart from the sex and drugs, he got to meet a few really interesting people. He got to see how corrupt the local, state, and federal politics were. Most of his observations dealt with the local level 'authorities'. He especially loathed the N.S.W Education Department officials he occasionally had to deal with. The District superintendent was especially slimy and unpalatable. He was a bully. He knew for a fact he had ruined at least one naive teacher's life. But he could not have done it without the full consent and approval of his department, and the entire 'system'. So Lang let it go. He dealt with him as professionally as he could.

However, at some level, he looked forward to the day when he could 'bust' him for something. Of course, he reminded himself, the Superintendent's actions were no less determined than those of any other of the human trash he dealt with on a daily basis. No-one chose to be in the Druitt, unless they benefited from it, or could not find a way to escape. This was equally true for the bureaucrats working here as for himself. He wondered which case applied to this guy.

Was he 'doing' his students? He'd heard rumors about the Blacktown H.S principle. Young girls claimed he would masturbate, sitting behind his desk, imagining fucking them, after they had been sent to his office, or he had directed them to see him. Or was he so incompetent he couldn't get a transfer? Or was it a combination of both?

The most recent interesting case that had come under Lang's radar had come up while talking to the computer crime investigation unit which had provided the clues as to that famous you-tube hoax.

Under Australian law it had become illegal to even discuss euthanasia in any public forum or media, even on-line. It seemed that Plato's notions of censorship had re-emerged a few thousand years later in this, soon to be, it seemed, 'Republic'. Most of the on-line blogs which discussed the issues surrounding euthanasia had thus gone to New Zealand, out of the reach of the

Australian Censors. Lang, personally, was all for informed consent when it came to 'end of life decisions'. He for one was not going to suffer a 'lingering death', when it came down to it. He had seen people just after they had hung themselves. He had been in adjacent rooms as they had done it. He had been gone for a minute or so, to return to find them dead. They had made no noise, so it couldn't be painful. They had had a peaceful look on their faces. The men had apparently ejaculated.

In fact he had heard that hanging was in fact orgasmic. Michael Hutcheance, the INXS front man, had been found slumped against a door, a tie around his neck, the other end tied to the top of the door's automatic closing mechanism. His feet were on the ground. He had apparently simply leaned forward, choking from the pressure. It was claimed that it had been an accidental death, that he had died while searching for the full body

orgasm that those who practiced that sexual fetish known as 'scarfing' all raved about. Practitioners of that form of eroticism strangled their partners to heighten the intensity of their orgasms. Some people accidentally died from this. It was unpredictable, doctors warned.

Pressure on the Vagus nerve at the side of the neck could produce heart-beat irregularities, and even heart failure. People did not die from a lack of oxygen. They died from this pressure on the Vagus nerve. Anoxia resulted from the heart still-stand that followed.

Thus when people hung themselves they could still breathe. They died from heart failure. Using a soft rope eliminated all the discomfort from hanging. You simply blacked out after having a total body orgasm. Or so the doctors and coroners had told Lang. And they should know. But of course the powers that be did not want the truth to get out. They didn't want people to know that suicide by hanging is painless, even pleasurable. So Lang took a personal interest in the case of the blogger who had published a recipe for what was known in euthanasia circles as 'The peaceful pill'. It allowed people to make the equivalent of Nembutal, at home, using common, readily available ingredients which the authorities would never be able to limit access to.

Lang heard that Vets used Nembutal for humanely 'putting down' animals.

It became the euthanasia drug of choice in those countries, such as Switzerland, where Euthanasia was still legal. The resulting 'euthanasia tourism' had led to the Catholic Church and its massively influential lobby group putting pressure on governments to once more ban Euthanasia. Dr Nitschke, a leading Euthanasia lobbyist, had refused to share his recipe for the home-made 'peaceful pill' with the general public. He could not personally validate the desire of a young, healthy person to 'shuffle of this mortal coil'. He had been little better than those he criticised for stopping him from bringing 'end of life' relief to his terminally ill, suffering patients.

This blogger, who called himself 'The Philosopher Prophet of The Eden Protocols', was among the first to universally validate the right of every individual to decide on the time and means of their own death. And now he had provided the means. Anyone who decided that their own life was more of a burden than a gift, could now find relief in a quick, painless, and dignified death. In his own words, it was about 'informed consent'. And as he clearly stated on his WordPress web pages, 'If we do not have the right to die, then we are, for all intensive purposes, effectively slaves. And surely no-one today was for slavery?'

No matter how hard federal authorities had tried to censor anything practical to do with euthanasia, there was no stopping 'The Prophet's constant re-postings of the recipe. And there was now no doubt as to the recipes efficacy. At first the government had spread lies about the recipe.

Federal 'authorities' appeared on all the national television networks, and in all the mass media, warning people that following the recipe would simply produce agonizing pain and long-term medical problems.

Far from offering a 'peaceful and pain free death, this 'peaceful pill' would lead to an 'agonizing, drawn out death", according to these official attempts at misinformation a-la Plato's 'Republic'. At first the public 'bought' these lies.

However several doctors and pharmacists went on the record to challenge the 'official fiction'. Ultimately the official fiction was 'outed' as a 'noble' lie on the government's part. They had to admit that 'the pill' was everything 'The Philosopher Prophet of The Eden Protocols' claimed it to be. It would bring on a quick and painless death.

The authorities tried to prevent any mass media reporting after the first few deaths resulting from people using this recipe to end their lives. The deaths were initially reported as 'drug overdoses'. However one family complained, stating that their daughter had never taken any drugs. They had insisted on a further investigation. Ultimately it was revealed that the cause of death was a cocktail of readily available ingredients which had ended her life. While the family did not want to hear that their daughter had killed herself, honest people as they were, they were able to accept the reality. They made very public calls for greater spending on mental health programs, as a legacy for their daughter's death. All of this once more 'sprung the lid' on the 'peaceful pill'.

Many of the more liberal members of the public were outraged at the lies that the authorities had been spreading. To their mind, everyone had a right to informed consent. This was in fact a key principle of the Social Liberal Democratic Party (LSDP) manifesto, as set out in the 'Protocols' promoted by the 'Philosopher Prophet of the Eden Protocols', the founder of 'The Church of The Age Golden (C.T.A.G), and the LSDP itself.

Lang's colleagues liked to joke about him in connection with this 'prophet'. Lang could not escape his nickname 'The philosopher'. However he had a sense of humor. He could laugh at himself. So he didn't mind the jibes. And in any case, he admired this 'Philosopher-Prophet', based on what he so far knew of him.

Lang had come to accept that people ended up in the Western Suburbs for a number of reasons. Mostly they were the unwanted 'human rubbish' and 'ferals' that the more fortunate members of Australian society had 'transported' west, out of sight, out of mind.

In addition to that typical scenario, they also threw the occasional eccentric out here. Someone who was not, or would not, adapt to the general expectations of society. And this seemed the case with this 'Prophet'. He was articulate, intelligent, and insightful. Under more typical conditions he would have been a senior public servant or university lecturer.



However some part of his holistic inheritance had ruled those situations out. The computer investigations unit had indications that he actually lived somewhere near Blacktown. They had tracked some of his 'transmissions' from several libraries in the area. The library internet users were supposed to sign in, but this rule was only followed superficially. So they had no reliable, specific information.

At first the police wanted, in their typically blunt and uncreative fashion, to simply enforce a crack-down on these library procedure. However Lang saw immediately that this 'Prophet' fellow was no idiot. Once he recognised that the librarians were 'cracking down', he would become suspicious, and Lang would lose his chance to nab him.

Lang instead managed, using his influence, the general indifference of the police, and their unwillingness to accept that this 'mastermind' could possibly live in this 'human dumping ground', to get them to grant him personally, control of the investigation. Instead of risking 'scaring off' his prey, Lang instead got the team delegated to him to install various spy-ware programs in all the local library computers.

Lang was lucky that no-one believed this guy would be operating from public libraries in Lang's area, as otherwise he would have had no chance to lead the investigation. The reason? Hundreds of people had apparently gained access to the 'recipe', which bloggers had bounced around blogs internationally, in support of their 'hero', their 'Prophet'. Lang had gotten a hold of a copy of the 'recipe' himself. He was surprised at how readily available all the ingredients were. They were more easily attainable even than heroine in Kings cross, and that was saying something. According to the 'Prophet', the pill initially resulted in unconsciousness, followed within a few minutes by brain-death.

In fact many internationally recognised pharmaceutical researchers admitted that the effects so described were in fact an accurate reflection of the results they would anticipate, based on their own research, most of which sought cheaper ways to 'put animals to sleep' in poor nations. Most of this research had been done with large mammals. Less official reports relating the observed reactions of people who had taken such 'peaceful pills', in the company of supportive friends, also seemed to fully concur. The evidence seemed compelling. Here was a recipe for a peaceful pill that gave virtually anyone control over their 'end of life decisions'. 'The slave could assert their own freedom', as 'The Prophet' put it.

Why this guy was defined as a criminal? Lang wasn't sure that he wanted him caught. However if anyone was going to catch him, he wanted it to be himself. Lang was not himself conscious of it yet, but he had already decided to 'help' this guy. He faced over a hundred charges which, in non-legal jargon, amounted to manslaughter. If caught, under current laws, he would be treated much worse than someone who knowingly drove a defective vehicle while totally drunk, and ended up killing an entire young family. Fact. Lang knew this. He could not stomach it. However, as yet, he was unaware of these sentiments. At the moment all he was aware of was a great curiosity to meet this 'prophet', and a professional desire to 'add another feather to his cap'.

## Chapter Twenty Seven

Lang had been doing pretty well lately, he had to admit. In fact he would reward himself tonight with a little 'party'. He had gotten his hands on some A-grade shit. He knew it would get the girls going. This stuff made a woman as horny for him as if he were a rock-star, a young Chad Fitt or Jim Morrison. Once they got this up their sweet pretty noses they would be horny as hell. More to the point. They would be horny as hell, for him!

Ahh, life had its moments. It was mostly bitter, but if you played your hand right, there was such a sweetness to be had, now and then.

Now and then. If, Lang reflected, you played your cards right. If you were realistic, practical, and kept your head about you. If you freed yourself of all the dogmatic crap of religion and petite bourgeoisie 'morality'. Ah, Nietzsche, Lang smiled to himself, would approve. Live dangerously! And Lang recalled the Daoist wisdom of 'know your limits' and that carving on the temple of the Oracle at Delphi 'In all things, moderation'.

Just look where 'excess', XS, had gotten Michael Hutcheance. No, Lang knew his limits. He pushed them a little, but he kept within them. He wanted to enjoy his life's pleasures a while longer. He knew 'when to stop'. He would never overstep his 'tipping point'. But tonight. Tonight he would revel in his own Bacchanalian orgy of young sex and pure drugs.

He was already flying high as he began his 'trolling' of the local clubs for 'fit birds'. He had already picked up a few 'hangers-on', who would do, if he could find no better. However as he walked into 'Jacob's Ladder', his favorite bar, he could see that he was not going to have to 'make do' tonight.

The barmen and girls working the bar gave him a knowing nod, indicating for him to come out the back. There he would hand out a few 'samples' he had picked up during his routine investigations. Coke, ecstasy, speed, painkillers, the usual. In return he would have use of any of the private 'lounges' in the club. The doorman, Nick, was always on the lookout for 'fresh meat' for him. And Nick was excited tonight with his 'supply'. Nick got some drugs. Lang got some girls. The girls got high. Lang got off. A simple exchange.

Nick motioned over to the corner of the bar where a group of young girls, schoolgirls by the look of them, or at least of that age, were laughing and shouting at each other at the back of the club. Nick and Lang rarely exchanged words. Each knew what the other wanted. There was no need to pretend they were friends. Just friendly. They enjoyed a relationship of pure synergy.

Lang headed straight to the private lounge across the room from them, knowing Nick would speak with the girls in a few minutes. He would tell them where they could 'score real good shit'. He was extremely selective.

He kept his eye out for the youngest, prettiest, and most 'likely' girls to approach. He had a natural ease and charm with women. He could have had any of these girls himself. But this was 'business'. Girls he could get anywhere. The drugs Lang got him, on the other hand, were hard to come by.

And so it came to pass that 3 really hot, sexy, cute, pretty, horny young women sauntered into Lang's private lounge, keen to get as high as they could, to have as much fun as they could. To escape reality for a while.

And high they got. And fun they had. And Lang 'had' them. In every possible way. And as the sounds of ecstasy reverberated around his little world, they were joined by a few more girls, and a very handsome young man. While Lang himself had not gone as far as many men his age, and actually had sex with another man, he did 'get off' watching beautiful young men being pleased by beautiful young women. It was live porn.

## Chapter Twenty Eight

Few people had any idea what had actually happened. There was of course all sorts of speculation. A massive black market developed for the supplies of frozen sperm and ovum that had been kept by fertility clinics and fertility researchers. A straw of semen and a 'half-dozen' 'eggs', as they would joke, could fetch up to a million dollars. What interested the authorities investigating the original break-ins at fertility clinics, was that they had occurred, according to back-dated calculations, months before 'ground-zero', as it was becoming known. Senior investigators reckoned that if they could work out who was behind these earlier break-ins, they might find some leads to follow, in discovering who or what might be behind the sudden absence of fertility. It might have been a sheer co- incidences, but detectives and investigators rarely believed in co- incidences.

Hume had noted long ago the human mind's inclination to want to unite things that were not connected, in order to write 'narratives' about the world that made sense. This was the notion that Post-Modernists had adopted as their own. Such 'narratives' brought order to the chaos that otherwise ruled the universe, taunting man, threatening his sense of importance. Man insisted on a universe that he was the center of. He insisted on a universe that was ordered. He insisted on things having a meaning. And the meaning it had had to be one that massaged man's ego, and offered him a sense of security. In this spirit man had created gods. In this spirit more modern man pursued 'scientific' laws.

However as the fertility loss was universal, many scientists looked for answers in the natural world. Few imagined that this fertility loss may have been man-made. What motive could anyone have for deliberately destroying fertility, for eliminating nature's ability to reproduce life? And in any case, who had the ability to do so, even if they possessed such a monstrously unthinkable motive? So the main two ideas which came to dominate within the scientific community were that we were witnessing the same sort of phenomenon that had been responsible for the extinction of the dinosaurs, or that this had been an accident. Something, somewhere, in some laboratory, or some supposedly 'controlled', small scale research environment, had mutated and produced this unexpected, catastrophic outcome. And it was almost universally defined as a catastrophe.

It was this opinion that was greedily devoured by the environmentalists.

They loved to point their finger at scientists meddling with nature, interfering with the natural order, manipulating genes, polluting the environment with chemicals which produced cell mutations. They defined this crisis as just another example of man's hubris. Man had destroyed the source of his very existence. Man had destroyed nature's ability to reproduce life. Things only persisted if they were reproduced. This held true for social systems, beliefs, as well as organisms. Man had forgotten that he was a creature of nature. Man had forgotten that he was dependent on nature for his survival. In his hubris he had imagined he could 'master' nature. He had imagined himself independent of the bigger picture. He had fantasized about a technological independence from the forces of nature, and in his arrogance had destroyed the very basis of his existence.

## Chapter Twenty Nine

Sturm suddenly became aware of a weird sensation. He had no sex-drive. No lust. He was not looking at women as sex-objects. He felt no sexual lust whatsoever. In one way it was a calm feeling, being free of sexual frustration. He smiled to himself as he became conscious of the notion 'now this is how it must feel to be a woman'. Women, he often complained, had no idea what it was like to be a man, to be constantly in search of sex. Women could laugh at men, and how absurdly compelled they were to get access to the sexual resources of women. They could make fun of men, and their obsession with sex. They could feel themselves somehow satisfyingly superior to men. They could belittle men.

Women had no idea what it was like to be so obsessed with sex. They only approached an understanding on those few occasions when they too experienced sexual frustration. However for women it was different. They had the power. They could easily satisfy any sexual appetite that might enter their loins. All they had to do was overcome their pride, a pride which demanded payment for sex as a favor. Like our closest cousins, the Chimps, humans were violent, jealous, aggressive, and females expected to be rewarded, to be paid for sex.

Sturm would often refer to our more distant relatives, the Benobal, in his lectures. In Benobal society females readily engaged in all manner of sexual acts without any expectation of reward. They genuinely enjoyed sex. They initiated sex without any expectation of any ulterior, extrinsic rewards. Violence was literally unknown in Benobal society. These monkeys practiced sexual communism. Jealousy was never observed among them.

However, as Sturm was always keen to remind people, you never saw a television documentary about Benobal monkeys. Chimps were everywhere in the media. But Benobals? It was a clear conspiracy. The church and state, since Plato, did not want humans to know about the alternative lifestyles, the ones free of obsession with sexual ownership, family, and production.

It was pure censorship. Deliberate and calculated.

However Sturm's lack of sexual lust was temporary. He had suffered another of his terrible migraine attacks. They were unbearable. The nausea was literally sickening. He would become completely incapacitated with pain and nausea. Weak. Overwhelmed with a hard, metallic, tight, unrelenting pain. He barely dared breathe, as each heartbeat was announced itself with a hard, unforgiving, torturous torment of agony in his head. The pains sometimes became localised behind an eye, or at the base of his brain. They were a combination of psychological stress which produced physiological tension in his neck muscles.

At these times any thought would reverberate in his head with pain. It was a signal to stop thinking. He was compelled to empty his mind. He would retreat from the world, from all sources of stimulation. Smells made him nauseous. Light seemed to penetrate his eyes to the muscles behind them. Any contrast in light that required his eyes to refocus produced awful pain behind his eyes. Any irritation or frustration brought with it a massive increase in his pulse, and incapacitating pain and nausea.

He had to shut down all his perceptions, empty his mind of all thoughts.

He needed a warm, dark place to sweat, to shake, to completely relax every muscle, free of any stimulation or demands from the world. He would take the minimum pain reliever possible. His great fear was one day having to live on such pain medication simply to function. His 'attacks' had become more common in the last few years. In fact, any time he felt no discomfort, no potential pain, he felt strange. Only when the pain was not there did he realise how normal it had become. It was only at these times that he became fully conscious of how pain, nausea, and the fear of that pain and nausea, had become.

Only when he felt no tension, no threatening migraine or nausea, was he aware of how sensitive he had become to all forms of irritation and frustration. He had lost all patience with the world. He had given up on it.

He had lost all hope in humanity. He had long ago recognised religion for what it was, a continuance of magic. Man had created gods in his own image. He worshiped himself, in the form of his god, at the center of the universe. Sturm had to laugh at how ridiculous the notion was, given how commonly humans would die like flies, in horrific random accidents.

Denial. He would often joke that it made no sense that English should be the international language. It should rightly be Egyptian. If you made the mistake of asking why you would get his lame-joke response. 'Because most people are living in *De-nial*!'.

However after the pain had faded, and he had totally relaxed, completely emptied his mind of any frustrating thoughts and anticipations, he would enjoy such a level of sexual arousal that almost made the pain worth it. It seemed that the total relaxation demanded of him to counter his stress- migraines, sick-headaches, nausea, cluster headaches, and muscle tension, caused mostly by worrying about something, even carrying out imaginary conversations with people, anticipating their 'objections' to the most compelling arguments of philosophy, ultimately promoted his sex drive.

Relaxation, of the mind especially, appeared the best condition for uninhibited sexual function. It made sense. Sex was an instinctive impulse that was inhibited by thoughts, by worries, about potential consequences. Sturm often joked with students that if they could choose what sort of movie that would be made of their lives, women would chose that film to be a romantic drama, and men would chose it to be a porn flick, with a few car chases.

And this new development was, for him, like it would have been for Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Mahavira, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Zhuangzi, Schopenhauer, and most of the greatest minds of history, welcome. He had had a vasectomy at age 19. His experiences of life had been ugly. He would go on with his life, to see what it might bring, but he would make sure it ended with him. He would make sure he did not reproduce the misery. Perhaps he might make something of his life, find some way to enjoy it, but the odds, based on what he had seen of life, was that it was unlikely that many people would be so lucky. Most of them would endure lives not justifiable in themselves.

The irony was that it was this lack of satisfaction that actually drove most people to reproduce, in the false hope that that might provide the long yearned for satisfaction. In any case this seemed to define the female of the species. The men, for the most part, were the unwilling accomplices in the female's plans. They rationalised it and played along, but really, if you made reproduction dependent on the male's decisions and desires, Sturm doubted the world's population would ever have reached a few million. So the notion that Eros had apparently lost its fight with Thanatos, that the peace, calm, extinction of desire, the return to the inorganic that death represented, was good news for Sturm. Nirvana for everyone and everything.

Buddha would have been overjoyed. Schopenhauer would have danced with glee. Plato's Socrates would have beamed with the smile of the wise. The Daoist sages would barely be able to contain themselves. Finally that 'end game, lost of old' would 'play and lose, and have done with losing'. Freud noted that we all owed the universe a death. This, it seemed, would be our final death. We had, it appeared, payed our dues to life. We would no longer be required to endure it. Pandora's Box had been shut.

Sturm reflected on those neo-Nietzschean Japanese Animists who were predicting that animal consciousness was bound to transfer to intelligent, conscious, aware machines. They saw nothing to fear in the new situation. Clearly, they argued, this was the new era they had predicted. They keenly expected a breakthrough in 'artificial' intelligence at any moment. Hundreds of hoaxes had already taken place, like the 'miracles' of the Catholic Church.

The animists were keenly awaiting the first signs that machines had become sentient. That life had adopted the new forms as more ideal, more suitable to its aims. These 'robots' represented, for the animists, the latest state of evolution. Evolution had produced man, man had produced the robots, and the robots were set to carry on the evolution of life. We would, they assured anyone who would listen, all be new-born as robots. This was our glorious destiny. The future was bright. The future was virtual. The future would walk out of a robotics laboratory at any

moment. Many expected it would carry the logo 'Honda'. Forget Adam and Eve. The new Eden would be inhabited by 'Asimo'.

Catholics and Mormons were looking forward to something a little different. Armageddon. Churches across the globe were full to capacity. Every day was in fact like Sunday. But far from being silent and gray, the anticipated Armageddon clearly filled most of the 'faithful' with pure joy.

Sturm had always secretly felt that most religious people were looking forward to an 'End of days'. For most of them, life really was a 'vale of tears'. However the Jews felt a bit left out. They had not, as far as anyone knew, featured at all in this scenario. They had always felt they shared a special place in the universe. But rather than being at the center of this story, they were merely on the periphery. An 'also-ran'. Their nuclear weapons, contrary to many expectations, was to play no role in Armageddon.

This crisis showed no preferences. There were no 'chosen' people. Every ethnic group had been equally effected. The crisis showed no regard for nationality, ethnicity, religion, or geography. With one swell swoop, nature had, apparently, deleted its capacity to reproduce. Unless, of course, the Animists were right. And Sturm saw no reason for them to be wrong. No-one could really claim to understand the nature of awareness. We were, for all intensive purposes, biological machines, produced by software called DNA. Sturm viewed all organisms as 'experience engines'. Consciousness could just as easily adapt robots as its 'experience engines'. Why not? All our experiences ultimately took place in our brains. All reality was effectively virtual already. It didn't take much of a leap of the imagination to see robots as potential candidates for the next stage in evolution. Thus Nietzsche would be proven correct in his prophecy. Man, all biological life, in fact, would prove to be merely a bridge between what is, and the super-man to come, the robot.

## Chapter Thirty

Of course most new technologies were either developed directly for, or quickly adapted to, pornography and warfare. The first photos were of naked women. Cameras were then used by military spies. The first moving pictures were pornographic. The porn industry had driven the initial sales of video recorders. The most common use for the internet was to sell and look for both pictures of naked women, and pornography. And so no-one was surprised when 'Real-Dolls' adapted their amazingly life-like silicon 'fuck-dolls' to an Asimo. Feminists around the world tried to have the dolls banned, accusing them of promoting pedophilia. 'Real-dolls' countered that it was pure coincidence that the dolls had the stature of 15 year old girls.

That was down to Asimo's diminutive size. What had been intended to make Asimo robots non-threatening, in the context of the 'Real-dolls', lent the dolls the form of a demure, non-threatening, friendly, inviting, teenage girl. They of course adapted the Asimo programs, adding a few functions Honda probably had not had in mind, well, at least not functions they would have admitted to having ever had in mind publicly.

And thus 'she', the cutest, sexiest, most appealing teenage girl-Asimo was 'born'. You could, if you could afford it, order a 'Jennifer', in any skin tone, hair color, eye color, language, and anatomy, as you desired. You could send in photos of old girlfriends, your best friend's daughter, famous models and movie stars, and 'she' would turn up a month later in a large, well-padded crate. Users claimed the 'feel' of her vagina was incredibly nature-identical. Her skin, all agreed, was as soft and silky as any teenage girls. Her animatronic facial gestures were incredibly life-like. Her moans, her sighs, her writhing and 'humping' were the pride and joy of any 'Jennifer' owner.

'Real-dolls' publicly marketed 'Jennifer' as an aid for the disabled and others unable to engage in sexual relation with real women for such reasons. However these dolls, most men agreed, were more sexually appealing than any woman any of them was ever likely to manage to convince to have sex with them. And thus few men would be at all ashamed to admit that they wanted one. In fact you could rent one. You could have one discretely arrive at your door, or go to 'Jennifer-brothels'.

Imams and Catholic priests around the world were challenged to define such interactions according to religious tenets and even Sharia law. Was it adultery to have sex with a doll? Of course they ultimately defined it as a form of masturbation, which the Catholics since Saint Thomas Aquinas had defined as worse than rape.

A number of stars who took themselves just a bit too seriously, were threatening to sue 'Real-doll' for having reproduced them as 'Jennifers'. It was reported that 'Loleen' Dolls were available. She refused to comment publicly, but Brad Pitt joked about it. He was the first, he had said, to understand why they might want a Loleen. As long as he got to keep his, he was happy. Anjela had been standing next to him at the time, not taking it at all seriously. On this comment she leaned over and gave him a big affectionate kiss. Many stars were flattered. Most did not take themselves that seriously. And they were generous enough to share their 'likeness' with others. It did them no harm. It made others happy. So what was the harm done? Where was the victim?

Soon managers were doing deals with 'Real-doll'. They 'licensed' the likenesses of their clients. 'Real-doll' had signed 'gag-clauses' which prevented them from disclosing which dolls had been most popular with clients. This was to protect the egos of those stars who, at least as 'Jennifers', had not proven as desirable as others. Quite a few bitchy rumors spread around the film and music industry. It became a new form of status, to be licensed as a 'Jennifer'.

Of course anatomically correct, or to be fair, a little anatomically incorrect, genitally 'enhanced' male 'Real-doll' Asimos soon came on the market. In the Gay community they were known as 'Arse-imos, or more politely 'Kens'. Of course male stars lined up to have their likenesses licensed. The question of how skeptical regarding how anatomically correct these were was the ongoing source of light-hearted debate and discussion in the media, and around water-coolers during work coffee-breaks.

## Chapter Thirty One

Style's felt Jules must have been able to read his mind when she suggested they put together some porn clips using generic 'Jennifers' and their equivalent 'Ken' 'Real-dolls'. Their 'erotic spoof' was a success. It was obscene, deliciously politically incorrect, and a real hoot. Its success led to many 'Jennifer' owners filming their 'licensed' Real-doll porn flicks. You- tube was flooded with these. Some were inane. Some were clever. Some were actually quite hot. Most were simply a real laugh. Attempts to ban these failed. If you were famous, this was just one more thing you would have to put up with. It came with the territory. If you were intelligent, you either didn't comment, or showed your sense of humor and warmth, your ability to laugh at yourself, and in doing so you gained the respect and sympathy of even more fans.

In fact some journalists suspected that some of the clips had actually been made by the star's managers themselves, as a form of publicity stunt. Rock stars had traditionally secured hours of international media coverage by being a bit frisky and cheeky with a few cute air stewards. Today your manager made sex-videos with your licensed Asimo.



## Chapter Thirty Two

If Sturm had a choice, he would rather be a brain in a robotic 'vat', than a brain in a biological organism. All biological organisms were doomed to suffer and die. Robots could be turned off, re-configured, re-built, adapted to their current environments, able to function in extremes, in fact the list of superior and more desirable qualities was endless. The list of the reasons why sentience would prefer to exist within a robot, rather than within a biological organism, were, when you began reflecting on it, virtually endless.

Sturm liked to remind his students that all experiences took place inside the brain. We felt all pleasure and pain in the brain, he would rap, hip-hop style. His audience were generous when it came to his lame jokes. He never took himself too seriously, so his students were easy going with him too. He never really appeared embarrassing, even when his actions would easily have tended to embarrassing in someone less admired and liked. He had lost all sense of self-consciousness.

However it had not come easily to him, as most would have assumed. As a youth he had been almost incapacitated by self-consciousness. As he walked, he felt a million critical eyes observing his every movement, just waiting to pounce when he embarrassed himself, as he would. Thus he walked, as his friends once commented, 'like Jesus'.

Sturm didn't understand until years later, when he would observe children walking with a clear self-consciousness, and he would immediately empathise with them. It was only then that he recognised why he so easily identified with their gait, seeing in their posture and gestures a self-consciousness that he had once shared. They lacked all self-esteem. Their stooped posture represented deep feelings of inadequacy. They watched the ground, unable to meet the gazes of other people around them, fearing they would reveal their fatal flaws, their inadequacies, their failures. Any attention they were paid was interpreted by them as implicit criticism, even when it had been intended otherwise.

Sturm had not felt accepted until he arrived at university as a 21 year old.

He heard someone call out his name, and could not at first work out why he suddenly felt so strange. What was it about the way the person was calling out his name? His name sounded unusual. He could not pin-down what it was that made the utterance so novel. Then it suddenly hit him in a positive wave of something approaching positive anticipation, hope, and even happiness. The tone of the speaker. He was using his name in a positive way. He was not being shouted at, criticised, attacked. Someone wanted to speak to him. It had felt so accepting, so approving, so alien to him.

He had occasionally found himself trying to avoid things like going to the bank. He felt overwhelmed by the need to approach the bank tellers. Once he had broken down in tears after trying to begin a presentation in his English class before a few of his best friends. He had been really confident of the presentation he had prepared. However as soon as he had had to stand in front of his few three-unit English class-mates he had become overwhelmed with shaking, fear, and panic. He had felt tears rolling down his cheek. His English teacher, Mrs. Adams, thankfully put him out of this misery, and his class mates supportively ignored his breakdown, saying nothing.

This was one of those typical contradictions of Sturm. He was in fact the class clown. When he felt confident he would play-up in front of the whole school. Sometimes he could be very confident, and then his natural talents would be revealed. However the deep-seated lack of confidence and self-esteem he had developed as a result of parental abuse and neglect, usually prevented him from letting his light shine. Speak to 5 different people about Sturm, and you would get 5 different impressions about him. So few who attended his lectures would ever have believed how hard it had been for him in his earlier attempts at public speaking and teaching.

He was almost 22 before receiving his first real hug. A female friend was going home for the break. She insisted that she would not let him 'get away' with not hugging her. She was not going to let him avoid this. For him it was totally new territory. He felt uncertain. He had no idea how you went about hugging someone. How did you show your affection and warmth? He had grown up expecting rejection. But she had made it so easy. She had insisted. So he had taken a massive leap. He had left himself totally 'out there'. She could blow him down with the slightest gesture of rejection. She could destroy him, leaving nothing but dust.

But something in her gesture, her demeanor, her voice, her body language, made it possible for him to hug her. She had allowed him to step into an unknown, to break down a barrier. This barrier was only visible to those who could empathise with complete rejection and an abject lack of self-esteem, who could read it in a person's walk, how they held themselves, how they looked at other people, at situations, as potential threats, as opportunities to fail, as chances to be further hurt and rejected. And so, in this little gesture of warmth and acceptance between friends, a seed of hope had blown into the barren wastes of Sturm's emotional universe. It was the closest to love he had yet received from another person.

## Chapter Thirty Three

Those women who were capable of being honest with themselves, would have admitted that they wished he had not been so honest with them. If only he had lied, and lead them on, letting them allow themselves to be seduced by his lies. Afterwards, after the great sex, they could abuse him for being a liar. But after the great sex. That was the point. His unwillingness to play that age old game had meant they had felt obliged not to sleep with him. And that meant they had missed out on what they had come to learn, was probably the best sex of their lives.

He had a policy of honesty. He had been too naive. He thought that was the right thing to do. He didn't realise that the age old 'ritual' of lying was what made it possible for women to give in to their own lusts. They could claim they had been tricked. It was traditional for men to take all the responsibility in this situation. To bear the burden of being 'liars', simply so that sex could take place. Simply so that women could satisfy their lusts while maintaining a sense of moral superiority over men, and moral superiority generally.

He didn't want a relationship. He didn't want children, even though he adored beautiful, charming children. Who wouldn't? But he didn't believe the world as it is was worthy of being reproduced. And he was bound to make to many enemies, and have little hope of ever accumulating any wealth or security. And he had seen children who had grown up without all the opportunities middle class kids took for granted. Good for them. They should be able to take them for granted. Anyway, he was, worse than all that, not willing to lie to women to get them to sleep with them. This meant many women felt obliged not to sleep with him.

Surely, they imagined, sex was about bonding, relationships, and family. Right? How dare a man assume she was a slut who would have casual sex with him! Right? At the time they felt pretty sure of this. Especially the younger ones. Only later did they come to regret this sentiment. Yes, those who knew themselves well enough, and were capable of being honest with themselves, later realised that they had missed out on great sex, simply out of a sense of self-righteous spite.

Why should he get what he wanted, when she was not going to get what she wanted? Many women typically would deny themselves the satisfaction of hot sex with a man they really fancied, who really turned them on, simply as the 'moral' satisfaction of denying him that satisfaction was even greater. This was a good indicator of just how bitter and twisted female sexuality had become.

The success of the 'Men are from Mars and women are from Venus' series revealed more than any sociological research could have about how perverse the relationship between men and women had become. The essence of the author's message was that men should stop masturbating and watching porn, simply so that they would become desperate for sex. They would then become once more willing to pay for sex, by way of dinners, attention, material benefits, 'romantic' gestures, and other direct and indirect forms of 'payment'.

Then their wives would feel the goodwill towards their husbands these sorts of behaviors had originally produced in them. The most revealing thing about this was that few people found the books disturbing, let alone obscene. A chimp could have written these books. It reflected chimpanzee society. What a pity no-one had ever put a thousand Benobals in a room with a thousand typewriters, Sturm had once quipped during a television interview.

During an interview with Stephen Sackur, whose intelligence and integrity he generally admired, though with exceptions, Sturm had reflected on such typical female complaints as 'I just wasted the last 3 years of my life on him', after a relationship had not ended in marriage, or at least children.

They would then commonly jump into bed with the next best man, to spite their ex? What was that with females? Always feeling obliged to find some 'excuse' for satisfying their sexual desires. Needing some 'justification' for having sex. And these excuses were usually based in the most perverse, nasty, vicious, and spiteful of all motives. A desire to 'punish' their ex, for having either 'cheated' on her, not 'proposed', or not 'accidentally' gotten her pregnant.

Alternatively they deliberately, (unconsciously?) got drunk so they would have an excuse the next day. And further, in that age old tradition of needing to feel 'morally' superior to men, the same tradition that meant men did all the slaughtering and butchering of animals, and had been sent off to war to be maimed and killed, the context of alcohol allowed women to 'blame' the man for having 'taken advantage of her drunkenness' to 'seduce' her. In this way the men could be given the blame for 'unplanned' pregnancies.

Freud had clearly demonstrated how 'dexterous' the unconscious could be, satisfying its repressed, unconscious impulses. This, Sturm believed, more or less explained most 'accidental' pregnancies. Most women, consciously or otherwise, wanted children. And they wanted to give the responsibility for these children to men, who would then feel obliged to provide for them and her. This was how women 'enslaved' men.

It was sad, in any case, he added, that human sexuality, under the curse of a few thousand years of the most perverse Catholic and Islamic hegemony, had become so repressed that few people seemed capable of enjoying sex without the aid of alcohol and other drugs. Freud had demonstrated how all neuroses derived from the repression of sexual impulses. Acting on the more harmless impulses would improve our general mental health and well-being, eliminating most nervous disorders, depressions, and other psycho-somatic dis-ease. Freud had been clear that monogamy was not in human nature. Fliess and then Freud had agreed that all humans were fundamentally bisexual by nature. Freud had publicly called for a massive relaxation of societal mores regarding sexuality.

Of course every girl wanted a stable relationship, a potential father for her children, and provider for her and her family. Right? Girls didn't want hot sex, did they? They weren't sexual, in the way men were. Were they? Or were they? Those with enough insight into their own human nature were not so sure. Many of these women were in fact sure that they had been stupid to have bought into the 'feminine' myths. The lies of eternal love, romance, and the satisfactions of 'motherhood'.

In any case, everything had changed. Once avoiding pregnancy, and the horrible recourse to abortions, had prevented women, and some men, from enjoying uninhibited sex, from giving full reign to their sexual instincts, impulses, and lusts. No more abortions. No more worrying about contraception. No more 'family planning'. No more worrying about 'what will my future husband think if I sleep around'. No more men 'tricked' into fatherhood. No more 'accidental' pregnancies.

At least 30,000 abortions each year in the U.S alone, due to unwanted pregnancies arising from rape, were a thing of the past. The most dangerous place on earth, a mother's womb, would no longer threaten un-born children. The horrors of abortion, of killing not-yet-born babies, had thankfully become a horrific nightmare relegated to the history books. The whole concept of 'family' was going to evaporate, or at least require a complete overhaul.

The whole concept of finding your 'meaning' of life in reproduction, in being a mother or father, had become meaningless for the generation who had not yet reproduced. As the last babies were being born to humanity, making the cover pages of all their nations newspapers, featuring in all their television shows, the whole concept of 'the meaning of life' was becoming more challenging than ever. If people were not to justify their existence in terms of co-dependency, then what meanings were the masses going to ascribe to their, in most cases, pathetic existences?

The beneficiary classes, the wealthy, fortunate, beautiful, talented, all those who enjoyed satisfying, exciting, interesting lives, at the expense of the masses dull drudgery, had always found life rewarding and satisfying in itself. They had no need to find extrinsic meanings. They didn't need some heavenly reward for enduring lives of sweat, toil, frustration, exploitation, and disappointment. Their lives were more satisfying than any of the heavens or utopias ever described by the prophets.

But traditionally the working classes justified *their* endurance of *their* lives by a fear of the 'fates worse than death' threatened by their religious authorities, and by the hope that their children would enjoy better lives than themselves. It was also attractive to imagine their children showing the world what they themselves, had they been given the chance, would have achieved.

So what now? How strong was the hold of religious dogma over the masses? Did they still fall for the 'noble' lies of religion? How would they be able to justify enduring their lives when they could no longer construct the traditional meanings from them? Why should they slave and endure?

To what end?

They were at the start of a new era. Many of the changes that were yet to come had been delayed by massive immigration from the overpopulated, economically undeveloped nations. This influx of cheap labor initially kept the economic conditions of the working classes at their pre-crisis levels. It would take a few decades yet for the effects of zero births to impact on their situation. Their bargaining position, their market power, had yet to improve. And the most powerful and wealthy people were already over 50, most over 60, a significant proportion well over 70. They would die before any significant changes in labor politics would occur. These would occur when the last baby born turned 30. And these would, in any case, already be minimalised by the massive advances in robotics.

## Chapter Thirty Four

Like Jules, Luc, and Sturm, most members of T.E.P, 'The Eden Project', were, in their daily lives, completely unaware of their TEP participation. Most had read 'The Protocols' published in the best-selling

'TROONATNOOR', and its companion books 'Religion' and 'Convergences', all authored by 'The Philosopher-Prophet of the Eden Protocols'. And they did endorse the tenets of 'The Church of The Age Golden' and The Liberal Social Democratic Party' (L.S.D.P), both of which he had founded. In daily life they were the most liberal politically, the most vigorously active in animal rights, veganism, euthanasia, and responsible reproduction. They had, as individuals and sub-groups, suffered the various forms of mockery, ridicule, and outright venom and occasional victimisation of the mainstream authorities and general public opinion, mostly instigated by the far right, the more fundamentalist religions including the Catholic Church. However they were not aware of themselves being part of any organisation, let alone TEP itself.

The leaders of TEP had succeeded in producing what John Rawls had called a 'Veil of Ignorance'. By various methods, group members were kept unconscious, in general life, of their active membership of, and participation in, TEP, including all their meetings and organised, collective activities. Their recollections and memories only returned in the context of a particular set of stimuli and prompts. They were, for all intensive purposes, in daily life, completely unaware of their own roles in 'the crisis'. Many may have interacted together in Liberal think-tanks, and the emerging 'green-think' co-operatives, but none of them were conscious of their membership of TEP.

However they tended to belong to similar other organisations, tended to socialise together, tended to become friends, and tended to become lovers, in daily life. This was essential to their TEP activities, and emerged from their shared ideological convictions, and the lifestyles these inevitably lead to. Hence all TEP members were actively engaged, in daily, conspicuous life, in the promotion of the various elements of 'The Protocols', while none suspected the holistic context, the fact of their TEP membership.

Only during the times when they were 'prompted' to recall everything, were they aware of the 'meaning' of their daily actions, the holistic TEP contexts of their particular activities in the wider world. During these times they further discussed and planned how to further integrate their activities in the real world to promote TEP ends. Of course before they returned to their domestic lives, they would be placed back under a 'veil of ignorance'.

The only times members could consciously and holistically consider their overall TEP tactics and strategies, was during TEP conventions and meetings. So for the most part, they engaged in their particular quests and lobbying, activism, business ventures, and co-ops, unaware of their wider aims, the holistic context of their actions. They were motivated by their general ideals and specific goals. They were among the most motivated humans ever to have acted socially on this planet. They were driven, bright, shining, in a way that only those with fixed and meaningful goals before their eyes could be, as Nietzsche had anticipated.

So while Jules, Luc, Sturm, and Lang were all, on an unconscious level, aware of what was going on, on a conscious level they were no more aware than the average person. They followed their own instincts. They were just as unaware of the TEP conspiracy as anyone else. They shared any number of the popular ideas of what had happened, and what was happening, and what it might mean.

If you tried to investigate TEP, you would come up completely empty. All their actions were disguised. Their members were, for the most part, on any particular day, completely unaware of their own participation. TEP was, for all intensive purposes, non-existent, as an organisation. All the actions that needed to be taken were initiated in, what for the actors, appeared to be completely spontaneous ways. None made more than superficial ideological links between their own actions, and those of other members.

Few would ever have guessed at the real connections that existed. In their daily lives they lost the orientation that a holistic overview provides. They were, in daily life, as Foucellaut put it, 'Atomised'. Thus TEP was protected from any infiltration by government agencies. TEP planned on a holistic level, but acted at an atomised level.

TEP was the most over-reaching organisation in the history of humanity. It had had the greatest impact. At the same time it was also the most invisible and intangible 'organism' evolution had ever produced. Its 'hive mind' was, for the most part, completely hidden from the consciousness of its members, each of whom felt they were merely acting on their individual impulses. They had no plan greater than their own objectives, in their daily lives. However all these individual tactics, strategies, and the objectives and goals they were tied to, all formed part of the most massive, far-reaching, and powerful 'organisation' this earth had ever seen.

Even Plato and the Pope would have been impressed. TEP had gone further than even Plato's 'Republic' inspired Catholic Church had gone in its conspiracy. It was a plan Plato would have joyfully applauded in its sophistication, even if he would have been appalled at its liberal intentions.

The priests of the world religions, taking Plato's Stoic lead, had always insisted that all things observed some unseen plan. This plan could not be observed now, by us mere mortals, but one day all would be revealed, and the plan would make sense. Then everything would fall into place, and we would be able to make meaning of our own independent, atomized experiences. In Plato's mind, and that of the Catholic Church, this had all been a 'noble' lie. In the case of TEP, it would become a noble reality.

But for now, the TEP members were, for the most part, acting independently, unconscious of their greater vision. Focused on their lives, their values, their commitments to the abolition of all forms of violence, to their commitment to holistic justice, as expressed in their more narrow commitments to promoting veganism, universal access to euthanasia, and responsible reproduction.

Combined, TEP members formed a genetically diverse set of the most beautiful, talented, creative, intelligent, empathetic, and 'morally' superior humans the world had ever known. Evolution had binged on 9 billion human organisms. TEP had selected a few million from this 'genetic pool'.

They had also selected a range of other animals based on their holistically synergistic relationships. All future relationships would be based on natural synergies. Conflicts, for the most part, would be prevented, and thus avoided, before they could emerge and become expressed. Hence there would be no predator-prey relationships. There would be no inequality among the human population that could be exploited, should members evolve later who wished to reintroduce the sort of exploitative social relations that had, up to this point in human history, defined all human societies.

Yes, TEP was behind 'the crisis'. It was all part of a greater plan. They would be patient. It would take another 50 years for the changes to produce their hoped for social consequences. And if they failed. If humanity was not capable of making the leap from opportunistic predator to holistically enlightened Liberal Democrat, then no more harm would be done.

Unenlightened humanity would expire with the last of its 'species', leaving the world uncluttered for the new 'species'. TEP represented the evolution of humanity from Hobbes' 'Homo lupis' (man is wolf to man) to 'Homo optimalis'.

## Chapter Thirty Five

When a loved one dies, we are shocked to find that the world goes on. We cannot fathom this. In fact around one percent of the world's population die every year, but the world continues. Lang considered this, lost to the world.

Then he came back to the moment. An ant had walked into a drop of water on the kitchen sink and was drowning in it. This drama seemed so pathetically absurd. So surrealistic. His automatic instinct was empathy. He gently blew upon the water, spreading it, releasing the ant from its watery prison and certain death.

He was like that. He would carefully catch a 'daddy-long-legs' spider in his hand, fearing it would fall into the bathtub and drown. He would even catch large spiders in containers and release them outside. He would pick up worms washed up by rains, drying out in the sun, and put them back onto the cool earth. He could carefully catch moths and flies in his hand, releasing them outside the window.

Despite his general impatience, he spent several minutes collecting the tiny little flies that seemed to congregate in his kitchen sink. They would keep flying back into the sink, but he would, as patiently as he could, 'muster' them back onto his hand, and then blow them into the room. He was particularly fond of these tiny little flies.

Animals and small children must have sensed something of his compassionate good nature. For small children would often just walk up to him and hold him. Animals would jump into his lap when he visited friends. They felt comfortable around him. He was careful to wear a mask during his job. He was, he had come to recognise, a bit too approachable. All manner of crazy strangers somehow felt they could approach him.

It was only adults, and only those he had come into conflict with him, that ever showed any hostility towards him. Only those who felt somehow threatened by his confrontational and direct manner when it came to addressing problems. He could never understand why people just let things get out of hand, when they could just deal with problems as they arose. He was constantly underwhelmed by the lack of competence and motivation of the people he had to work with. It frustrated him no end. Thus among many he had a reputation as being 'aggressive' and 'abrasive'. This was, however, mostly their projection, rather any real inherent traits of his.

He reminisced about the cat that had come up to 'talk' to him after he had emerged from the Black Forest. And that Wombat that had walked around to the side door of his car in the forest between Perth and Adelaide. He had talked to him, and he felt he had understood him. He then 'shooshed' the little fellow off into the forest, fearing his new friend might get hit by a car.

Ah, that gorgeous bear like head and snout. He loved Wombats. He had held that television star 'Fatso' the wombat at the animal park, like a baby, in his arms. He had not wanted to put him down. He was just simply adorable.

Once Sturm had run over a pigeon in his car, in the pedestrian zone. It was absurd. He was barely moving at a walking pace. It was in the pedestrian zone of the Paderborn Old Town. The bird had apparently expected him to stop for it, or drive around it, as all the pedestrians did. A bird. The most fleet and mobile of all creatures. It had evolved into some dumb eating machine. It had lost all its natural instincts. It had no fear. It faced no predators. The people pandered to it, walking around it. It was so unnatural, Lang reflected. It was simply absurd.

He could not bring himself to stop and deal with it. He cringed as he heard the bird crunching under his wheels, but pretended he hadn't heard. He moved his eyes more than his head, so no-one would see him looking back in the rear-view mirror. Thus he could pretend he hadn't noticed. However he had caught the appalling vision of the wounded animal flapping uselessly on the asphalt. He was heart-broken at the pathetic sight. 'Now', he thought, "'just a little too late, you are finally trying to fly". He felt guilty, but outraged at the stupidity of that bird, and of the universe. How dare it produce such stupidity, such misery.



It was pathetic. He had once stopped to sort of scrape a cat that had been half squashed to the road, still alive. It had tried to fight him off as he, as gently as possible, pried it from the road, leaving it on the grass. Not knowing what to do. Not caring enough to do anything more, but caring enough to provide it this dignity. He could not bear the thought of it waiting as one car after the other over-ran it. He expected it would be dead of shock within a few moments. And some poor child would have to bury their most beloved, darling, cherished 'pussy', like he himself had buried many of his pet cats.

As a child he had found one of his family pet cats covered in ants, still breathing, its eyes opened. His family had been poor. He had washed off the ants and tenderly placed the poor thing in a box. He had then taken it around to show people, hoping they would know what to do. No-one helped. The incident had haunted him later in life. Surely he should have done something? He reflected that the universe showed no care for life.

Except that it reproduce and continue in its general absurdity. All these memories came to him at that moment after watching that ant drowning, so absurdly, in the single drop of water it had wandered into. But that ant, thanks to Lang, would survive to die another day. And in hindsight he could not be sure he had no contributed to the misery of the world. That ant might go on to prey on hundreds of other animals, and re-produce itself, and the world's misery. But all he could do was what felt right then and there. What more was there for anyone to do?

He would often 'catch' flies and moths in his hand, careful not to crush them, open the window, and let them free. Like the ancient Greek philosopher Epicurus, helping the poor ignorant human escape the prison of his own faulty assumptions about the world, helping the fly escape the fly jar. Wittgenstein had stolen that one, like most 'modern' philosophers before and after him, from those brilliant Ancient Greeks. Lang had often wondered what the world might have looked like had the Catholic Church, and then Islam, not 'turned off the lights' and left the world in a darkness it was only now emerging from, still trying to shake off the dogma of the last two and half thousand years since Plato.

Lang was brought back to the present moment by the sound of the the back door slamming, dogs barking, and a guitar clanging as his 'perp' jumped over the back fence. He heard the grating of gravel under shoes as his 'perp' ran off down the road. The taxi was waiting. The driver, used to such scenes, drove off naturally and calmly, while suspecting that the man he had just picked up had probably just stolen that guitar, and wondering what else was in the bag.

But he kept his curiosity and these reflections to himself. He was looking forward to an 'airport run', a chance to get out of 'the Druitt', at least for an hour or so. He would pick up some fares at the airport. Who knew where they might want to go. He might get to see a bit of Sydney, and stop off for a drink near Coogee beach, to watch the sun go down. His passenger was stressed out. Everyone out here was stressed out, virtually more or less all the time. Either that or drunk or high, or 'sleeping off' any combination of the two. Better that than the aggressive, abusive ones.

He saw the police cars rushing down the road in the direction the young man had emerged from. He was careful to pull out naturally and calmly, and to quickly enter and merge with the suburban traffic.

They arrived at Sydney airport around 90 minutes later. The driver accepted his fare and a decent tip, then moved up to the ranks, hoping for a new fare that would take him towards Bondi. He ultimately ended up near the cliffs South of Coogee beach. He parked and walked out to the edge of a rocky overhang that jugged out over the ocean. He sat there as the sun went down. Looking out, he could feel like he was the only person in the universe, free of humanity, and all the conflicts endemic to life. He felt easy, at one with himself and the universe. He felt complete and relaxed. He waited a half hour or so before heading back 'home'.

Lang went outside as he heard the police rushing down the street, so that he could be walking back in through the back door as they came in through the front door. He collected himself, re-positioning his work 'persona', his rough and no-bullshit detective 'mask'. His abrasive, fuck-off attitude that made most people happy to leave him in peace. They only ever approached him when they could not avoid it. So these police took everything they saw here at face value, without asking any questions.

Clearly they had all arrived too late. Lang was pissed off as usual. Fucking incompetent fuckers. He didn't say this, but this is what anyone would read off his eyes. This time he had not 'got his man'. Someone somewhere had fucked up once more and wasted his time. No-one wanted to be implicated with that 'someone', and so they kept at a distance. They made a few notes in their reports, avoiding any eye contact or potential confrontation with Lang.

Other detectives arrived to search the house, 'bagging' any potential 'evidence' that might provide further leads. But they found little, apart from some insights into how their 'perp' had lived. He had apparently been sleeping on an old mattress. He had an old television set. No internet connection or computer. The fridge had been turned off, and there was no sign that he had ever used it. In the kitchen sink they found 'out of date' salads covered with a wet cloth, apparently to keep them cool.

On the table they found 'marked down' breads. It appeared he bought whatever was cheap from the day before, shopping at several different supermarkets, hunting down their 'mark-downs'. There was no washing machine, but evidence he washed his clothing in the bath. There was no personal decoration, not even a simple poster.

Lang walked off, looking for all the world that might be watching, as if he was frustrated and pissed off with life as usual. Looking as if he hated having once more having been made to look the fool by some criminal who had gotten the better of him. Looking as if he took every defeat personally. His eyes said something like 'Looks like he is always just one step ahead of us dumb-fucks'. What he said, in his typical gruff, 'don't dare fucking try to start up a conversation with me,' was, 'Let me know what you find'.

What they 'heard' with their eyes was 'I've got to get back and get some fucking work done'. 'Now fuck off and leave me alone!'

But for Lang this 'persona' had, internally, melted away. He felt a suddenly calm come over him. He felt at peace. At ease. He didn't know why, but he felt as if he had achieved something. At face value he put it down to having done a good deed. But in reality it went deeper than that. A new era was on the rise for Lang. He felt it in his core. His life was changing. Had changed. Something deep in him had been awoken. A spark of hope. Hope. He laughed out of habit at the irony. But then he didn't feel the irony. He caught himself half-way through the laugh. And stopped.

He was shocked at this feeling. It felt so unnatural. What was it? He actually felt genuine hope for the future. He actually experienced a faith that something good was coming of everything. It was vague but certain. It left him feeling at peace with himself. He had not noticed how bad he had used to feel, until this weight of relief had surged over him. He had not been aware of the chronic muscle tension in his neck, his face, his entire body, until he had relaxed. His whole gait suddenly became free and light.

His face was no longer a mask. It reflected his authentic self. He looked in the mirror. He saw a smile grow, starting in his eyes, and moving down to his mouth. Something was taking place and he liked it. He had reached a tipping point. He had reached the bottom, and he was now 'reaching back' towards better times.

## Chapter Thirty Six

By the time the police had found the right questions to ask the right people, our 'prophet' had landed in Germany, entering on his German passport with no problems. He declared the 9800 dollars he had been surprised to count out of the bag as he waited in the toilets for his flight to be called. He was not going to risk any trouble. 'Willkommen Zuhause', the Zoll Beamter winked. She was a cutey, for sure. For some reason he felt a connection with her. The feeling was clearly mutual for, an hour later, after having collected himself, and his luggage, and now about to book a train, he found her standing close behind him, her eyes shining and her smile beaming.

She was standing very close. As he turned around their noses almost touched. He tasted her warm breath. Inhaling deeply her comforting scent. They were lost in the moment until someone impatiently sought their attention, frustrated that they were blocking their way to the inquiries desk.

She was still in her uniform, but had the casual air about her of someone who had just done a long shift, and was looking forward to relaxing. She asked him if he perhaps might like to have a cup of coffee. And so one thing lead to another and he woke up in her bed the next day. Somehow this felt perfectly natural, as if they had already known each other, as if this had all been expected. However they were not conscious of ever having met before. And yet they felt, as lovers often do, as if they had known each other for all of their lives. This was in fact the first time our 'prophet' had really felt accepted, approved of, and yes, loved. Loved. What a feeling. Until now he had never known true 'whole-i-ness'. Something had always been missing.

Warmth. Affection. Acceptance. Love. From this moment on, he was somehow sure, he would never feel lonely again. He would never feel, as he had for most of his life, that he was alone. He had found a home. He was home. But he didn't trust such feelings. He would enjoy the feeling, but not expect it to last. That was how he approached life these days. Don't ruin what life does offer by complaining about the price it will exact for it. Nietzsche would be proud of him, he reflected to himself.

## Chapter Thirty Seven

A few days later Lang was feeling like he had reached a point in his life when he would have to make some changes. In fact he sensed that changes were in the pipeline. He noticed that his car had been broken into, but before he could follow this thought up he felt a hard blow to the back of his neck. And then he felt nothing. An hour later several tattooed, gaunt men, most of their front teeth missing, stooped, badly shaved, were drinking and laughing in their grating, nasal, high pitched voices 'We fucking bashed that cunt Lang didn't we. Fucking, whack! Hehe! whack!' He kept repeating it, a gleeful smile on his broken face. 'Fucking whack, and down he goes'. 'Fucking whack and its Goodnight fucking mother fucker Defective Lang!'.

The next thing Lang felt was a warm, soft, gentle hand cradling and stroking his. As he focused his eyes he found himself looking into the most sympathetic female face he had ever seen. 'You've had a nasty concussion mate.' The words flowed softly and warmly from her lips, caressing his ears, and his soul. They flowed over him and through him. Was that the pain-killers? 'You are gonna have a terrible headache, but looks like you have survived the worst of it. Someone doesn't like you. If you take my advice, you'll stay in here a few days for observation, and let me take care of you.' 'Let me take care of you'. The words lingered and gently caressed every fiber of his being. The way she had said it. Me. Not us. Let me take care of you. The way her voice played with his entire being. It was magical. He would let her take care of him. He would trust this woman. Trust? Trust another human being? Lang was shocked at his own sentiment. Trust, now when had he last felt that?

These feelings were so alien to Lang that they had a hard time finding somewhere to rest within all his instincts. These feelings had nothing to hang onto. No 'touchstone'. No niche in his 'schema'. Trust. Hope. Faith. It felt so strange. So strange and wonderful. Yes, he would trust her. She would take care of him. He hardly dared recognise this strange feeling, for fear he might scare it away, for fear it might run away, out of his grasp. It was like a beautiful stray cat that had wandered into his home. If he tried to hold it, it might get panicked and run off. So he observed the feeling. He left some food for it. Something to nourish it if it decided to stay. He let it know that it was definitely, definitively, welcome to stay, if it wanted to. And stay it did. It curled up on his lap and purred with satisfaction. Somehow it had chosen him.

A few months later when all the paperwork had been processed, all the 'employee exit surveys' had been appropriately responded to in the ways expected of him, ways that would leave no lingering doubts in anyone's minds that 'there was any problem here', that he was leaving for completely personal reasons, Lang sighed his relief.

Cheryl picked him up, as they had agreed, their station wagon full of their gear, and they drove off, out of 'the Druitt'. They were heading for the North Coast.

More than that, they were heading for a new life. And it felt like a real re-birth. Lang felt invigorated. Lang felt love. Cheryl made him feel like mothers make those lucky children feel who are actually wanted, and adored. Cheryl made him feel adored. She would hold his face in her soft, gentle hands, and lavish little kisses all over his nose, forehead, cheeks, and finally lips. They felt as if they had always been together.

They were not dreamers. Or at least they could not remember having ever been, as far as they were aware of having being anything before this moment. They didn't go for the Disney romance rubbish. At least they didn't think they did. What they felt was more than what they thought.

They just had this deep abiding feeling that they had always known each other. They had simply been parted by some chance events, and now they had been returned to each other, to love and cherish each other. They felt that from now on they would never need to be apart again. They felt this with a faith that only lovers can appreciate.

It was like they had been holding their breath, and finally they could exhale. The sense of relief, of being home once more, was overwhelming. It filled them with a joy that everyone who came to know them felt

immediately. It offered them the same faith that they too might one day find what these two had found. As the A-ha song went, 'One time, just once in my life, just one time, to know it could happen, twice'.

## Chapter Thirty Eight

Detective Self was just grabbing a quick coffee when he witnessed the following, as if in slow motion. A driver, his mobile phone to his ear, one hand on the wheel, slowed for a pedestrian crossing as a mother with an adorable little girl were finishing crossing the road. The driver approached, impatient, and accelerated as soon as there was just enough room behind the little girl and before the next group of pedestrians just entering the crossing on the far side of the road. He had changed to the middle lane on his approach.

He took little care in assuming he had just enough room to 'make it through'. He was in any case distracted by his thoughts, and reaching to answer his phone. He put his foot down.

At the same time a gust of wind caught something from the mother's bag. It flew past the girl. She stopped and took two quick little steps back, and straight into the front corner of the accelerating car. The driver had just assumed she would keep walking forward. He had not left any room for error. He had not really thought about it at all. He felt smug and safe behind the wheel of over a tonne of sheet metal.

Self felt sick to his stomach as he realised the girl was going to be hit. With a dull thud and the sound of breaking glass, the little girl was thrown high over the car bonnet, spinning in the air as the car continued before breaking. The screech of tires mingled with the shocked screams of the mother. The car driver got out, his phone still in his hand.

Self ran to where the girl lay. He took off his suit jacket, covering her with it, careful not to move her, checking her pulse and breathing. People first gathered around him as he called in an ambulance. He asked them to block the road and to direct the ambulance when it arrived. One of the men then went over to the driver of the car, who had actually begun making another phone call, apparently talking to his stock broker.

The man could not believe his eyes. Overcome with rage he snapped the phone out of the man's hand. The two exchanged angry words. Self only paid them slight attention, his focus on the girl, but he saw the man fall hard. He didn't see, and could not comment on, what had happened. Others came over and called the man off. First he resisted, then, as the police arrived, he mingled back into the crowd, leaving the man surrounded by a group of onlookers.

The ambulance came and the paramedics carefully moved the girl into their ambulance. The mother got in after them. Later Self heard that the girl had been extremely lucky. She had suffered a few broken arms and concussion, but she would be O.K. The driver asserted that it had been 'an accident'.

However the judge, citing his lack of due care, his illegal use of the phone, his actions in driving through a pedestrian crossing while people were on it, and his apparent lack of any sense of responsibility, ordered him to serve 3 months in prison. Of course his lawyer appealed, and in the end he merely ended up staying the weekend in detention, doing some community service, and losing his license for 3 months.

However, in a freakish coincidence, a truck driver, frustrated with traffic, had misjudged his speed, seeing what appeared to be a break in traffic, and plowed into this same driver's car. He spent the next year in hospital. The truck driver wasn't injured, and after a similar interaction with the legal system, walked away from the incident with a slap on his hand. Accidents, after all, happen, don't they?

Later that month Self was surprised when he got an official looking envelope from a Sydney legal firm. Was he being sued? He opened the letter cautiously, expecting some terrible news. He felt sick to his stomach with fear and apprehension, literally dread loathing. News was rarely good news, in his experience. He had to overcome himself just to read the letter. 'Get the bad news over with', he told himself.

But what he read was completely unexpected. Apparently some distant family relation had died and left him a house on the North Coast. There were pictures. It was lovely. He couldn't believe his luck. Surely there had been some mistake?

The solicitor assured Self that there had been no mistake. He was the last remaining family member connected with the deceased owner. He had explicitly determined, in his will, that his 'holiday house' should go to Will Andrews Self.

Self had no recollection of ever having met his benefactor. But the documents were in order. He signed a few papers so the solicitors could pay stamp duties and get a transfer of title. About a week later Self was in possession of the title deeds, in his name, and the keys. Everything in the house now belonged to him. He spent the first few weeks going through all his distant relation's belongings, books, and just coming to terms with his good fortune.

While he was shocked on one level, at another, deeper level, he somehow, unmistakably, felt that this was natural and normal. He could not account for this feeling. But it was there. Somehow he felt that this was perfectly as it was 'meant' to be. He felt at ease in his new home as if he had been there many times before. He got the vague feeling that he already knew his neighbors. They all shared an easy familiarity with one another. They put it down to the climate, the beautiful nature all around them, the beach, the air.

They just took it in stride, as if it was perfectly natural for them to feel so easy and relaxed, so familiar, so warm and welcome around each other. None could ever claim to have ever met the other before. Ever. But there was always a lingering sort of ghost memory or vague feeling of having known them for a long time. Whatever it was, it was good. Everyone here was on good terms with everyone else.

## Chapter Thirty Nine

When Jules and Luc arrived in town, camping out on the beach, sleeping in the back of their van, completely at ease with each other like only puppies and the newly in-love can ever be, they felt at home immediately. It was like this place had been made for them. They felt at one with the place.

They felt they belonged. They found a sort of run-down old shop that sold health-foods and organic foods. It had a small bakery where they baked whole-grain breads of all imaginable sorts. Breads with sun-dried tomato, basil, dates, all manner of nuts, carrots, even potato-breads, and breads topped with baked vegan cheeses. They also had a small stone oven, out of which the most delicious pizzas miraculously emerged. The aromas, and the crispy, nutty flavors of the whole-grain pastries were incomparable. They were in heaven.

They made love in their van, their bellies full of delicious, healthy, freshly baked whole-grain breads and pizzas, the van soaked in the aroma of freshly baked bread. They soaked up each other's love, warmth, and affection, like a lizard would the warmth of the morning sun. They never wanted to leave this place. Somehow they were sure they would never have to.

One bit of good fortune and favorable incident followed the other and found Jules and Luc running that bakery come pizza place come café-come-organic health food store. It flourished under their attentions. They set it up as a co-operative. They researched the internet and found all the vegan products available around the world. They researched vegan recipes, which they perfected, in long warm summer nights of baking, cooking, kneading, and love-making. Their love flowed into their cooking. It was unmistakable.

They loved their lives. They loved what they were trying to achieve. They wanted to bring a vegan lifestyle to the world. Their timing was perfect. 'The crisis' would slowly eliminate the food chain. Animal products either disappeared entirely, or became affordable to all but the rich.

However just as important as the Jules' and Luc's products was their ethos. They had never intended running a business. They had begun as a co-op, on a not-for-profit basis. They were quickly joined by like-minded lovers of all things vegan. People who wanted to eliminate all suffering and violence. People who empathised with the suffering of animals as they would with the suffering of their own children. People who had a vision of a more just and fair world. People who loved life, who loved everything.

In fact the Vegans, dismissed by the majority as 'nutters', followed in a long intellectual tradition. Paul had recommended a vegetarian lifestyle in the Bible. In fact the Eden the Christians looked forward too would be vegan.

Saint Thomas Aquinas had argued that it was not a question of whether or not animals were intelligent, but whether or not they could suffer, that made them worthy of our compassion and consideration. Of course Pythagoreans had been the 'original' vegetarians. Plato had preferred his 'Republic' be vegetarian.

At first Luc and Jules had found it hard to get many of their co-op colleagues to adapt the more rational, streamlined, organised, efficiency measures they saw as necessary to keep down prices. Vegan foods were, before 'the crisis', much more expensive than the animal products they competed with on the free market. So Jules and Luc had engaged with a think-tank which had come to be known as 'green-think', to find ways of mass producing vegan milks and meat-substitutes more cheaply.

They engaged in a constant hit and miss process of seeking out new flavors, new combinations, new ways of using vegetable products to produce new products that could compete with the animal based ones in terms of flavor, 'mouth', digestibility, nutrient value, and general mass appeal.

They had met with stiff resistance in the current vegan foods market place from the existing oligarchy of vested interests. There were some problems with patented processes and so on, and marketing and distribution rights. They found it hard to get 'shelf' space at supermarkets.



However ultimately Jules and Luc's main advantage was that they were a co-operative, and were not focused on profitability. As long as they could survive, and re-invest in new products, they were happy. It was also their main weakness. Many of those who were initially drawn to their growing enterprise had poor work ethics, no idea of business, and were lost in some vague utopian illusions. However by and large most people proved able to adapt. The less adaptable were weeded out, or given assignments more suited to their personality and personal needs.

All in all, within a few years, Jules and Luc's vegan enterprise was flourishing. They had handed over the franchises to their operators. They had hundreds of food scientists researching and developing new products.

They had financed other ventures dealing with new textiles, new paints, new cosmetics, and bio-technologies which could completely replace all animal testing of products. Tissue cultures were developed to mimic human tissue. New biodegradable plastics and pain additives revolutionised their respective industries. The list went on and on.

They had co-operation partners around the world, in industry, politics, and education. They co-operated with large corporations, and worked together with 'Green-think' to develop a whole new basis for self-financing their ambitious projects. They were building housing developments all over the world by now, financed internally, using their own new financial models.

They had attracted and become involved with the most creative, innovative, ethically ambitious, empathetic, sensitive, self-aware, and motivated people in the world.

Many existing visionaries noted what they were accomplishing and joined them. The system became self-managing and the visions self-replicating.

Those motivated by compassion and ethics now had no financial or other disincentives to act on their principles. It was now, thanks to people like Jules and Luc, possible to 'go vegan' without making any real sacrifices in terms of quality of life, variety of diet, satisfaction, or health.

In any case, within a few years, 'the crisis' would mean few had any choice but to adapt to the new situation. 'The crisis' had eliminated situations such as self-defined 'Buddhist' restaurant owners building temples in their courtyards supposedly devoted to Buddha, while serving still-living battered and fried fish to their customers.

Now that Jules and Luc had achieved their vegan ambitions, they could focus on their other ambitions. Ambitions that were at least as rewarding and pleasurable as 'veganising' society.

They could now dedicate themselves to sex! They were on a mission. They would undo all the damage done to sexuality by the Catholic Church and then Islam. Their medium was to be erotica, more precisely, pornography. They had begun small, but now had their own 'label', their own film and sound production facilities.

## Chapter Forty

Sturm had just finished his lecture series and some very successful television interviews. He was riding a wave of success. When he got an invitation to join two of his favorite ex-students Jules and Luc on the North Coast, he did not hesitate to accept. Within a few hours he was with them in their expansive 'ranch'. Just the thought had made him unbelievably horny. His libido jumped anytime he got an email, SMS, or video mail from these two. He got a massive erection just anticipating reading an SMS, form just seeing that he had an SMS or email from them. Even without reading it.

The mere anticipation filled his loins with a surge of pleasure that few who hadn't experienced it themselves could ever really comprehend. His mind associated Jules and Luc with the most fulfilling of full body orgasmic experiences. His mind, his libido, just leaped from any association with Jules and Luc to full and massive sexual arousal.

And this weekend was not going to change any of these associations. If at all possible, it would actually increase them, actually strengthen and reinforce them, building upon the already dense network of synapses in his brain.

When Sturm arrived Jules ran to him, showering him with smiles, kisses, and warm hugs. She then introduced him to a friend of hers, with a suggestive twinkle in her eye, and a lightness in her step, that made it clear to Sturm that he was about to have a wonderful, unforgettable experience. And she didn't disappoint. The young woman standing, no, floating, sort of lightly touching the ground next to Jules, took Sturm's breath away.

They had a few drinks and Jules and Luc began undressing each other, caressing each other's bodies, as the new girl touched herself under her light summer dress. Sturm joined Jules and Luc. He reached down to hold Luc's semi-rigid cock. He felt a surge of empathetic pleasure as Luc's cock suddenly went rigid, and then twitch with lust, under his touch. He felt that pleasant feeling of power you got when another person responded so positively to you. In this case it was a sexual power. Luc's response to his touch drew out his own lust. He gently cupped Luc's balls in his hand, lightly tickling him. He got down on his knees, pulling back Luc's foreskin, a drop of pre-cum glistening on the perineum. He followed his desire to suck his cock. It was a beautiful cock. Clean, hard, and large.

Sturm felt Jules' fingers gently rubbing lubricant into his arsehole. By now the new girl had lowered her panties just enough to reveal a clean-waxed snatch, which she sensually fingered, inches from Sturm's face. Sturm then wanked Luc's cock, feeling its solid rigidity, its length, its girth, its beauty, its arousal, getting up and turning around. Jill and Jules began caressing his chest, his stomach, his buttocks, his inner thighs. He felt Luc's cock nudging against his arsehole. The lubricant felt cold. Jules hand reached down to begin wanking his hard cock, as he felt Luc's cock slide into him from behind.

Jules and the new girl wanked and sucked him off as Luc's cock pressed up against his erogenous zones. It gave him a sense of fullness, and such a rock hard erection. It added a few centimeters of girth and length to his already more than adequate member. It made his cock harder than he would have thought possible. His breathing had stopped. He had gone totally rigid from his toes to his finger-tips. His blood felt like warm honey, full of intensely orgasmic pleasure. As he came his cock did not throb or twitch as it usually did. It remained constantly hard as a stream of hot cum flowed continuously, coating the new girl's lovely, pretty, smiling face with a plaster of hot, sticky, white, proof of his ecstasy.

This new girl? She had come down from Western Sydney. Apparently some detective there had fallen in love with her. He had wanted to 'save' her. He had let her live in his family's holiday house not far from Jules' and Luc's ranch. He had provided everything she had needed. She had wandered into Jules' and Luc's shop one day looking for work. They had hit it off immediately, Jules, Luc, and her. Her name? 'Actually', Jules suddenly realised 'we never

asked'. 'What is your name?' Jules sweetly asked, role playing some character in her imagination, some character she might use in her next porn script. I call her 'sweetness'.

Luc calls her 'dancer'. He says that her light step reminds him of dancing every time he sees her. Luc joyfully added, 'Look at her, she is dancing even when she is completely still. She is Marc Bolan's cosmic dancer incarnate'. He went over to the computer and it started playing T.Rex, Marc Bolan's voice quavering out of the air, the speakers having been concealed all over the room, 'I danced myself out of the womb'.

Sturm had never stopped looking at her. Whenever she was in the room, his gaze rested upon her, like the mandala of some enlightened Buddha or Daoist sage, his countenance completely at rest, at ease, as if contemplating the absolute good, the highest truth, the source of god-head.

He was mesmerised. Even for Jill, this attention was exceptional. She had felt men's sexual fascination, their pure lust, their desire, their approval, but nothing she had ever felt came close to his feeling of complete adoration, of total engagement, complete approval and acceptance, almost deification.

She felt like a goddess. For him she was the incarnation of that goddess that had been worshiped since time immemorial under a host of names. She was life itself. She was, for him, the entire life-force of the universe.

Jill felt completely flooded with approval. She had found that feeling she had always been looking for. She had looked for it in the faces of the men, and even women, who were desperately and uninhibitedly fucking her. She had found never found it, until now, in this man, this 'Professor Sturm'. She felt overwhelmed. She felt the awe of thunder and lightning, and sensed the freshness in the air that lingered afterwards. She felt a connection with the universe. She felt complete. Sturm 'completed' her. She never wanted to be apart from him ever again. And she would never need to be.

Detective Self accepted the news of her new lover with a sense of fatality.

Jill had not been his. She had only generously shared herself with him. He held her no ill will. He was happy for her. She had, from what he had gathered from her, found her 'soul-mate'. And she deserved that happiness. She had given him so much happiness. He already felt forever in her debt.

Jules' and Luc's twins were among the last babies to be conceived. Jules had been a glowing mother, and experienced motherhood as complete bliss. She loved her life. She loved her twins. She loved Luc. She was full of warmth, charm, whimsical humor, and love. The births had, if anything, even increased her sex-drive. She was full of lust. Innocent lust. She loved to fuck. She loved to be fucked. So when she saw her twins, her pretty girl, and her gorgeous boy, washing each other in the bathtub, she stayed just out of sight, not wanting to intrude on their fun. She washed his penis 'like mummy does', and he washed her vagina 'like mummy does'. Jules could see the ecstasy on their faces as they both relished the delicious full body orgasms that took their breath away, leaving them lost in a world of orgasmic pleasure, placing the most serene look on their beautiful faces.

She waited until they were finished before walking in, beaming with such a warm and loving smile that their faces reflected in sympathy. So, my little gorgeous darlings, are we finished yet? She got out a big towel and wrapped them both in it as they wiggled and giggled and laughed themselves into the bliss only a fortunate few have ever experienced on this earth.

Sturm had introduced Jules, Luc, and many others, to the works of Freud.

Freud had discovered that all humans were naturally bi-sexual. Infants were very sexual. Their first sex-objects were their parents and siblings. It was perfectly natural and healthy. Of course pre-pubescent children had no risk of unwanted pregnancy. And, Jules caught herself having forgotten about the reality that, in any case, no human had conceived for the last 3 years. None that anyone knew of, anyway.

She caught that thought before it flickered and wavered out of her consciousness. 'that none knew of, anyway'. Why should her consciousness add that? Why did that demand her attention so strongly? She thought as hard as she could. Ah, wishful thinking, was the 'narrative', the 'explanation' that her consciousness finally settled upon. But then again the thought fled across her mind like a ghost ship in the mist. 'That anyone knew of'.

## Chapter Forty One

Sturm was in his element once more, back at university. He was detailing the Popes recent 'Bull' as he like to call it, well, 'Papal Bull' was in fact the correct terminology, wasn't it? The Muslims called them 'Fatwahs'. The Catholic Church had issued a papal decree that all believers of 'The

Universal Church', as this particularly enduring cult called itself, must have no dealings with Honda Corporation. Asimo, the Pope almost 'spat' out, was a tool of the anti-Christ. Life was sacred. God had given souls only to humans. Only humans were to be considered 'alive'. Robots were the work of the devil. The faithful of the Universal church, according to this Fatwah, may have no dealings with Honda or Asimo, or any of his 'equivalents'.

However University didn't give Sturm quite the thrill it used to. He didn't need it anymore, this teaching, this 'raging against the machine'. He felt

complete and at ease, knowing that Jill was now playing in his office, watching his lecture over the internal CCTV, surfing the net, making arrangements for the Co-op. In fact, he now planned to hand over his 'chair' on 'Sex and Society' to someone who was as keen for it as he once was. He would work with Jules, Luc, and Jill, with the Co-op's enterprises. There was so much to do there. So much rewarding work. They were really changing the world, as quickly the world itself appeared to be changing.

Instead of complaining about the world, and criticising ignorant people, he could now actively improve the world. He had the power to do so. And he knew exactly that he was on the right course, even though, for a fact, he could not say why he felt this way, or even what that course actually was. But he knew that he was on the way. He was on the right path.

He would pass his intellectual fight onto the next philosopher-warrior. He felt satisfied with his intellectual legacy as professor and lecturer, as teacher. It was time for him to hand the baton onto the next generation of academics hungry for the opportunity. He knew that they would honor his legacy, and build their own.

## Chapter Forty Two

Later that year Jules, Luc, Sturm, Jill, Cheryl, and Lang were invited on a 'fact-finding' trip to some new eco-friendly holiday retreats off the islands up the coast. They were excited by the idea. Actually more excited than they could really account for. Something in their unconscious compelled them to find this invitation compelling. They could not say no. They re-arranged all their schedules, delegating tasks and putting some off, to ensure they could attend. And somehow they were not surprised to find Self at the 'retreat' island.

As they arrived they were overcome with a sense of having been here before. They felt completely at ease. They felt they belonged here, in a way that they could not explain, let alone express. They looked at each other, knowingly, reading the same feeling on each other's faces, and in their body language. All the people here seemed unaccountably familiar. But as far as they could remember, they had never met any of them. Surely this was the first time they had met? Wasn't it?

The resort was quite isolated by reefs, with only one navigate-able waterway. It had a fresh-water spring. It was idyllic. It had a feeling of absolute cutting edge modernity with an easy going, vacation holiday feel.

They enjoyed some refreshing drinks before being invited to enter what looked like a small pavilion. Only the entrance was deceptive. Once you were out of external visual range, the entrance continued deeper into the island. In fact after a few minutes the visitors all found themselves in a spacious underground facility.

After being seated on comfortable sofas in a more or less haphazard arrangement, the lights dimmed. Sonic pulses began to reverberate and attain a particularly soothing frequency. The more sensitive and observant noted that the lights had subtly begun to pulse at the same frequency as the sound. A fresh scent began filling their nostrils, as drugs which had apparently been placed in their welcome-cocktails began taking effect.

One by one they appeared to doze off. Only the last to do so noticed any pattern to this. However their minds were completely detached and indifferent to these impressions. They felt themselves float away into oblivion. Nirvana.

When Sturm awoke, he found himself dressed in a sort of jump-suit of some soft, flexible textile. It was a lovely shade of charcoal gray, green, and blue. He was laying in an easy chair which completely supported his body weight. Around him others were also re-gaining consciousness.

Suddenly everything returned to him. The veil of ignorance. It had been lifted once more. They were together at the The Eden Project. 'TEP'. Small children ran around the group, aged 2 or 3 years old. Women walked around holding the most gorgeous babies you had ever seen. The faces of the women who had already awoke lit up with delight as they held these newborn babies. Others played with the younger children. The men were as equally enraptured as the women. Babies. Perfect, healthy, adorable babies. Suddenly everything came back to them.

The TEP meetings. The TEP strategy. The TEP plan. The Nano-virus. The inoculations. The most secret and massive conspiracy the world had ever known. And the reason for their 'veil of ignorance'. No-one who left the island, the TEP colony, apart from a few of the 'founders', could be allowed to remember, once in the 'outside' world, what was going on here at TEP. The risk was too great that they might deliberately or inadvertently reveal anything related to the TEP, and the Nano-virus that had, as far as the outside world knew, destroyed all animal fertility. So they were all placed under this 'veil of ignorance' on their departure. Only after having the veil lifted, in the ceremony they had just gone through, would they be able to recall TEP, and their part in it. There were many things that needed discussing. Plans to be made.

Activities to be dovetailed, so that when they were once more in the outside world, completely unconscious of the true, background motives for all their actions, their actions would meet their TEP targets, the objectives, the goals and missions. That was why they were here.

However the main theme pressing upon the most senior members of TEP was the fear of the trends in the world's religions. They feared that many of the leading Catholic and Islamic authorities were going mad on their own dogma. There were rumors they planned to make the biblical prophecies of Armageddon real. They were announcing the 'end of days', the final battle with the anti-Christ. They had identified this anti-Christ as Honda. Asimo was the work of the devil. It was heresy. It was ... against god's will. Only humans were intelligent. The universe had been created for man! This they asserted like a small child throwing a tantrum when its place at the center of the universe was being challenged.

Religious fundamentalists of all denominations were announcing the coming of the anti-Christ, and the 'end-of-days'. The U.S, Russian, and Israeli authorities had every available security and military personnel on high alert, fearing mobs of religious fundamentalists could take over any of their nuclear arsenals, to fulfill their prophecies of Armageddon.

## Chapter Forty Three

On a lighter note, the 'Robo-lobby' had enjoyed a number one 'hit' with their You-tube video of Vatican 'Switzers', the security guards of the Pope, arguing with an Asimo. They had rigged up an Asimo semi-autonomous robot up so they could externally manipulate its verbal responses. Asimo had lined up for entry into the Vatican, with thousands of other tourists. He was even respectfully bedecked in long trousers and a jacket, to comply with the Vatican dress codes.

Asimo wore a 'Robo-Church' semi-conductor around his neck, the 'Robo- religion's' equivalent of a cross. He wore his 'Metal-transubstantiation' badge. No, it wasn't, as some thought, an ode to heavy metal. The 'Robos' practiced a form of substantiation in mimicry of the Catholic Church. At least they defined the act as such, until they had been reminded by several philosophy, sociology, and archeology commentators that the rite of substantiation had been more or less universal across ancient pre-Christian cultures, from the Aztecs, to the pre-Islamist Arabs, and of course most pronounced in the religious rites of those religions which had ultimately themselves produced Judaism and Christianity. The Robo-Church also had their own trinity, the programmer, the program, and the programming language.

All of this had enraged the dominant, hegemonic, 'traditional' cults of Catholicism (self-proclaimed 'Universal Church'), and Islam (a Torah in the Arab language, according to Mohamed). However it had brought a smile to billions of Hindu's and Buddhists. They saw no 'blasphemy' in ascribing sentience, awareness, consciousness, and intelligence to a robot.

It was just another form of 'play' or 'Lila' for 'Brahma', the life force which had produced everything. Those in the know reminded the Catholics that Plato, and hence the Catholic Church, had in fact stolen most of their best philosophical ideas from the Eastern religions, including the teachings ascribed to Jesus. The 'Christian' cult, had stolen all their cult-rituals, their magical rites of 'transubstantiation', their superstitious 'incantations', and their sacrificing of 'scapegoats', from the earlier 'Pagan' religions they had exterminated.

The Christian cult in fact owed what was best in its beliefs to the Atenic religion of Akhenaton, the first mono-theist, rational religion, perhaps even older than Zoastrianism. Akhenaton's 'Aten' religion, which Moses had more or less wasted on his 'chosen people', the Jews, had, at least for a few glorious years, represented one of the earliest forms of truly universal ethics.

Of course the 'faith' with the longest continual tradition was Animism. It continued in the West most predominantly in the form of the Japanese Shinto religion, although it was present in the many existing Ab-original cultures around the world. At least initially, the greatest fans of Asimo were the Japanese. In fact the Asimo Robo-Church had emerged from young Japanese tech-heads.

Wandering around a Shinto shrine in Fukuoka, Jules and Luc, Sturm and Jill, had been surprised at the large manga-like paintings in the Shinto shrines. Jill had had an especial attraction and love for the 'water cleansing rituals'. The little wooden scoops and water troughs. The simple, elegant, minimalism of the Zen-like gardens. Or was she confusing Zen and Shinto? What the matter. It was all one of a same to innocent, complete, truly whole-y souls like Jill. Life was her religion. And she liked to say, 'Living in Ma'at', which she had gotten from Akhenaton, the first real religion in a 'modern sense'. Ma'at was 'truth and justice', and 'taking a joy in, and showing compassion and respect for, all living things'.

Ironically, science seemed to be proving animism, the oldest of all belief systems, also to be the most 'modern', in terms of scientific accuracy. Sturm corrected himself when the concept 'humanism' entered his conscious thoughts. No, it was more than humanism. Humanism was a form of 'speciesism'. Akhenaton and the animists had had a respect for all life. They were not anthropocentric. They did not place man at the center of the

universe, as the only rightful recipient of justice. They did not worship man as god. They worshiped the life-force in man, and in every living thing.

The Catholic cult had done its best to extirpate these 'pagan' animist faiths in Europe. They had employed a 'reign of terror' more monstrous in its ruthlessness and willingness to torture and destroy, than any seen before or since, Stalin and Hitler included. The animists in Europe suffered the same fate as Akhenaton's Aten religion. Akhenaton's contemporaries, the Egyptian priesthood's priests, in the Dogmatic 'noble' lies tradition that Plato most clearly personified, saw a threat to their own power and privileges, their wealth, harems of 'holy whores', and power, in Akhenaton's religion of universal peace and love. And so they conspired together and destroyed Aten's new 'City of the Sun', doing their best to destroy even the slightest trace that it had ever existed, extirpating any reference to Aten and his religion of 'Ma-at'.

Ironically, it had only been through another bloody tyrant, Moses, who had thousands of his 'chosen people' hacked to death for worshiping a golden calf while he had been wandering the mountainside in search of inspiration, that the message of 'Ma-at', the wisdom that had originated in the priests at the temple of On, was preserved. The gospel writers placed this message of Ma'at in the mouth of the hero of their own Greek Tragedy styled narrative, Jesus.

This character in their mysteries was proclaimed 'Christ and Saviour', in an attempt to gain 'transferred authority' for their message. It was the simple message of truth, justice, equality, and forgiveness. In the tradition of that most vicious of human rituals, the character Jesus had been 'sacrificed' as a scapegoat for the 'sins', not only of the Jews, but of all humanity.

Of course in the role of the 'Haman' at the Jewish festival of 'Purim', he had been continuing an age old tradition more or less universally practiced across the ancient world. One man would be defined as the god-incarnate, crowned as 'king', and treated so, for the duration of the festival. Having been granted this status, he could then fulfill his role in the further narrative of the festival, the narrative in which the King, a 'god incarnate', originally a vegetation god such as Saturn or Mars, would be sacrificed at his prime, to ensure his re-birth, in spring, along with the renewal of all vegetation and life.

Kings had been quick to pass the 'privilege' of being sacrificed as a god-incarnate onto some other 'scapegoat'. And so another would be chosen to be 'King' for the duration of the Saturnalia, after which he would be 'sacrificed' in place of the real King. Often poor people would be kept at State expense over the year simply for this purpose. Alternatively the most wretched and unfortunate would 'volunteer' for the chance to enjoy, at least for a short time, the life of a King.

The hegemonic domination of the Catholic Church, modeling itself upon Plato's 'Republic', enforced stringent 'thought-controls', massive censorship, and 'liberally' employed 'fates worse than death' without hesitation, mercy, or concern for justice, equality, truth, or forgiveness. This had meant that few people ever became aware that the Catholic Church had stolen most of its dogmas, rituals, and rites, from the 'pagan' religions it had demonised and extirpated.

A few hundred years before, the sort of mockery of the Catholic Church that the 'Robos' had enjoyed with their little stunt would have resulted in humiliating, excruciatingly painful torture, of both the active participants, and their families. To send a clear signal to the 'faithful' that no mockery or dissent would be tolerated. However today, after tens of millions of victims had paid this price, the vice-hold of the Church's reign of terror had been loosened. Humanity had been freed of its iron-fisted grip. Recently the Pope had even conceded the power of the secular authorities.

It had, a few thousand years too late for the thousands of its victims of child-abuses, finally directed its hierarchy to report all cases of child abuse to the police. It was appalling, this arrogance, which made such an obvious necessity appear like a dignified concession. Finally, the Pope was accepting the obvious. He was accepting the rule of law. A few thousand years later than the rest of humanity, but better late than never.



This had all been a consequence of the perverse views of sex held by Christians Hare Krishna's, Jews and Muslims alike. These cults all considered it a 'sin' to 'allow' someone to rape you. Under such an obscene system, the victims had been silenced by being made to feel 'guilty' for their own 'facilitation' of the sin of sex, simply by 'complying' with their rapists. Any sexual act not undertaken by a heterosexual, married couple, explicitly intended towards reproduction, was equally sinful. Thus these sects considered it less sinful for a man to rape a girl, than to masturbate.

And they considered it equally sinful to rape a small child than to masturbate. Which meant that pedophile priests of all religions denominations felt no more restraint in raping the vulnerable children in their care than they would in masturbating. And as masturbation was not allowed of them, they had become, sexually, ticking time-bombs just waiting to go off. The priests shamed their victims into silence. Those that reported such crimes were further silenced by their church's religious authorities.

Religious sects all over the world, from Christian to Hare Krishna, had become well-known among sexual predators as paradises. The church authorities were only interested in activities that brought them wealth and power. Child-care and education were not good money earners. And so the cult authorities paid these areas little attention. Thus the pedophiles were left to prey on their vulnerable 'flocks'. Thus these religions attracted pedophiles.

Sturm grimaced at the term 'pedophile'. It was an abomination. How could the term used to describe the most loathe and detestable of all persons have ever been coined out of those two words 'Love' and 'Child'.

Human history showed that we had to be patient with human nature. It was, for the most part, a small child revolting, throwing fits and tantrums, insisting on getting its own way, in the face of any attempts to 'regulate' it, to restrict its 'lessae majestie'. It was unwilling to give up its 'pleasure principle', and adopt what Freud called, 'the reality principle'. It would only accede to accept limits upon its will when it could see no way to avoid such acquiescence.

## Chapter Forty Four

The Catholic authorities, their public credibility in shatters, their power waning, their control of public opinion a mere whimsical memory, were careful in their response to this 'blasphemy', this 'heresy'. They quickly gathered in the Pope's chambers to consider their response. Some wanted to continue with the traditions that had been possible during the church's 'reign of terror', during the 'dark ages'. Others were a bit more enlightened, accepting the limits the 'renaissance' and 'rule of secular law' had attempted to impose on the church. Some were even on the verge of heretical beliefs themselves. However they kept these to themselves, fearing being 'banned' out to the Catholic 'Pale'.

First the Switzers had to be reminded that they were talking to robots.

Someone was making a fool of them. It took a few moments before they realised the crowd gathered around them, most holding mobile phones and cameras, were laughing at them. They had lost their dignity. They had become a laughing stock. Quickly the Captain of the guard arranged for an untimely 'change of the guards'. This would buy them time. However, by now, You-tube and all the various 'social networking sites' were abuzz with video footage of the guards 'arguing' with an Asimo. They had, in the stress of the moment, forgotten they were dealing with a robot.

But hey, they could be forgiven. Even the most educated and sophisticated of cognitive scientists, philosophers, and neuro-scientists could not agree as to what defined authentic sentience. We based all our beliefs on 'behavioralism'. If something behaved as if it was sentient, then we treated it as if it was. We had no other basis to form our judgments on.

If something appeared to be aware, conscious, and intelligent, we related to it as if it was. We did the same with every other 'living' thing we interacted with, from our pets, to other human beings. We had no way of really knowing if they were really aware. For all we knew, we, each individual one of us, could be the only aware beings in the world. This 'solipsism' was unavoidable.

When it came down to it, for all intensive purposes, we, whether professor, neuro-surgeon, or 3 year old child, merely assumed that those other people we interacted with were actually really aware, conscious, sentient, intelligent beings. We had no compelling, scientific basis for this assumption, however, like most of human behavior, it was based on heuristics, and a psychology, a nature, a mind, that wanted others to exist, that wanted to make sense of the world. We wanted the world to 'make sense'. Hence we constructed all our 'narratives', ascribing things like 'cause and effect' and 'free will' to the world and ourselves.

Hume had reminded us centuries ago that we were not, in rigorous scientific terms, justified in doing so. We had no justification for these ascriptions. However they were part of our human nature. They gave us a sense of security. They gave us a basis for our daily interactions, for predicting outcomes, for reckoning consequences, for harnessing the apparent forces of the universe to satisfying our desires, especially our desire for 'meaning', and to ensuring our survival.

As the Switzer guard changed, Vatican officials announced that the Vatican, due to security concerns, would be temporarily suspending visiting hours. 'Please be patient with us. We expect everything to return to normal in an hour or so', they announced. In this way they forced 'Asimo', of course meaning his 'controllers', right?, to march him away somewhere less embarrassing and confrontational for the Vatican. The Vatican had many very intelligent members. They had handled the situation as well as they could, under the circumstances.

Of course they could only do so much. Camera vans pulled up alongside the Vatican's portals. Plato must have been looking down upon the scene from his loft position upon the columns with great distaste. This was not what he had wanted for his 'Republic'. Free speech. Freedom of belief.

Informed consent. The 'rabble' did not know what was good for them. Only he, the 'philosopher king', and the Popes who had taken that role upon themselves, knew what was good for them. Arggh!. The whole thing would have been just too distasteful for him to bear.

And thus Asimo became the darling of the media. An overnight sensation. A real star. He had more public recognition than any other public figure, movie actress, pop-star, let alone politician, on the planet. He was a phenomena. His modest, unassuming, nonthreatening stature had been a decision of pure genius, his designers at Honda had to agree. He was cute. He? Of course many referred to Asimo as 'She'. But this was the point.

People were ascribing Asimo personal pronouns usually exclusively applied to humans. Even animals were ascribed the pronoun 'it'.

Asimo was clearly not, in the Public's affections, and minds, an 'it'. Asimo was treated, for all intensive purposes, as a 'person'. Of course in his native homeland, the spiritual beliefs of Shinto animism had no problem relating to what most 'westerners' would refer to as 'inanimate' objects.

Westerners might ascribe sentience to Asimo. But for many Japanese, it was not a matter of ascription at all. It was simply a matter of recognition. It was assumed that all things possessed a life force and a form of sentience. Stones were aware, in their stone-like way, as trees were aware in their own 'tree-like' way.

And thus it was that Asimo was invited onto all the leading television talk- shows, even pop concerts, and public events. Stephen Sackur had even invited Asimo to appear on BBC's 'Hardtalk'. Many viewers at first thought that Sackur was merely indulging in a little light-hearted spoof.

However during the course of the interview it became clear that Sackur was exceptionally well-informed about the whole issue of A.I, and had seen the holistic, sociological, political, and economic ramifications that Asimo represented. The most charming moment was when Sackur thanked Asimo for appearing on 'Hardtalk'.

It was the West, under the despotic intellectual and emotional dictatorship of their anthropocentrism, their speciesism, that had denied all other forms of life the qualities it ascribed itself a monopoly in. They had simply denied all other life forms their true nature. They had set themselves up as unique.

They had alienated themselves from all of life, by assuming a unique place in the universe. They had defined themselves as gods. They had assigned all the qualities that made a thing worthy of respect, and deserving of natural rights, to themselves. They had raped the rest of the living world of its identity, its true and full nature. Of course they had done so in order to nominally 'legitimate' their rape of nature itself.

So it was the west that talked of 'artificial intelligence', as if humans had a monopoly on it, and it was unnatural or artificial for anything else to possess it. This concept, to the animists, was meaningless. It was tautological to put the two terms side by side. Intelligence was. It existed.

You could not have artificial intelligence. It was a nonsensical term. The concept had no meaning. It only had meaning in the context of a meaningless, invalid set of Western concepts. So it perplexed most Japanese translators who tried to translate it into the Japanese language. It was, Hobbes would say, like translating 'round rectangle'.

It was simply a typical case of the absurd assumptions implicit in many language terms. Once you recognised these implicit assumptions, and made them explicit, you exposed their absurdity. Their nonsensical nature became self-evident. The concepts then became meaningless.

The 'problems' they had appeared to reflect, simply dissolved. They had been mere 'pseudo- problems'. They had been mere artifacts of nonsense language terms. They had no existence of their own. The fly escaped the fly-jar. The bird found an open window and escaped its, up till then, apparently inescapable predicament. Once you saw the way out, escape was easy. You had only in fact ever been a prisoner of the way you had been viewing your world.

So it was only the West that would have to come to terms with its own absurd notions of reality. They might find it hard to come to terms with the idea of intelligent robots, of sentient, conscious, aware, man-made objects. However in reality it shouldn't have been so hard. Most Westerners were at least vaguely aware that evolution

produced all life-forms from simple chemicals known as DNA. So life had its own 'production' facilities'. Life was produced. Bodies were objects.

No matter how hard you tried to evade it, you were left with a 'ghost in a machine' at some point. Or were you? Only if you had inherited that western dualist mentality so clearly present in Descartes writings, though, ironically, successfully evaded by his own 'brains in vats' arguments that the film series 'Matrix' were later based on. The animists needed no recourse to 'ghosts' in machines.

All objects, machines, rocks, trees, animals, humans, even water, were sentient at some level. It was the machine that was by nature sentient. All matter was aware at some level. You didn't need to propose any 'ghost' that would 'animate' matter. For the animists all matter was animate. All the elements of nature were, by nature, animate. You didn't need to 'animate' anything. It was animate. Matter was alive. Matter was sentient.

This of course 'solved' the 'pseudo puzzle' of 'how do you get awareness from the interaction of unaware things? How can you join inanimate parts to form animate wholes? How could the sum of the not-aware, not-conscious parts suddenly gain awareness and consciousness? 'This was typical of the problems of language, and the implicit assumptions within most western thinking, and the language employed to express it.

Identify such unwarranted, absurd, unnecessary, contaminating, distorting, and invalid assumptions, and most of the west's 'intellectual problems' simply ceased to exist. They evaporated. They never were problems. They were simply artifacts of how we went about thinking and expressing our thoughts. We had constructed our own intellectual problems out of our own erroneous thinking.

The dominant cults we called 'Religion' had forced particular dogmas upon the western world. It had begun all its 'reckonings' from these assumptions.

These assumptions had been wrong. As a consequence the efforts of the philosophers had proven so unproductive and fruitless that most people had given up the philosophical enterprise entirely, seeing it as a waste of time and effort that was bound to lead to nausea, migraine, and mental dis-ease. Buddha had ultimately given up on philosophy, for the same reasons.

However the animist had never had such problems, as they had never produced them for themselves in the first place. They perhaps owed this to their modesty. They felt no need to be the center of the universe, to occupy some special place in it. So they never constructed man as especially unique or special. They never 'appropriated' intelligence, sentience, awareness, and consciousness for themselves. They allowed all of the universe its true nature. All things were equal. None were superior. All matter was aware. All things were deserving of our respect.

So it was no wonder that it was the Japanese who so readily incorporated robots into their lives. It was no wonder that the most advanced robots were developed in Japan. Asimo had found a place in the hearts of the Japanese from the very instant he, or she, had appeared.

## Chapter Forty Five

While the Church fathers were discussing how to deal with their embarrassment, on the other side of the world another group of people were facing similar threats to their whole world-view, to their whole self- definition, to their own sense of purpose. The irony could not fail to suggest itself to anyone present. 'What? Jack erupted, 'you seriously think we are going to help the Japanese whalers?'. 'Look Jack', Sara jumped in, wanting to ease the tensions which had been growing, and which left her feeling very uneasy 'we got into this to help the whales, to prevent their suffering, right?' 'It is a fact that they are at the top of their food- chain. And their food is extinct. They have nothing to eat. They are plankton feeders. There are no plankton. They are starving to death". Jack had to admit this fact, hard as it was. Whales had been washing up on beaches all over the world. Exhausted. Emaciated. As if begging to be put out of their misery. Jack just found it so emotionally difficult to process this information.

He didn't want it to be true. He had dedicated his life to 'saving' the lives of whales. And the clear logic of the situation was, that if he was going to act in their interests, for their dignity, then the only way to ease their suffering was to hunt them down. A quick death from the detonation of an explosive whalers harpoon was surely a preferable death to the slow, agonising death from starvation, and the diseases their weakness made them prone to.

'O.K, O.K, sorry mates. Sorry. You are right". This last word came out almost incoherent as a wave of tears and physical convulsions rocked his body. He broke down in uncontrollable tears. Sara and the others were quick to support his body as he crumpled. Holding him. Comforting him. They all empathised with how he felt. They comforted one another. They formed an official consensus, which they posted on their web-site, leaving blogs and social-networks around the animal rights world buzzing.

It had been one more shock to them. What were animal rights activists to do now that nature had stepped in and taken the responsibility off their shoulders, taken the fates of animals out of their hands? There would be no more exploitation. No more animal cruelty. Animals would no longer suffer at the hands of the most monstrous of monsters ever to have walked this earth. Humans. Animals would no longer endure the horrific experiences as test-objects, as value producers, as sources of meats, textiles, leathers, as beasts of burden. Soon there would be no animals. This conclusion was inescapable. Wasn't it?

All they could 'care' for now were the remaining species. The carnivores were doomed. They had been perched on top of zero-sum food-chains, precariously balanced. Their survival had always been dependent on there being prey for them to hunt down, to trap, and to eat. All around the world large predators had been forced to prey on the remaining animals available. First it had been farm animals. This had brought them into direct confrontation with their greatest enemy, near the top of the food chain, just below parasites and bacteria, humans.

Thus the remaining 'wild' tigers ironically found a death preferable to starvation and disease. Notions of 'animal protection' and 'preventing extinction' soon lost all currency among the farmers of the less economically developed world. The same tigers rich westerners paid to protect had always killed some villagers. The locals had often felt a little bitter about the demands made by rich people in Europe to protect these man-eaters.

They were in effect saying that these tigers' survival was more important than the lives of the villagers and their children. How protective would these westerners feel of Tigers if they themselves stood a real chance of ever being eaten alive by one, they would wryly joke amongst themselves.

It was only now, with no alternative, that the desperate tigers had come to view humans as their main prey. And thus no-one could fault them when they killed any tiger on sight. The best the animal conservationists could do was to capture as many young tigers as they could, and try to raise them on a vegan diet. And so they finally ended up at one of Jules' and Luc's Co-op partners. The Co-op had been involved in research into diet replacement for

carnivores. It had had great success, using very specific dietary supplements, in 'weaning' carnivores off their traditional meat diets, onto soy based, high protein diets.

In fact Soy was the perfect protein, containing all of the essential amino acids that the human organism could not produce itself from other nutrients. B12 had been the key supplement for humans. For cats, large and small, other supplements had had to be developed for their special needs.

But apart from flatulence, there were no negative health side effects of the new diets. Ultimately most carnivores could be transformed into herbivores, using the latest vegan food products, processes, and supplements.

Dogs, on the other hand, had long adapted to the vegan diets of their human companions. Most commercial dog-foods contained mostly soy products. This accounted for their flatulence! Humans had long ago avoided the same problem by fermenting their soy into tofu, before eating it. And Jules' dolphins up at Forster beach were thriving on their vegan 'fish'.

## Chapter Forty Six

At first the 'value' of the remaining domestic animals spiked on world markets, as if the realisation of a commodity broker's wet dream. Those who had bought into the 'pork-barrel' futures' and beef futures were now making a 'killing'. Of course this would be their last 'kill'. Those who had shares were either jumping out of office windows or coming to terms with bankruptcy, and the sobering reality of having to take less financially rewarding work. Real work. Producing real value.

Not merely exchanging 'contracts' that others would fill. Contracts that others would make meaningful through their hard work. Contracts for which they, the ones who did the work and produced the value, would see little if any reward. While at the same time those who dealt in the 'virtual' world of electronic trades 'earned' fortunes without ever having raised a sweat, or producing even a cent of real value. Sturm had at first been surprised to have been invited to give that presentation to by one of the world's richest, and high-profile investor.

However somehow it had felt right. He had felt a compulsion to agree to attend and make his little presentation. And so it had been that he had found himself on that private jet, surging towards that meeting in Geneva. That had been a few years ago now. However it was only more recently that Sturm had begun enjoying the consequences of it.

After that private presentation in Geneva Sturm had cashed in all his investments and followed their lead. He had remained behind after his presentation, enjoying their hospitality. He had listened. He had acted. He was a rich man now. Not that it meant anything to him really, these days.

He had a real sort of wealth he had never imagined it was possible to possess. He had Jill. He had Jules and Luc and their ever-growing co- operative. He had a chance to improve the world, rather than merely be the beneficiary of its inequality and exploitation.

And so it was that he cashed out most of his investments, shocked at the unfairness of his windfalls. He had 'earned' around a 10,000 fold return on his investments. He had read about the people who had invested in companies like Apple in the early days, and who had made such profits, but he had never really thought about it, let alone imagined he himself might ever enjoy such windfall profits. But now his response was more muted than it would have been a few years ago.

He was in fact ambivalent. At least he could be sure he was no longer promoting animal exploitation. This last batch of pork and beef would be the last. These animals would be the last to suffer due to humanity's, and he found himself choking on the irony of the term, unwillingness to curb their opportunistic nature. His investments in Honda, the other robotics enterprises, and the bio-tech firms, were all 'green', and he felt proud of having played his little part in having promoted them.

He kept those shares. He was not interested in 'cashing in', in 'realising' his gains. He had all he needed. He would invest his windfalls in the future of humanity, in his future with Jill, and Jules and Luc. He transferred most of his cash and other assets into the new co-operative finance scheme, the alternative model that Jules had developed as part of her and Luc's expansion of their Vegan Co-op.

## Chapter Forty Seven

Animal activists around the world focused on relieving the suffering of the remaining dying animals. However this was too disheartening for most people. Most of the lobby groups, and activist groups, had lost their reason for existence. It was a real blow. Some media were likening it to 'co-dependency withdrawal symptoms'. Many of the activists had found meaning in their lives by helping the animals that could not protect themselves. They had become dependent on these feelings of being needed, of being valuable, of being helpers, of being able to help. This feeling of being able to contribute to the welfare of others, had allowed them to distract themselves from their inability to solve their own problems, while giving their lives some positive subjective meaning.

Some commentators likened the situation, in a hopeful way, to Nietzsche's comments about what would happen when religion vanished. The creative energies of man would have no outlet. Dammed within himself, they would grow. Nietzsche had hoped these dammed up energies would raise humanity up to new levels. Thus humanity could become the 'bridge' to the new-man, the 'super' man that Nietzsche yearned and longed for. For him it was what man could become, that was the only redeeming feature of what man currently was.

Now that humans had lost these alternative outlets for their Eros, their creative energies, their love, their concern, they would have to find a new outlet. They would be forced to focus on solving their own problems. The force of the energy in the dam would slowly build, growing in force, raising humanity to new levels. There would be, for most people, no longer any religion or animals to direct this flow into, to express this 'will to power' towards.

As Jules observed the dolphins 'play' on the breakers of the beach at Forster, she suddenly became conscious of the fact that they were in fact hunting. They were driving fish up onto the sand where they could catch them, to eat. What at first appeared to be their playful antics, was in fact a matter of life and death, a replaying of the eternal 'tooth and claw' drama of predation and prey. This recognition was sobering, and, sadly, disabused the scene of much of its charm.

Jules turned towards the mountain range behind her. It was glowing soft lilac, tending to crimson, in the soft twilight of the evening. The air was fragrant with the scent of the sea, seaweed, and the oncoming night. Off towards the horizon, as if responding to the last rays of the sunset, thunder clouds slowly moved in on the coast. The air was charged and ionised. It was 'sweet'. Jules could find no better word to express the sensation.

She watched as lightning bolts flashed over the sea, far off in the distance.

They were beautiful too. At this distance. The sky turned a wet-slate gray. The absence of any birdsong was remarkable. Then she noticed something strange. She had assumed the dolphins were racing after fish. In fact her mind had simply ascribed that to the dolphins. She had become accustomed to their antics. They would surf in on the waves, flashing across the breakers, chirping their song, racing between and past each other, occasionally landing on the beach with fish in their mouths, then twisting and rolling back with the surf, using the retreating tow of the swell to pull them back into the waves.

However now she actually looked, allowing the scene to speak to her, rather than ascribing things to it, as all humans not consciously practicing

Zen habits tend to do, it became clear to her that there were no fish. A sudden realisation, for want of a more apt expression, broke her heart in two. She let out an involuntary gasp. The shock hit her like a speeding bus. Whack!

The waves were rolling in dead dolphins. Among the dead were some living, seemingly racing along their lines, trying to animate them back to life. Their chirping hit Jules' ears like the desolate, desperate cries of small children trying to awaken their dead parents, pleading with them, and the universe, to bring them back to life. Younger dolphins appeared lost and confused among the bodies of their dead parents, who hung lifeless upon the



surge and sucking of the waves. Some were being rolled around on the shore, buffeted and drawn by the push and tow of the sea.

Jules ran off in the direction of their compound, their 'ranch'. She arrived breathless, as she rummaged through her massive fridge for samples they had been working on. Fish substitutes. Yes. Her heart leaped for joy. As Luc emerged from a nap he could see her animated, quick movements and knew something was up. 'What's up?' He asked Jules, a little concerned, and more amused. What was it that had gotten Jules so excited? He saw dried tears on her cheeks, but her eyes were alight with a wildfire of energy.

'Where are the rest of the samples? The fish-substitute stuff? Where is it? I want you to call R and D and get them to bring as much of the stuff as they can find. Drive it over now. Call our fleet managers. Get them to get all their cars ready. Send them to R and D'. Jules' mind was clear and focused. She was flying. Her mental capacities were razor sharp. She planned everything in flashes and bursts of mental incandescence that radiated from her and left her bathed in a soft glow visible to anyone around her.

She considered the 'organisational flow chart' that this would require. What needed to be where, first, and when? Who needed to do what, when, and how? It all fell into place. Luc was in awe. He followed her requests without question. Something had gotten Jules more alive than he could remember. He had never seen her like this. He was amazed. Truly, she was a goddess in more ways than he had ever imagined.

Everything organised, Jules ran back to the beach with a box of 'green- fish'. No, they weren't green. They were vegan, ecological friendly, animal cruelty and human exploitation free fish substitutes. Jules overcame a natural aversion to death, pushing past the cadavers of the older dolphins, with a dazzling, brilliant focus of mind, out into the waist high breakers. She quickly unpacked the 'fish' from their packaging. She only prayed the dolphins would comprehend what she was offering them. Life.

Somehow they did. They approached her with the naiveté of youth. They sensed she meant no harm. They sensed the 'mother' in her. They sensed the nature goddess in her. They ate of the 'fish' she offered, and then threw into the water. The rest of the school seemed to sense the same, and began eating the 'fish'. She would arrange to have these dolphins, and any others that might arrive, fed by her co-op. It was the best she could do. It was the highest level of response-ability she could act with.

Jules stumbled out of the waves onto the sand. Exhausted. Completely exhausted. Luc was there to gather her up in his arms in a soft warm blanket, and carry her back to their home. She slept like a baby. Luc laughed to himself, no, luckily not like a baby, waking up screaming during the night after having shit itself. He sensed this joke before he became conscious of having thought it. One of those lame jokes of Sturm. Where was Sturm, by the way? He made a call and caught him on the move. He was happy to have someone to relate the day's proceedings to. Sturm had become like a father, brother, and friend all in one. He was both a mentor and an ally, a fellow student of life and a sage.

In the morning the cars arrived with their loads of 'fish'. Jules realised that she could only do so much. But she was glad to be able to do that much. She arranged some locals to pull out the dead dolphins and to bury them.

She had a special relationship with them. At first many had been quite antagonistic and hostile to her and her 'vegan' eccentricities. However she had brought jobs to the town. She was regarded as honest and reliable. She paid well enough. But more than that, it was rewarding simply to work with her. She gave you a sense of being worthy, valuable, approved of, accepted. You felt you were someone, just working with her. She made you feel how you wanted to feel.

You felt as if you had made the best possible impression you could have on her. She failed to see your faults. She only saw your good points. She never laid the blame on anyone when things stuffed up. She would laugh and get on with the work. She would try to find out what had gone wrong. She never looked for 'who was to blame'. She focused on getting things done. She focused on solving problems, not on who may have been responsible for some error, some gaff, some 'stuff up'. She only ever judged outcomes, and never people.

This encouraged people to take reasonable risks. This released the creative potential in everyone she worked with. With. Not for. With. That was clear. She quoted Sturm's essay title often 'People who don't make mistakes, don't make anything'. She would remind people of this fact constantly. She encouraged a 'hit and miss' approach. Try and do. Don't waste too much time jabber-jawing about what might or might not work. Try it. Do it. See if it worked or not. Try different ways. Quick quick. Don't waste time worrying about what didn't work.

The only failure was failing to try. That was her own motto. She had based her approach on that of evolution, the approach Sturm had made clear to her while at Uni. Evolution was based on the principle of binge and purge, hit and miss. It produced forms. Those that proved able to be adapted to serve some function by organisms tended to be reproduced, and accumulate over billions of years to ultimately produce relatively adapted, sophisticated sets of instincts and forms, which we related to as 'organisms'. Function followed form. Forms emerged. Those that proved functional in some way tended to be reproduced and accumulate over billions of years.

Jules liked to anticipate, rather than merely respond. People were encouraged to voice their views about potential and actual problems. There would be none of what Lang called the 'The problem is, there are no problems', by which he meant the denial of problems until a crisis came which made it impossible to further deny the problems existed. By which time the solution entailed massively greater costs and suffering than had it been implemented earlier.

Jules would prevent crises by constantly acknowledging problems and dealing with them, on an ongoing basis. She actually rewarded people for being 'wrong'. At first this cultural change she had introduced had confused people. It didn't seem fair that she rewarded people for making mistakes, for failing. But soon they understood the logic. They soon began laughingly reproducing quotes from her, and Sturm, every time they 'fucked up', every time they made a 'booboo'.

People who made no mistakes made nothing. The problem is denying that problems exist. Once you identified where you had gone wrong, what mistake you had made, you were on the first step back to being right again.

The way to being right was accepting you were wrong. All problems could be solved, if you acknowledged them. Better to deal with problems on an ongoing basis, as they emerged or became identified, than to wait for a crisis.

At the back of her mind somewhere, or more aptly, deep in her subconscious, all of these slogans reverberated. She felt associations with them that she could not verbalise. These associations, like vague memories, would begin forming, condensing, becoming more vivid, and then suddenly they would dissipate like rain.

## Chapter Forty Eight

Of course Sturm's writings and seminars had formed part of her training with TEP, the Eden Project. On departing the 'colony' a 'veil of ignorance' had been placed between her conscious thoughts and these experiences.

Thus she could only sense or scent some vague connections in her mind. She could never actually recall what went on at the colony. She could only recall what they had agreed would serve the TEP goals. This is one reason why Sturm had been so brilliant as a lecturer. He had had the benefit of TEP training.

In daily life Sturm would never be able to recall the context in which he had actually acquired his brilliant insights. It was only once he was back at a TEP facility, and 'the veil' had been lifted, that he could remember. So, out in the real world, his ideas were attributed to his 'genius', while in private he personally wondered where his ideas came from. He could not account for them. Only back on the island, once this 'veil of ignorance' had been lifted, could he laugh at himself. Genius! Hah! He knew there must have been something wrong. He was no genius. Passionate, yes, but no genius!

The veil of ignorance had originally been developed back in the days when the original TEP founding members still had had faith in the potential for humankind to learn and become more enlightened, just, empathetic, and reasonable.

Unlike Plato's notion of Philosopher Kings misleading their 'flocks' with 'noble' lies, broad spectrum censorship, and control of every aspect of their lives, a vision the Catholic Church, at least during the 'dark ages' had realised, the TEP founders believed in 'holistically informed consent'. They believed that, once people were holistically enlightened, they would naturally seek a fairer, more just world. They would, like Plato, Paul, Mahavira, Buddha, Pythagoras, and all those other enlightened souls, reject the notion of reproducing and exploiting inequality. They would become vegan. They would become Liberal Social Democratic in their political views and actions.

The '*veil of ignorance*' was a response to philosopher **John Rawls** original idea that only when people were ignorant of their own narrow, short term interests, could they ever be expected to make decisions that were just, fair, and took the longer term costs and benefits in consideration. Only they, the TEP founders, actually found a way to realise it. Rawls had argued that, if people were unaware of their social and economic position while making political decisions, and thus unable to determine their own personal, narrow vested interests, how they might benefit or otherwise as the result of a particular decision, then they would be free to act according to principles. They would logically see that they would best serve their own interests by serving everyone's interests.

Only by ensuring a fair distribution of costs and benefits could they ensure that they themselves could not end up with an unfair distribution of burdens. Only in this way could human nature be 'enlightened' on a broad scale. It would approach a 'moral' holistic enlightenment of the masses. It would require no deception a-la Plato and his 'noble' lies. It would require no coercion. Like Adam Smith's 'invisible hand' guiding each individual to act in ways that best served the general interests while seeking his own best interests, Rawls argued that a 'veil of ignorance' would direct self-interest towards the greater good.

Like Thomas Aquinas, the TEP founders were careful to remember that this 'general good' must always be the good of concrete persons, of the individuals who made up society. They thus rejected any notion of 'sacrificing the individual for some greater good.' This concept was absurd and meaningless, as there was no good greater than that of actual individuals, the actual individuals who make up a society.

However the TEP founders recognised that individuals would willingly agree to sacrifice some of their own natural rights in order to further the interests of society, as a means to ultimately serving their own individual

interests in the long run. Thus people might see Rawls point, and agree to be 'veiled' during decision making processes such as elections, legal judgments, and the drafting of new laws.

Thus they began their work on their 'veil of ignorance'. They experimented with hypnotism. However they merely came to acknowledge what Freud had noted, that all hypnotism was merely self-hypnotism. It was not genuine. It was not reliable. People could fake it. So they continued their work with various psycho-tropic drugs. Ultimately they came upon a combination of mild drugs, light-strobe techniques, and audio-trance.

They also developed what they saw as the ultimate, optimal, dogma. If everyone believed in random new-births, then they would ultimately see that everything they owned as individuals would be lost to them on their death. However everything they had owned collectively would be re- inherited in their next lives, no matter which socio-economic group they were born into.

Further, it would encourage people to eliminate all forms of violence, inequality and injustice, as there was no way to determine to which socio- economic, ethnic, or other group, that you might be born into each new life. And thus everyone would have a natural, vested, self-interested motive to improve the lives for all people. Keynes had clarified the problem that 'In the long run, we are all dead'. The TEP founders had resolved this problem. 'In the long run you are everyone'. And if you included animals in this dogma, then we would have a natural motive to seek to optimise the life experiences of animals as well. And thus they had their 'Optimal Ethics Technology'.

In fact the founders actually came to believe, or more aptly, fear, that this was in fact the nature of reality. They became convinced that this was the most compelling likelihood. And even if it were not true, then it was still rational and logical to act as if it were true. This would realise the TEP founder's grandest ethical ambition, of being able to define themselves as creatures which sought to optimise the experience of life for all things that would experience it.

And so the TEP founders ultimately progressed forwards, in typical Daoist fashion, back towards that most ancient and continuous, enduring, of all spiritual beliefs, that of animism.

However their early optimism proved unfounded and naive. While they had wanted to believe that the human species as it was was capable of becoming holistically enlightened, and of giving their consent to adopting the 'veil of ignorance' and their 'Optimal Ethics Generator', the 'optimal dogma', their experience proved disappointingly otherwise.

Many of them experienced such victimisation when they tried to gain public support for their ideas, that they became fearful of ever again expressing them in public. This is when they hit upon the idea, inspired by L Ron Hubbard and his 'Sea Org', to found an independent colony where they might attempt to realise their new social model. They accepted the advice of the ancient sages to keep themselves unto themselves, after failing to find good company.

## Chapter Forty Nine

Jules realised that her success with the dolphins was only temporary.

However wasn't that the case with everything? Everything was temporary. Everything died. So all you could do was to share as much love and life as you could while you lived. She would support the dolphins she could, as long as she could. That was the limit of her response-ability. She would not let her inability to do more disempower and incapacitate her from doing what was within her power.

Buoyed up by her recent success with the dolphins, Jules felt a flood of sexual energy. She got on the line to her favorite producer, Styles. He could have been a runway model, an underwear model, or a porn star. But that would simply have been too easy for him. He thrived on challenges. And he preferred to be in control. Ultimately he ended up in the film business. He loved to produce films, and the films he most love to film had lots of beautiful naked women masturbating, fucking, sucking, and cumming.

Jules recalled the first time she had met him. She had been sitting at the end of a bar. At the other end of the bar Styles had sauntered up to an impossibly pretty girl and had begun flirting with her. Her boyfriend had become really jealous. Styles had noted this. He was in his element. He had arrogantly responded to the boyfriend's unspoken resentment with 'Don't worry mate. I'm not trying to steal your girlfriend'. The boyfriend, relieved, thought that was the end of it.

But Styles had merely been pausing to increase the impact, the effect, of what would follow. He then, smiling his wicked, self-assured smile, continued with 'I'm just going to fuck her'. Then he quickly continued with 'I just want to use her for a night, and then you can have her back'.

The boyfriend's 'flabber' was completely 'gasted'. He sat there stunned, completely lost for words. At the same time her face flared with sudden and ballistic rage at his arrogance. How dare he. And yet, as Shakespeare put it, she was protesting too much. Her emotional response in fact belied the overwhelming sexual attraction she felt for him. So as she stormed out of the bar, dragging her boyfriend with her, Styles was in no way convinced that she had in fact been offended by his words. And in fact his deep-seated self-confidence was reassured and reinforced, when, about an hour later, she returned, only this time alone.

The very content look of a one satisfied female animal defined her features the next morning when she awoke, her head resting easy upon Style's chest.

## Chapter Fifty

Jules had had a sudden flash of inspiration that morning as she lay, completely relaxed and content, on the huge comfy sofa Luc had deposited her onto the night before. When it came to erotic porn, we wanted to cum as fast as possible and as hard as possible. And most people used a porn flick only once. So why make DVD's? Why make long boring films?

Sure, you needed a hot, erotic, sexy, inspiring context, but the actual film should only last as long as it takes to cum. And you should be able to cum anywhere, on a plane, a bus, a train, while waiting for an appointment, while sitting at your office desk. And what 'player' did most people carry with them? Their mobile phone. So Jules was all bent on making a series of 3 minute hot porn flicks that people would view on their mobile phones.

She would charge 2 dollars for each flick, relying on a mass market for profitability. The flicks would be cheap to make, relying more on the imagination of the writers and the authenticity of the 'players' sexual heat and orgasms, than on any expensive props or locations.

She would think up hot contexts for hot sex. Casual, spontaneous sex with strangers in unexpected situations. The sex people really wanted but were too inhibited to realise. The sex they imagined, but never dared vocalise, suggest, let alone act on. The hot fantasies men and women had concerning their secretary, the delivery boy, the girl or boy next door, or both, she giggled, the mother of their best friend, their lovers best friend, their wife's sister, the hot girl on the beach, the man in the expensive suit, the woman at the traffic lights, the policeman, the sexy check-out girl or bank teller.

All the relief you could get in a few minutes, if only you could have taken to risk to see if your feelings might be reciprocated, by expressing them. Of course few people ever did act on their hottest sexual urges, for fear of rejection, and even worse consequences.

Authentic sex between people experiencing genuine sexual heat, genuine lust. Real orgasms. Nothing faked or mechanical. She would arrange for strangers to meet at the production site. They would place cameras all over the place, mostly hidden. The people will have given their informed consent beforehand, so that anything that took place was with their consent. They would later be able to edit out anything they didn't want broadcast.

In fact they could visit the ranch, a-la big-brother. She would find the most extrovert and repressed-extroverts she could find. And her contacts were wide and deep. People everywhere were keen to work with her in the co-op, and open to any new suggestions in other areas too. She had earned their trust. They trusted that she had only good intentions. Her will was good. She exuded good-will for all living things.

So people often did things they never would have thought themselves capable of, things which freed them from their past inhibitions to experience fuller, more rewarding, more complete lives. She was a goddess in the true sense, a true sage, a true prophet, a true 'holy' woman, for she gave people the opportunities and resources to become truly 'whole' themselves.

Styles was riding a fresh wave of controversy. He loved to be the center of attention. He loved the free media coverage it granted him. People were so easy to manipulate. You could beg the media to give you a few seconds of air time and become forlorn by the constant rejection. Or you could do something that was guaranteed to provoke them, and they would beg you to come on their television shows. They would chase after you. They would publish stories about you all over the web, in the press, television, and 'social networking sites'. And his latest coup was 'sweet as'.

It was a pop video for a musician friend of his. His band had written some pretty original material. What they needed was exposure. They needed to get some attention. Styles thrived on such challenges. His concept was simple. Schoolgirls. White panties. Water pistols. Getting wet. Mildly suggestive of domination by use of water

pistols. Powerful. Sexual. In control. Sexual. Sexual. Sexual. They sort of marched around like a military unit of hot teen sexuality. They bent over revealing white pantied crotches.

At one point they began firing on each other. The water revealing an erect puffy nipple here, the distinct forms of a shaved vagina there. It was enough to pass the sensors, but to give any warm blooded human a rush of sexual excitement. All over the world people would be recording this video, to use slow-motion and zoom-ins to get a better look at the girls, while fingers frantically rubbed against wet clitorises, fists pumped up and down on hard cocks, dildos were pushed in and out of hot, wet vaginas. Of course other more repressed people were trying to ignore the sexual arousal the video produced in their loins. Thus the video became the hottest thing since 'girls on film' or 'destination unknown'.

The liberal media defended his video as harmless. The 'Clear Channel' types exploded with self-loathing, describing it as filth, and longing for the days of Papal Bulls and Fatwahs. Complaints rained in upon the media 'controllers'. A few commercial channels pulled the video from their play- lists. This only added to its desirability. People would actively seek out the video, and share it with friends on the net. Notoriety was the best asset in the entertainment industry, where exposure was everything.

Ironically, given the motive of 'exposure', getting something banned, ensured massive interest, if your product had anything of interest to it in the first place. And the song was original, it rocked, it pumped, it funkied, it swayed, it rolled, it had a real groove, a real vibe. It was jazzy, it was bluesy, it was authentic, and it was clever, almost *too* intellectual. But most of the meaning would be lost on the audience in any case, so what really counted was that it was good music.

## Chapter Fifty One

In the Honda labs some interesting directions were being followed up on.

They had been focusing their research on the most basic life forms supposed to enjoy, or otherwise, sentience. Their structures were so simple, these protozoa, and yet they exhibited all the signs of intelligence. They appeared to recognise prey, seek it, react to its movements, and to 'remember' its past behaviors. They would begin seeking prey in places they had previously found it. They avoided objects that had, in past encounters, proven unpleasurable or unprofitable.

Thus these protozoa appeared to have memory, the ability to recognise patterns, and to form associations, 'fears', 'hopes', and attractions, that were not initially present as original instincts. They appeared capable putting objects and situations in a holistic context that generated meanings for them. In other words they responded actively to their environment. They adapted to it. They were conditioned by it. Their experiences were 'meaningful'. They constructed meanings. This was a talent that most humans had ascribed themselves a monopoly in. Many controlled studies had reinforced initial findings and suggested further research.

The protozoa were single cell animals. They had no dedicated organs as such, and hence no 'brains'. However the cilia, the small hair-like structures on the edge of their cell membrane, which they used to maneuver themselves, appeared to serve the same function as the synapses in human brains.

The researchers were careful to constantly remind themselves that the cells within the human brain enabled the brain to process particular types of inputs, but that this did not account for their potential to be aware per se, to have experience per se. The brain was like all the hardware in a computer or home-entertainment store. But a video camera does not 'see' as such, any more than a hard-disc recorder can 'hear'. What they were searching for was something different to this sort of hardware, the sort localised in areas of the brain.

And so the idea of non-localised awareness gradually crept into the conscious reckonings of these scientists. In the same facility, a small group of researchers were investigating, using very experimental, hit and miss methods, an 'induction' model for awareness. Under this model, evolution determined what an organism was aware of. However the actual potential to be aware of anything, per se, in the first instance, did not appear to lay directly within any structure contained within the organism itself.

Sentient organisms either had structures which naturally induced this capacity from the general environment, or they didn't. In this their theories were reminiscent of those of Averroes, the medieval Arab philosopher.

They also converged with those expressed by Kim Jestem in his 'TROONATNOOR'. Jestem had used the analogy of a dodgem car, which he later updated to an induction railway. The true attraction of this model was that it allowed for sentience to be induced by any appropriate structure, independent of its origin. This meant that there was nothing to say they could not themselves produce such structures.

The implication was that there was nothing in principle against producing an Asimo with authentic awareness. What their Asimo would be aware of would merely depend on what 'senses' they built into the Asimo platform.

What had suggested itself to the Honda researchers was that awareness, consciousness, seemed to be a product of the electrical fields around the animals' brains. Rather than residing within their brains, consciousness appeared to be associated with the electrical fields produced by the activities within the brain, but localised within the electromagnetic fields this activity produced, rather than within any part of the actual brain itself. Or to be more precise. The disturbances in the magnetic fields around the brains. One researched quipped that he could wholeheartedly validate that, as he put it, 'to have intelligence was certainly was to be disturbed'.



The brain had localised functional areas, related to different senses and reckoning capacities, but consciousness appeared to be a product of disturbances in the electromagnetic fields around the brain. This suggested new approaches with Asimo. And it was this approach that was to prove definitive in the history of sentient life on earth.

## Chapter Fifty Two

The crisis appeared only to affect those animals that reproduced sexually. Sturm was happy to discover that his favorite species, the microscopic water-bear, was still apparently to be found. However not because it had escaped whatever had destroyed the fertility of all other sexual reproducers. No. Because they could survive for hundreds of years, frozen in stasis. So they had become one of the favorite test participants. Why participants? Not 'test-animals'? Because none of the Honda scientists dare harm any living thing. They took all their measurements without any harm, let alone destruction, of their test participants.

In any case, based on other researchers' findings, it was apparently impossible to destroy these cute, tiny, bear-like animals. They were virtually indestructible. They survived the sort of heat, cold, atmospheres, and so on, that would make them the ideal astronauts. This often led Sturm to science fiction speculations regarding their potential future evolution.

Since 'The Crisis' People had begun using a new time reference. The archaic B.C and A.D had long since been rejected by most thinking people, however the masses had continued to use them. That is, until the crisis.

Now most people reckoned from the year of the crisis. So, it was now year 4. This new time scale would only reach year 100 at the most. After that, it was unlikely that there would be anyone to reckon further. Or?

The TEP leaders were anticipating different consequences around different years, based on the 'rolling out' of the social and economic consequences of the demographic shifts in the human population. They had made various forecasts, prognoses, and predictions. Most of these had proven fairly accurate. Some things were easy to predict, such as the extinction of a particular species, based on its life-cycle. Some interactions were harder to anticipate, as they were unknowable.

However what they paid closest attention to were political shifts. The most interesting for them would be changes in labor market politics. They still had hopes for the wider human population. This would be the real test of their hopes. Depending on the social responses to the current evolving situation, the TEP would either remain covert, or re-engage with the broader society. Would the general population learn anything from the crisis? Would the opportunistic political animals most humans were, change their 'spots'? Or would opportunism simply take new forms. Would those with the power to do so simply find new ways to opportunistically exploit the situation in their own, narrow, immediate self-interest?

Would the crisis open people's minds a little, and make them more accessible to the Political party, Church, and the books, films, and blogs that the TEP had had produced? Or would they go on with their old, traditional, conventional, short-sighted, opportunistic ways? Either way, the TEP had already prepared their responses to the potential outcomes.

They would achieve their aims either way. As long as no-one did anything really stupid, like blow up the planet. And they had not ruled out the possibility that someone would try. For this reason TEP members had infiltrated and become key players within all of the world's elite security agencies, intelligence agencies, senior-government cabinets and think tanks. TEP knew more about what was going on in the minds of the world's leaders than any of the individual intelligence agencies themselves. They had a holistic overview.

What had most surprised them was the paranoia that dominated the highest levels of the world's defense chiefs and security experts. And so far the 'veil' had prevented anyone from getting even the slightest hint or clue as to

TEP's existence. TEP agents had undergone every sort of 'briefing' and interrogation at the hands of their employers. Nothing linked any of them to TEP. TEP was, for all intensive purposes, as far as the public, and 99% of their own members, non-existent. The concept TEP had no meaning at all in the outside world.

Many of the most senior and powerful people were full acting member of the TEP task force. Of course in their 'outside' lives they lived under the veil of ignorance. So none of these people had any conscious idea of their TEP participation. They had no idea how their individual goals and motives contributed to the overall TEP strategy, or its daily objectives. Their TEP based motives were all 'implanted', willingly, on one of the TEP colonies, islands, and fleets of ocean going vessels. They would act in ways that formed intricate links in a master plan.

They had, in their daily lives, no idea about the existence of TEP, let alone their own participation as TEP members. As far as they knew, consciously, they were merely pursuing their own goals, their own objectives, satisfying their own motives. They would never connect the pieces of the overall puzzle as long as they were 'out here' in the world. It would only be on their trips to the TEP installations that they would become fully conscious of the overall plan, and their part in it.

However, often these subconscious TEP motives would appear in strange, inverted, distorted forms in their dreams and 'slips of the tongue', as Freud had noted was common with all repressed, unconscious impulses, desires, and motives. But as far as TEP knew, their 'veil' had proven impenetrable.

## Chapter Fifty Three

The first lesson most people had in the concept of 'ecological services' had been the loss of those free pollination services provided by bees, wasps, and other insects. Of course farmers had also 'thanked god' for the elimination of all their insect pests, which also had the benefit of eliminating the need for pesticides. This came as very unwelcome news to the pesticide industries, 'initially sending stock prices plummeting'. Some wry commentator joked, following this up with, 'and then completely collapsing!'.

However one ecological service most people had taken for granted was that provided by carrion eaters. Thankfully most carrion eaters lived longer than their prey, and they enjoyed a feast, before the literal famine. However at some point the balance tipped. The supply of carrion was too great even for the hungriest of carrion eaters.

Up until this point in history death had been almost invisible, seen on a general scale. Of course when it was personal, we noticed it. We mourned it. We ached with grief. Occasionally we felt a satisfying sense of Schadenfreude. However we were indifferent to the lives of most living things, unless they were our own family, friends, beloved pets, or someone famous we liked. So we failed to notice the billions of deaths taking place around us in our daily lives.

We rarely saw a dead animal. They were usually collected and eaten by the various carrion eaters or predators. So most deaths were invisible to us. And it was intrinsic to human nature that if something was not perceived as a real or potential threat of pain, or source of pleasure, then we tended not to perceive it at all.

But now the public profile of the mass deaths of animals could no longer be overseen. They were perceived as they were there. They were perceived as they stunk and disgusted us. They were perceived as they represented a potential threat of disease and contagion. And they were perceived because they reminded us of the crisis, and our own oncoming extinction.

We tended to live in denial of death. This crisis made that clear. We had projected ourselves into the future in the form of our children. They allowed us, in our minds, to escape death, and so we didn't associate our own deaths with extinction. We were never aware of this 'spin', until threatened with the reality that we were not going to have any more children. Suddenly the reality of death hit us. We could no longer deny it. And we hated anything that reminded us of it. The millions of dead animals all around us, slowly decomposing, reminded us of how great our denial had been.

This ecological service that nature had once provided us with for free, and which we had taken for granted, now had to be provided by us, at our own expense. And expensive it was. It was not a popular job. Collecting decomposing animals, transporting them to be incinerated. The stench was unbearable. Both of the animals, the trucks they were transported in, and the fumes from the incinerators. It was a constant, non-stop, 24-7 job. At least until the last of the populous species died and had been dealt with. Most animals in the developed world had a life cycle under a few years. You were unlikely to come across an Elephant here. More likely a parrot.

## Chapter Fifty Four

It would not be for another few decades that the real impacts in the labor markets would be felt. But when they did come, they would have widespread ramifications. Few people foresaw the changes they would bring in. Up until then, producers could rely on finding desperate labor willing to take any job, under any conditions. This had always been the problem of capitalism. Those with capital did not need to work, or to employ anyone in their businesses. And thus the relationship between labor and capital had always been imbalanced in favor of capital. That was the real problem with capitalism. That combined with and opportunistic human nature, which was the problem under any system, socialism included.

Apart from rare conditions, such as after the plagues which decimate the population of Europe by about a third during the middle ages, unskilled workers were generally in abundance, and desperate for work. They were desperate to feed and clothe their families. This is one reason all states and religions, at all times, had encouraged marriage and reproduction, and especially institutionalised the family unit as ideal living condition for the masses. The family really was the basis of 'society'. It motivated working fathers and mothers to 'put up and shut up'.

However after the crisis, the Church and state could no longer entice or threaten the masses into reproducing with propaganda, and threats of fates worse than death. The church's position on contraception no longer mattered. It had become redundant, like the debate over abortion.

Within 18 years there were no real 'families' as such. No young children dependent on fathers enduring the most horrible working conditions simply to survive. The motivation of 'providing' for a family simply evaporated.

There had been no more a reliable motivator than that. People would put up with the most uncomfortable, unhealthy, dusty, dirty, greasy, hot, sweaty, cold, unrewarding, nauseatingly repetitive work, motivated by a desire to provide for their families, and hopefully to provide a better future for their children.

Of course the irony had been that most of their children would then go on to do exactly the same thing as their parents had, with the same motivations. This is what the beneficiaries had wanted. This is why every religion and state defined the family as the foundation of society. This is why it was sentimentalised in films and novels.

This is why family was defined as the highest virtue. To ensure that the source of value, labor, would continue reproducing itself, and maintaining itself. Workers, throughout time immemorial, had been the ideal self-replicating, self-maintaining means of production. They had always been treated as means by the priests and nobility, then later capitalists, rather than as ends in themselves.

Until robots could be mass produced and self-replicating such that they could compete in price with humans, they would not be considered of much interest to the bulk of employers. Why invest in expensive machines, when cheap ones were readily available, and constantly knocking on your door begging to be exploited? Either robots would have to become cheaper, or labor more expensive, before employers would even consider replacing human labor with robotic labor.

However labor had to be motivated. It needed the constant fear of its family 'going under' to motivate it. That motivator gone, people would only be motivated to satisfy their own desires. And few of these desires would justify taking the risks, and enduring the working conditions, that up until then, employers could rely on them accepting.

The crisis had made the traditional concept of family a memory of the past.

This eliminated the main motivator for most workers to endure the extremes of exploitation employers had, until then, taken for granted. This necessitated, on the part of employers, some re-designing of work-places and production processes. This of course increased the prices of some products. Some forms of production, and their

products, simply fell out of production, as no-one could be found at any reasonable wage who was willing to put up with the necessary working conditions associated with those production processes.

Later on the actual labor supply shortages would become so critical that engineers and product designers were forced to consider the maintenance requirements of their products in their initial design stages. They would need to make things easily repairable, easily maintained, easily cleaned. There would be no pool of unemployed labor to draw on, to employ, in cleaning, servicing, and maintaining everything from cars, to houses, to public toilets.

Those who had previously been damned to a life of dirty, dangerous, nauseatingly monotonous factory or cleaning work, could now tell their bosses to 'stuff it'. They were in demand. They had market power. They were constantly offered better working conditions, better pay, better jobs, better treatment, by other employers. The competition became fierce.

It was simply a question of supply and demand, as it always had been. Only now the relationship was more balanced between labor and capital. There was less inequality to opportunistically exploit. Human nature had not changed. All that had changed was the elimination of the opportunities to exploit others.

In fact the new situation actually promoted the best in human nature. As enlightened psychologists had come to recognise, the human nature we found expressed by people was more dependent on their circumstances, their situations, than by any innate 'personality'.

Many engineers and designers rose to the challenge. All they had needed was a motive. The solutions were in most cases quite easily implemented. What had hampered their introduction in the past was simply a motive.

When there was a pool of cheap labor willing to take on any task, why bother re-engineering these tasks? The costs of doing so could not be justified to the shareholders. They would be incredulous. Why invest in improving working conditions for labor when there was no 'need' to. They would assume that some new labor regulations or environmental regulations had been introduced. When they would be informed this was not the case, they would simply reject the idea of investing in better working conditions as a waste of money, a waste of their money.

As the relative supply of labor fell, the price labor could demand rose. It quickly became cheaper to re-design production process and products. So they did. Suddenly the market was full of self-maintaining products. Household cleaning robots. Robotic production processes. Of course many products fell from the market as the ingredients, animals, had disappeared.

Others disappeared as no-one would endure the working conditions required to produce them. They didn't have to. They could find better jobs. This situation especially impacted on Army recruitment, which had typically relied on a 'poverty draft' to attract its foot-soldiers, its 'grunts'. In the absence of unemployment Armies around the developed world could either recruit immigrants, or scale down their 'fields of operations'.

This meant a pull out of the U.S and British 'imperial' military occupations and presences in South America and Afghanistan. It meant that the soldiers in service were actually provided with all the latest protective 'amour' money could buy. Soldiers, including simple infantry, suddenly became valuable. They were no longer 'disposable'. They were no longer easily replaceable. This all led to a decrease in the overseas operations of the developed nations.

And a whole range of new products, which at first did not actually seem new at all, began emerging. All forms of vegan textiles, and new textiles made from polymers arrived on the market. New vegan foodstuffs. Many appeared at first glance to be the original products people had been used to.

Their clothing felt the same. McDonald's was serving hamburgers that tasted pretty much as their customers had come to expect. Only they were vegan. Their shakes tasted slightly nutty, but people got used to that. The soy industry had found ways to smooth out their products, to increase their palatability, to add to their palates of flavors.

And revolutionary changes were emerging in the finance markets. The traditional models could not be sustained. There would be no-one to buy shares on the secondary markets within a few decades. There was no way to justify, if there indeed had ever been, price to earnings ratios that had borne no relationship to dividends and future earnings, as early as the 80s.

## Chapter Fifty Five

Once Jules' and Luc's business models had won major international awards, crowned by a Nobel Prize. Everyone was fascinated with how they managed to operate their businesses. Their staff were highly motivated, productive, and creative, in total contrast to what the conventional business ethos would have predicted from a more or less 'communist' form of production.

Jules and Sturm would constantly remind everyone of the principles of motivation and creativity. There was not a 'noble savage' among any of his team, he would often joke. No, they were all motivated by self-interest. It had merely been channeled and directed in the most enlightened ways. One of Luc's pet enterprises had been designing clothing, and textiles, that required the minimum of washing, no ironing, and yet still looked smart.

His co-operation partners had listened when he described his criteria for new textiles. They should stretch. They should breathe. They must be capable of being tailored and structured. But they should be wash and wear. Washed in cold water and then left to hang, they should still look like they had been ironed. He had calculated the holistic costs of dry cleaning, hot-water, ironing, and time, and the figure had been astonishing. What a waste of resources, time, and energy.

And so when his new line opened simultaneously in the high streets of every major city, he was on a high he had never known. He had produced something original. Ethical. Better. Smarter. Cleverer. More comfortable. And above all, stylish. His jackets, made out of a soft material, were tailored like traditional suit jackets. They hung like suit jackets. But they washed, stretched and felt like the most casual, practical and easy-wearing sports clothing and hiking gear. Style with comfort.

The attention had all been in the detail. In the tailoring of a snug fit. In the stretch materials used everywhere you would want a piece of clothing to stretch. Sometimes, like a structurally engineered bridge, the 'load' and 'stretch' would be redistributed where it would not be seen, allowing a tailored fit that actually stretched to match the movements of the wearer, without being seen to do so. Like a plastic surgeon hiding the tiny scars of their procedures inside hairlines, within skin folds and creases, and behind ears.

His father had once said that 'self-praise is no praise', so he was overwhelmed with the feedback. The people loved it. The models loved it.

The fashion industry, which had been skeptical at first, adored it. Jules was so proud of him. Up to now Jules had enjoyed most of the success. He had been 'the man behind the woman'. She was glad to share the limelight. She felt no jealousy, as *he* had not, as far as she could tell, ever been jealous of *her* success. The point was they were working for the future.

The future? The thought felt surely out of place. But it also felt perfectly reasonable. How? Why? She put it down to a book she had been reading, which Sturm had written, since passing on his intellectual baton, as he put it, to his successors at the university.

In his new book Sturm had proposed what he called 'The Optimal Dogma' or 'Optimal Ethics Generator'. If people believed in random reincarnation, they would have a motive to ensure justice for everyone, and everything. While they might be able to be the beneficiaries, this life, of injustice and inequality, they would, most likely, according to random probability, suffer the costs of injustice and inequality in most of their future lives.

This was a huge step forward from the conventional ideas of Karma and reincarnation. You would not be able to count on the intercession of any gods, spirits, or ancestors. You would inherit, holistically, the world that you produced via your actions in this life. However you had no control over what or who you would be born as in your next lives.

And so today's boss would most likely be tomorrow's employee. Today's rich would most likely be tomorrow's poor. Today's gorgeous, sexy person, would be tomorrow's ugly, sexually frustrated one. Today's beneficiary of inequality and injustice would be tomorrow's victim of inequality and injustice.

It would give anyone considering reproducing themselves, and their holistic inheritances, pause. It was one thing to doom your children to inherit your own genes. It was another thing to doom yourself. Surely, when you had the chance to choose whose genes you would inherit in your next lives, you would be much more careful about whose genes you reproduced. Who would not chose, for their next lives, to be more beautiful, intelligent, talented, balanced, and happy, than they currently are?

Who would reproduce inequality and injustice, when the odds were that they, while beneficiaries of it in this life, would bear the costs of it, in their next lives?

Surely this would, at least, produce a more balanced approach to politics?

Most people might still chose some level of inequality, but few would, seriously, risk experiencing the worst our social order has to offer, over and over again, simply for the chance, in one of their next lives, to enjoy massive privilege and luxury. And so even the staunchest of Republicans would suddenly find empathy for the poor, and would promote a much more liberal and generous welfare state.

Of course most people who argue for 'Social *Spencerism*', wrongly called Social *Darwinism* by most, (as it was Herbert Spencer and not Darwin who had coined the phrase, and who had believed in the concept), imagine themselves at the top of the food- chain. Every predator at the top of the food-chain is of course all for inequality and injustice. They are the beneficiaries of it. However their ideological argument is disingenuous. It is merely opportunistic. Only after you take your top-do down a few pegs on the food-chain hierarchy do you get to learn of their real feelings regarding inequality and injustice. It is good when you benefit from it, but bad when you are the victim of it.

And so the concept of random new-incarnations ensures everyone will consider the costs of inequality and injustice for most people, rather than the benefits experienced by the few. For, over eternal new random incarnations, you are most likely to suffer these costs, and only rarely ever likely to enjoy these benefits.

Jules felt a sort of Deja Vous when she had read that for the first time. She put it down to Sturm's brilliance. His arguments appeared self-evident, even obvious.

Of course, you would think to yourself. That was as plain as anything. And yet, up to Sturm's publication, no-one had ever heard such ideas expressed.

Historians and academic philosophers sought for earlier references to such ideas in vain. Not among the Hindus, Daoists, Buddhists, Jains, Ancient Greeks, Zoroastrians, not in Zen, or Shinto, or any of the ancient animist belief systems of the American Indians or Australian aborigines. Nope. It was that most rare of things in the realm of philosophical thought. It was original.

But it just felt so obvious. How could the great minds of the past have overlooked such a logical argument? Such an obviously compelling one? Or had they? Was it simply that no-one had ever been allowed to publish such ideas? But who would seek to stop them?



## Chapter Fifty Six

Sturm lay back, allowing himself to fall into the crystal clear water. He floated on his back, vaguely aware of the palm trees swaying just off Kings Beach, Byron bay. He had walked down through a palm forest of architectural verticality, down to the pure white sand of the beach.

The water began with a crystalline clarity, which gradually merged into aquamarine blue-green. Sturm allowed himself to sink deeper. He opened his eyes and was amazed at the clarity of the water. He could see the sky clearly through several feet of water. He turned his head toward the depths of the ocean. The water color gradually darkened from a soft light blue to a deeper blue as his focus moved out to the deeper water. It was beautiful. He would never forget these colors, this color gradation, the purity of the water. He heard Jill splash into the water beside him. It was approaching twilight.

The water beaded on her porcelain white skin. The aureoles of her breasts, her lovely puffy nipples, seemed obscenely erotic in their bright pinkness.

Her breasts swayed on the surface as she bobbed up and down. He kissed her gently, just as a warm summer shower gently caressed them. She motioned him to follow her under water. She then pointed up, the most appealing, innocent joy on her face. They both floated there, underwater, looking up through the crystalline water as rain-drops splashed onto its surface.

## Chapter Fifty Seven

On the other side of the world 'The Prophet', named in his passport as 'Kim Jestem', was admiring the 'crystal bloom' which formed on any and all objects that offered some grip for the freezing winter rain and snow. These ice forms were novel for Kim. He had never imagined that ice could be so lovely, or that winter could be so cold. Inside his tiny apartment he admired the frost blooms that had grown on his window panes. They were glorious. Intricate repeating patterns, like fractals. 'Gardens of frosted fractal ferns', he emailed a friend in Australia, 'grow on my winters windows'.

Kim and his Zollbeamter lover had decided to take a break from their relationship. She never revealed that she was still, at least officially, married, and was unsure whether they might still have a future. If Kim was going to be honest with himself, which he invariably, ultimately, always, was, he would have to admit that he was actually relieved. He had never considered himself a real relationship type of guy, not since his second serious relationship ended in a week of stomach cramps.

Even then, although he had initially felt abjectly 'gutted' by her rejection, he had, when she had suggested that she had not in fact rejected him at all, suddenly realised that he was glad. He had felt relieved to be out of the stress of relationships. He was too sensitive. He worried too much about pleasing her and keeping her. He worried too much about rejection. He realised that he wanted to be wanted, but that once he had the feeling of being wanted, he wanted 'out'. He wanted his freedom.

Part of the problem was how he lived, and his expectations from life. He could not affirm life, at least the lives he had lived and seen others living. He had had a vasectomy at age 19. He was serious about not reproducing any of the lives he had known.

Only once had he regretted it. During his first relationship. But soon after that relationship broke down. And so he was glad his partner was not, as she had said she thought she might be, pregnant. He realised that he had been too fucked up by his mother, his early life, and his later experiences, to be able to deal with the responsibilities of parenthood. And he took those seriously. Too seriously perhaps. And anyway, his lifestyle, his habits, were not compatible with parenthood.

He was pathologically worried about saving money. Like his mother. And years later when he finally met his father, he saw the same pathological frugality. Like David Hume's rich miser, he felt more satisfaction from the thought of what he could afford, if he wanted too, while realising that he would probably never actually allow himself the actual enjoyment. This had been easier to justify when he had had no money. Then his habits appeared reasonable. It was only after he had accumulated a bit of money that the neurotic dimension of his financial habits was impossible to deny.

Occasionally he fantasized about being a doting, generous father. But his parents had never been. And how could he assume he would change the habits of a lifetime, and instincts that were probably as much genetic as socialised. He had inherited these habits both genetically from his mother and father, and from his mother's behavior. Perhaps he had identified with her, and unconsciously sought the approval he never managed to earn from her, through being as careful with money as her?

In any case, he thought every child deserved a generous, easy going, father, and not a neurotic, pathologically cheap one. He had come to enjoy saving money. He would 'hunt' from one supermarket to another, searching for anything tasty that had been marked down. Cakes, salad, breads, junk-food, anything he could find. Only in this way would he allow himself such nice food. He tried to eat as many salads and vegetables as he could find in this way. However he was not averse to eating whole cakes, when he found them cheap. As he walked everywhere, did 100

crunches and push-ups almost every day, and ate only in the early evening, once a day, he managed to keep his figure within acceptable limits. It was one of his few vanities.

He even cut his own hair to save stress and money. He regularly had disputes with landlords over his water meter readings. They could not imagine how he could use only half a cubic-liter of water a month. They carefully checked the meter for manipulation. They could not imagine how he might bathe in a shallow bath, in which he then washed his clothing, and then the mop he used to mop his apartment each night. He would then use the water to flush down the sink after peeing in it. Few people would have believed him had he explained all this. They simply imagined he must spend few nights at home!

The same disbelief came when it came time to read his heating meters.

They carefully checked for signs that he had somehow tampered with the meters. In fact he never used heating, even in winter in Europe, unless it could not be turned down, such as in Eastern Europe with its central heating, in which heating plants heated the water for entire town quarters.

After bathing he used a microfiber cloth to dry himself off. When he had been living out of his car in Australia, he had washed himself with such a cloth in bathroom sinks, what German relatives called 'Katzenwaschen'. In fact he carried a moist micro-fiber cloth with him during summer, constantly feeling dirty, and always feeling better after a quick face wipe.

He agonised over virtually any expenditure, torturing himself with criticism any time he accidentally made some mistake or miscalculation that cost him even a few dollars, such as in banking transactions, or finding something he had just bought and began using much cheaper at another store or at a later date.

So of course he could not possibly just 'go out for a meal', or even a simple cup of coffee. He was embarrassed by the idea of a potential mate seeing how he lived. He never went out, so he only met women occasionally. He had managed to have some sexual interactions with women, but they were literally few and far between.

And much worse than this lack of quantity was the fact that he'd never had 'great', or even, if he was to be honest, 'good' sex.

He had had only two really good experiences, being wanked and sucked off by girls. He had never had a real orgasm through vaginal sex. What had ruined his first relationship, with a lovely brown skinned, dark haired state surf champion, had been his inability to 'cum' with her. He would ejaculate inside her without any real orgasm. He would be left feeling desolate, alienated, and depressed.

However he loved her dearly. Even when she sought to relieve his tension before a sociology exam, sucking him off, he ejaculated into her mouth feeling more numb than aroused. She left him after he suggested he should sleep with other girls, to see if it might be better, sexually, with them. She had earlier complained of the 'lack of passion' in their relationship. She further complained that they never went out, not even to the pub for drinks.

He had given many more orgasms than he had ever received, to be sure. In fact his second girlfriend had broken up with him a few days after revealing to him that she 'had admitted to her friends that she thought she loved him'. Her reasons? She felt he had too much power over her. Why? He had given her multiple orgasms.

He remembered her arching her back, lifting her entire body off the bed, as she came, again and again, from his fingering and licking and sucking.

Later he had recalled this to another girlfriend. She said she understood why she might dump him because he was so good in bed. He felt a little let down that she would 'side' with his ex. Surely he could expect her to be supportive of him and his feelings. It was, after all, him that had been rejected and abandoned. And for such a reason? It was enough to drive anyone mad.

Other girlfriends later left him, in their own words, because they loved him. Sooner or later he came to realise that they had not rejected him as such. They had merely felt that they were not right for him. They had felt his lack of sexual passion for them. Of course they wanted a man who felt a hot sexual passion for them. He could be cynical about this, seeing it as reflecting their desire for a man willing to 'pay' for sex. The more they wanted it, the

more they would pay. Only stood to reason. But on other occasions he could be more generous and could even almost validate their sentiments.

So here he was again. Alone. But as it had only been a week or so since he had been with a woman, he was not yet abject. That would come later, when he would begin to feel hopeless, desperate, and faithless that any woman would ever again want him, that he would be alone forever. That sort of desolation would only emerge months later. For now he was quite at ease.

He felt comfortable returning to his typical pattern. He felt no stress to change. No need to worry about whether he in fact could change or not. No worry about whether she would want kids, and how he would respond. He could focus on his writing and thinking. And this is what he did. He began a short essay on his motivations for having sought, and then published, the 'peaceful pill' recipe of Dr Nitschke.

The essence of the essay was as follows. Without the power to decide whether we should live or die, we were essentially slaves. It was a fundamental right. That we should be denied such rights was revealing about the basic systems of relations. What could motivate the authorities to do this?

As long as people had no 'easy' alternative to enduring their lives of exploitation and misery, they were more likely to continue in their roles as value producers, soldiers, and security guards. They would go on consuming, paying taxes, and reproducing themselves, and that system of relations.

People were being forced to endure their lives, and to reproduce them, as others, the 'beneficiary classes', benefited from their suffering. The authorities did not act with the interests of the individuals who wanted to die in mind. No, they acted in the interests of the elites whose lives they made more satisfying and rewarding. Who would produce the value that the elites consumed if not the workers?

If the workers refused to produce that value, if they refused to reproduce themselves as value producers, then the elites would have to produce all the value that they consumed themselves. And they could only produce very little themselves. They had relied upon masses of workers producing this value. These masses were not allowed to consume most of what they produced. This is the value that the beneficiary classes appropriated for themselves.

Kim reflected on the various meanings relationships had for him. Being 'free' of a relationship meant he might travel again. He had recently been offered a job in South Korea, teaching English. So he decided that, having nothing to lose, he might as well travel a bit. And travel always provided the (false?) hope of something better. Surely Korean women would jump at the chance for a sex with a Westerner? Didn't they all fantasize about emigrating to Europe or Australia? Surely it would be easy to get into some of his adult student's panties? And who knows what luck he might have with some of the teenage college girls.

He felt suddenly buoyed by all this fantasizing. Of course at some level he was aware it was all rubbish. But why spoil the fantasy. He could earn some money. And he was itching to get back into the world, do some rewarded work, interact with people, and travel a bit. So he took the offer.

However he was cautious by nature. And he had heard so many sorry tales from ESL teachers who had been badly done by. So he insisted that the school pay for his airfares and visas upfront. They refused to. But he refused to come otherwise. He didn't have to go. He would only go on his terms. And when they finally realised this, they accepted his terms.

This was the basic nature of the labor market. Employers traditionally relied upon the workers desperation. Workers had to accept any terms and conditions. The greater the oversupply of workers, the more desperate they were. The more desperate they were, the less favorable the terms and conditions that they would accept. Thus ever increasing populations of workers ensured a labor market defined by injustice and inequality.

## Chapter Fifty Eight

Jules leaned over, and the exquisite pain of the small bruise on his stomach reminded him of last night's love-making. Jill had introduced Jules to this new element of their love making. At first he had been a bit shocked. Jill had grabbed the firm skin of Jules' flat stomach between her teeth, her mouth open wide, sucking in a broad area of flesh. She had bit just firmly enough to produce a shooting pain. She stopped as soon as Jules yelped.

Jules' then felt such an exquisite short, sharp, deliciously pleasurable sensation. She was surprised at how erotic a feeling it was. And so Jules had reciprocated. He had bitten her in the same way. And Just thinking about that left her wet, and desperate for sex. Now every time she recalled that bite she felt a sudden surge of heat, a passionate lust, grow in her loins.

And this was good timing, for it brought her into exactly the right frame of mind for her meeting.

Styles soon arrived to discuss her ideas for the 3 minute mobile-phone erotica. And the 'big-brother' style 'horny house', as she had nicknamed the project.

Ideas were already coming to mind. She made quick notes of them on the Dictaphone function of her mobile phone. Then it dawned on her. Why not just invite some friends and acquaintances over and do some shootings today?

Styles had all the production gear he would need on hand in their studio.

So she got busy calling numbers, delegating others to follow up with the details, to arrange transport where necessary, to contact Styles to arrange lighting and sound people, and so on.

By the time they had arrived she had sketched out her ideas and made some suggestions for Styles. As usual, she would approach the shooting with an open mind. Hit and miss. Try and see. See what worked and what didn't. You could never really tell beforehand what would turn out hot and dirty, and what would appear lame and artificial. The final arbitrator was in her panties. If it got her off, it was good. She could tell a really aroused penis from a professional act. She could tell which orgasms were real and which were faked. She reckoned that everyone could. The truth was in the physical response. If it made you desperate to fuck, to be fucked, then it was good porn.

She lined up her 'contestant's opposite each other. The context would be a competition made of several appropriately named, she would laugh to herself, 'heats'. In the first the women would sit next to a man who would be sitting naked on a sofa. The first 'heat' was to see which woman could get her man hard quickest, using only sexy, erotic, dirty, talk. She would have only her verbal skills, her erotic fantasy, to seduce him with. She would have to stimulate him with her voice and mind.

She would have to lose all her inhibitions, and imagine what turned men on, what made them hard quickest. What were the dirtiest and most inappropriate fantasies of men? She gave the women a few moments to collect themselves while Styles and a few of his team arranged lighting and sound. They would record each of the girls, filming their faces, the men's faces, and their, hopefully, swelling erections.

Once everything was set up, she entered, dressed as a 'ringmaster', announcing, 'let the games begin'. The women began flustering hot scenarios in their companion's ears. One, a young brunette with soft brown eyes and a beautiful voice, spoke to him as if she might to a cute small boy.

Her tone was in itself arousing. She started telling him of how she used to masturbate as a young girl, fantasizing about the cock of her English teacher. She described her white panties, and her virtually hairless little twat. She described how she would touch herself gently, stroking her slit from arse to clit and back, while imagining sucking on her teacher's long, hard cock. She would wank and suck at it. It would grow rigid and suddenly spurt a load of hot cum all over her sweet, innocent young face. She would tremble and cum at the thought. Jules had a winner. He was hard enough for penetration, which was the measure they were using.

When the others listened to the replay of her story they all became massively aroused. The men all had huge erections, with pre-cum dribbling from the tips of their rock-hard cocks. The girls were wet and ready for anything.

Which was the perfect condition for the next 'event' on the schedule. The cameras had continued rolling during all of this. It would be edited later.

Now our 'taskmaster' directed the players to their new places. The men would once more be seated comfortably on their sofas. This had all happened so seamlessly that they were still massively aroused.

The men and women were now each given contradictory challenges. For the men the challenge was to be the last to cum, for the girls, to be the first to make their man cum. 'Starting', she smiled salaciously, 'now!'

And so the girls went to it, wanking and sucking their men off furiously, sexily begging them, 'baby, cum for me baby, cum in my mouth, oh fuck, cum in my mouth, I want you to cum'. One of the girls was particularly fast and regular in her wanking, keeping the head of her man's penis wet, flicking the frenulum with her finger-nail lightly, as he exploded into her mouth and then across her pretty face, cum ending up across her nose, in her hair, and dribbling down her chin.

Just then the next two followed, moaning, having been brought to a head by the first man's loud moaning and seeing the pretty girls face get covered in hot, sticky, cum. That is what had finally sent them over the edge.

Wow, Jules thought, feeling a cool breeze blowing up under her skirt, over her exposed, now wet slit. 'So far so good', she thought, her legs weak as she walked over to announce the next 'event' before the camera.

She quickly arranged the players in a new arrangement. Sofa's were brought over, so that the men and girls could sit facing each other. The girls were instructed to take off their skirts, and panties. 'Panties off girls', she repeated. She liked the word 'panties'. It was sexy. The girls slipped their panties down their thighs, revealing beautiful, smoothly shaved slits. They were the prettiest twats she had seen all week, she thought to herself. And if they made her horny, she could only imagine what they were doing to the men. No, actually, she could see. They were already recovering their rigidity after their last ejaculations.

She motioned for them to sit down opposite each other. She arranged their legs, saying, in a sweet, innocent, sexy, ultra-feminine voice, 'now girls, I want you to spread your legs for Jules'. So they sat with their legs spread wide, facing the men, who now all enjoyed pulsing stiff cocks. And Jill continued. 'Now girls, the first to masturbate themselves to orgasm is the winner. Go!' And off they went.

Some began rubbing their clits with one hand, while sliding their other hand's fingers gently along their cracks. Their pussies, sealed closed by a film of moistness which began flowing as soon as it was released, opened up instantly.

The petite blond blue eyed teen focused on her clitoral hood, flicking the palms of her fingers furiously from side to side in a wanking motion. The black haired, green eyed 21 year old, fingered herself with one hand while rubbing her clit with the other. The third, the young brunette, closed her eyes, raised her hips, and fingered herself from behind, wildly gyrating her hips.

The cameras focused on their faces, their fingering, and on the men's reactions as, within a few minutes, the girls were moaning, grinding their hips.

The little blond then lifted her arse off the sofa. She hung there for a moment perfectly rigid, her face contorted in ecstasy, every muscle in her body contracted and motionless. At the same time she 'squirted' a small amount of liquid, her face a paroxysm of divine, delicious, orgasmic delight.

The others followed in kind, moaning and sighing gently. Then the black haired young woman began moaning 'fuck, I'm coming, fuck, oh fuck, fuck'. Her last 'fuck' trailing off as she collapsed on the sofa.

Spontaneously, the cameras still rolling, Jules knelt down between the legs of the girl who had not yet cum, and gently took her hand, sucking on her fingers. She then began fingering her. At first the 'contestant' was startled, but then she gave into the voluptuous sensations of Jill's ministrations. She really got into it.

Jill reached out her right arm, motioning for the men to come over. They instinctively understood what she wanted. One stood with his rigid cock in the girls face. She greedily took it and began sucking it and wanking it. As

the girl exploded in her orgasm, the cocks of the two other men who had been wanking over the two girls suddenly jerked and twitched in their hands, exploding all over the Jill and the girl. She then felt someone's hands on her own hips, and so she got up.

She turned to see Styles, his eyes full of hot desire for her. He had unzipped his trousers. He took his enormous erection in his hand. She felt the hot head of his cock nudging up against her wet hole. He entered her from behind, penetrating her easily in one smooth, delicious movement.

The girl got up and began kissing Jules' open mouth as she panted the beginnings of her orgasm, moaning, 'fuck, fuck, fuck, yes, fuck me baby, cum inside me, quick, I want you to cum inside me' as he exploded, pulling out as a stream of hot cum splashed over her back. She turned quickly to lap up the remaining cum, sucking gently on his cock.

She always came hard when a sexy man used her cunt to pleasure his cock.

She gave the girls and men a kiss, and went over to the monitors, to see how it had 'come' out. They had gotten it all on tape. It would barely have to be edited at all. They would simply select a variety of camera angles and switch between them during the edit.

The next day the footage was previewed on a number of exclusive 'pay for view' private satellite television channels. They had co-operation partners around the world. And from the footage Jill and Styles put together more than a dozen 3 minute 'mobile phone' movies. It was a good money earner. And moreover, it was part of Jules' general philosophy. People needed to get in touch with their sexuality. We were sexual creatures.

As Freud had proven in his psycho-analytic work, repressing this sexuality ultimately produced frustration, irritability, and neuroses. Sex was natural.

Sex should be celebrated. She was motivated by a desire to free humankind from their sexual repressions, more than by any financial motives. Her 'sex escape' label was a co-operative effort. Most of the money went to the 'participants', the 'green-think' think tank, her own 'Go-Vegan' enterprises, and to various charities which promoted sexual education, sexual liberation, and facilitated holistically informed consent. They provided counseling and 'drop-in' centers for youth, where they could openly discuss their sexual worries and problems with profession sex-education workers, counselors, and even, in some cases, have sex with profession sex-workers.

## Chapter Fifty Nine

Korea, according to the media reports, had become the center of excellence for research into cloning. They had recently paraded a number of successfully cloned dogs. What the media hadn't reported, however, were the hundreds of failed births, and defects, which formed the overwhelming majority of the researcher's outcomes. And there were rumors that the dogs died shortly after they had appeared on television, from heart and lung failure, and other complications. They had then, like a Lassie movie producer, used 'ring-ins' at later public actions.

Initially, during the early days of the crisis, most fertility researchers around the world had sought to artificially implant frozen sperm with stored ovum. The ovum would fertilize with no problems. However, as soon as the zygote began dividing, problems would set in. By the tenth division anomalies occurred and the zygote stopped developing. They had never managed to get even to the basic stages of fetal development.

Rumor had it that government research ethics boards around the world began turning a blind eye to the activities of their cloning researchers, allowing them more or less free reign. Rumors abounded that they were even attempting to clone humans.

While the Japanese were focusing their hopes on robotics and the transition of sentience from organic life forms to metallic ones, the Koreans, and soon the Americans, were desperately trying to clone humans. However they never got past the zygote stage. Something happened to the zygotes. They never developed.

It appeared that, as the Daoists put it, Nature had 'turned'. It had reached a 'tipping point'. They believed some life would survive, like the Yin in Yang, but that most life would disappear. This was of course consistent with the old Nordic religion's belief in 'Ragnarok', the 'End of days', which would end with one female and one male going on to repopulate an otherwise completely empty world.



## Chapter Sixty

Kim's plane set down at the new, ultra-modern Korean airport. Someone from the 'Hogwan' was coming to meet him. A very cute young Korean girl, it turned out. She barely spoke any English. She was so cute, Kim thought. It made him really horny, imagining her in white panties. Innocent, sweet, naive, inexperienced, willing to learn, keen to please.

Yum. She was delicious, or at least this fantasy of her was. She explained, in very broken, limited English, and mostly through gestures, that they would take a company car back to the school. The driver was very polite and kept nodding and smiling. He was jolly, jovial, cheerful, and kept laughing and smiling repeating, 'I you driver', we go, school, now, thank you", in response to anything Kim said.

He gestured for Kim and the girl to get into the car. She bowed a little towards him, said a few words, and motioned for Kim to get in the back seat. She followed. As she climbed in she raised her thigh just high enough that her skirt rode up and gave him a tasty glimpse of white pantied crotch. Her skin was so brown, and smooth. Her hair was dark. Her eyes were shiny, and almost black. She had a pretty smile. She kept smiling at him. It gave him such a hard on.

And so very tantalizing thoughts suddenly entered into his head. He took off his fleece and lay it across his lap. Underneath it he unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock. He gently stroked it with his fingers. He was thrilled with a combination of fear and excitement at what he as about to do. It was a risk, but he was going to go for it.

He began talking to her. Making sure her English really was that bad. Then he started slipping the words 'panties', and then 'slit', and then pussy, into his sentences. She just nodded, and smiled, indicating with her facial gestures that she was embarrassed not to be able to understand.

He was so aroused now. He glanced at her crotch, then her mouth, her nose, looking her straight in the eyes he began, in a casual tone 'It would be so nice to pull your legs apart right now, to slip your skirt up your thighs, and press my nose up against your pussy". His voice was a bit shaky, but he tried to make it sound neutral and harmless.

As always she sort of laughed, smiled, and indicated her embarrassment at not being able to speak much English. He went on. 'I want to pull your panties down, and spread your legs really wide. I want to stare at your slit.

I want to ease my pole up to your wet hole, so you can feel the hot head of my rigid hard-one. I want to suck on your nipples, and slip my hot hard boner deep into your hole". As he said this he came hard under his fleece. He tried not to reveal anything unusual. However he became aware that his voice had become a little hoarse and high pitched.

And so he continued talking, this time about normal stuff, and after he had pulled his now satisfied penis back into his pants, and managed to zip up, he lay back to relax, and enjoy the rest of the ride.

As part of his 'orientation', one of the other English teachers drove him up to the mountains on the outskirts of Kumi city, the high tech industrial heartland of South Korea, headquarters to such world dominating players as Philips LG. As they drove along the streets he was impressed by the maple trees that lined the streets in perfectly orderly steps. From up above, looking out the Cafe window, they looked as if they were 'flaming' into the sky, melting in a gradual sunburst of color from green to orange, to red, as they surged towards the sky.

The teacher said he would be too busy to show him much, but he could drop him off at the lake below the famous mountains. He would be able to make his way back to the school, he said, but if he had any problems, he should get in a taxi and give him the school's business card, which he handed him, and they would bring him back. So he shook hands, got out of the car, and watched him drive off from the lake, back towards the town.

He looked around to see couples pedaling little swan-shaped paddle boats on the lake. As he continued up towards the mountain, he noted some lovely bridges and what looked like fresh mountain springs. So he went over and enjoyed some chilly, pure spring water. He filled up his water bottle. It was refreshing.

He quickly decided to continue up to the mountain. He passed what was, according to the tourist signs, an old Zen monastery. He read how the monks had escaped the onslaught of the Japanese by climbing up sheer cliff walls using only the vines growing there.

Apparently the Japanese had taken most of Korea's best tradespeople back to Japan, after having looted anything of value they could get their hands on. But the true treasure they had found was the Korean tradespeople, who had developed their crafts way beyond anything the Japanese had, at that time, yet managed. Further up the mountain he passed long thick battlement walls and some more monastery buildings. Soon he passed many piles of rocks.

He wondered if they meant anything. Further up he rested by the waterfall. He took off his shoes and wandered around its base. He was hot from walking, and the day was quite warm by his standards already. So he walked under the water fall, as he had done in Bali. Again he was surprised by the powerful force of the water which pounded down on him.

At first the Koreans there were surprised, but then a few followed his example. As he sat down, enjoying the quiet, and the natural beauty, the mist rising from the waterfall, the clean, moist, sweet air, it suddenly appealed to him how very much the rocks near the waterfall resembled Cézanne's' paintings of southern France. Invigorated by all of this, Kim decided he would climb up the mountain.

He saw cable cars heading up between the peaks, however, true to his nature, he would climb, rather than pay for a cable car. As he was halfway up the mountain he noticed workers repairing the track. They didn't look too happy. He imagined they might be unemployed people working on 'work for the dole' schemes similar to the ones he had been forced to participate in in Australia. He felt empathy for them.

They appeared pretty pissed off. As he approached they made no effort to get out of his way so he could pass. They looked at him with fairly brutal expressions, almost hinting at hostility. But this could be a cultural misunderstanding.

When he finally found room to pass, one of them turned and his spade almost caught Kim in the head. He could swear the guy had meant it. Sad but true. But he couldn't blame him, really. The Korean had seen what he assumed to be a rich foreigner enjoying his life, out here on holiday, while he himself endured a miserable existence of exploitation, improving the walking track for others to enjoy. Others who would take no interest in his problems.

After an hour of climbing up the very wide path, edged in with stones on either side, a virtual highway, Kim decided to look for a short-cut. So he began following a narrow path that winded its way up what appeared to be a more direct route to the summit.

After an hour or so this track became less well defined, and finally blocked by a lot of fallen trees. So Kim was forced to make his way around them. His tragic lack of any sense of direction then made itself felt, to his dismay. He circumnavigated the trees and then headed for what seemed to him to be the most likely place to regain the path he had been on. However soon it became clear he was no longer on any path. He was lost. And he had long since finished off the last of his water. He was hot, tired, thirsty, and hungry. He felt weak. He felt a migraine coming on. He felt more than a little distressed.

He decided to head towards the top of the ridge he was on. As he moved off he came across a cave. At the entrance he saw a Buddha statue. He decided to take a look. At first he was very cautious. He saw what looked like burned-down candles, and under a ledge, what looked like a crude sleeping spot, with Hessian bags lining the ground.

Turning the corner, he came face to face with a larger Buddha statue. In front of the statue, among what appeared to be votive offerings to the Buddha, he noted an opened can of lemonade, and some peanut candies.

He looked around carefully. He picked up the can, brushing it, and drinking quickly through his teeth, in case there was anything other than liquid in the can, insects, or who knows what.

The sweet, cold lemonade was delicious. He took a few of the candies and ate them. He sat down and poured the rest of the can of lemonade into his own bottle, and replaced the empty can. As far as he understood, Buddha was all about compassion. He surely would not be upset with him. The votive offerings had been made, if they had been made in the right spirit, as offerings of love, out of a desire to ease the suffering in this world. And so Kim had realised this aim.

It was only year's later, reading Fraser's 'The Golden Bough', on the topic of transubstantiation, that something suddenly suggested itself to him. By eating and drinking of food that had been consecrated to Buddha, he had, through the sympathetic and homeopathic magic of transubstantiation, become one with the Buddha, the 'awakened' one.

Catholics ascribed the same meaning to their eating of the consecrated bread and wine, which, through the priest's magic, had come to represent the body and blood of their Christ. This sort of belief in transubstantiation had been almost universally common across the ancient world, thousands of years before the Catholics had adopted it for their own cult.

Years later Kim would wonder at the co-incidence. He felt that he too had attained at least as high a level of enlightenment as the Buddha. In fact he had gone on to answer questions Buddha had left as insoluble. However he had never wanted to start a new religion.

Start a new religion? What an odd thought. For a second he wondered where that idea had come from. Then it faded back into his unconscious as other more pressing thoughts entered his consciousness. Worries. Potential problems. Anticipated, futile arguments with ignorant, hostile, brainwashed idiots. And so on. The usual. For Kim, that is. And as he walked past the

Korean restaurant he was appalled to see live crayfish in tanks, awaiting a horrific death in boiling water. The death awaiting the poor fish was gruesome too, but still, who would chose being thrown alive into a boiling pot of water over having their heads quickly cut off by a sharp blade? Humans, Kim reflected, were sociopaths, when you took a non-species-*ist*, universal definition of the concept.

Humans were the true monsters on this planet. Such experiences had, over the years, eliminated any of the hope he had once had for humanity, any of the faith he had once felt in human nature, any of the dreams he had once had of perfecting humanity.

A person would take living fish, fry them, and serve them still alive, all the while claiming to be a devout Buddhist! They would build a 'Buddhist' shrine behind this very same restaurant. Kim could only imagine what Buddha would make of the religion that had been founded in his name, and yet which had abandoned all of his principles. Like a Dali Lama who would order his serfs to kill and prepare meat, and thus take upon themselves the bad karma associated with such an act. Oh it would have broken his spirit.

Finally, after many hours, Kim barely managed to find the cable car, and to walk slowly back down the mountain. He was so sick and almost lame that he had to take breaks on the way. He was often close to total exhaustion.

He could not tell how long his breaks had been. He might easily have passed out, and then came back to himself. But gradually he found his way back to town.

And so he eventually found his way back to his tiny flat, promising himself that he would never put himself through such an ordeal again. He was completely lame. He was beyond exhausted.

Looking out over his balcony down the road, just above the level of the telegraph poles, the scene suggested itself to him as some sort of industrial jungle, overgrown with vines, cables, and wires.

Then something in his peripheral vision caught his attention. Through the small window above the house opposite his apartment block he saw a woman drying her hair. She had apparently just gotten out of the shower.

She was naked. As she dried her hair her breasts jiggled. She had a big bush. Had she noticed him? What suggested this possibility was that she kept facing him, and when she dressed, she put her panties on last. Was that for his benefit, or was that just wishful thinking? Had she just given her bush time to dry in the thick, damp, humidity?

## Chapter Sixty One

A few months later Kim was back in his Language School's head office, giving some lessons to senior LG directors. He was sort of being paraded around, shown off, by the school. He was their best advertising. A 'native' speaker.

That was what most students wanted. He had been chauffeured from one office to another. His students, mostly at the director level in the big companies they worked for, often invited him to go to Zen retreats, to their homes, and to help him in any way they could. One sent a car for him to take him to Seoul, after he complained that he could not find a decent guitar shop in Kumi.

So it was in a very positive state of mind that he was wandering the office hallway when he overheard a pretty young female voice in conversation with someone on the phone. He was curious. He glanced around the door, glimpsing a pretty, tight figure in a tailored business 'skirt-suit'. Her hair was a lustrous jet black, reaching to her below her waist. He imagined it reaching to her bum. Yum. She had such a sexy, pretty, sweet voice. She must have felt his presence, as she turned around, continuing her conversation in perfect English. And then, with a mixture of excitement, fear and dread, which only seemed to peak his sexual arousal, he was hit by the recollection of that day in the car, being picked up from the airport and driven back to the school.

It was her, the girl he had talked dirty to. She apparently recognised him too. However her friendly, welcoming, mischievous smile indicated that she bore him no grudge. And so the fear dissipated, leaving him with a stinging need for sexual relief. She kept looking at him, smiling, as she finished her conversation. Placing the phone back on its charger, she playfully accosted him. So, Kim, any more suggestions about what you want to do with my panties?

She was teasing him, he could tell. It turned him on. He imagined it turned her on too. She kept direct eye contact, now and then lowering her gaze to his crotch, then returning his gaze, almost challenging him to seduce her. She had already seduced him. And she had to admit that it had been a real turn-on, that day in the car.

She had never met anyone so sexually direct and uninhibited, she thought to herself. No man she had ever known would have dared to take such risks. It was hot. It was the sort of passion she had been longing for, and had never found. Polite men bored her. The sex was cold and routine. Sometimes nice, but always, if she was to be honest, disappointing.

And here was this good looking, interesting foreigner. And what she was most interested in, she had to admit, was what the sex with him would be like. And she was not going to wait long to find out. She motioned for him to the coffee machine, inviting him to sit down as she made them coffee. All the while she felt his eyes caressing her every curve, her every hidden undulation.

She felt him undressing her with his eyes. She imagined his soft smooth hands flowing all over her body like warm water. He had lovely hands. A musician's hands, she thought. It was the first thing that had struck her as she had lightly taken his hand at their first meeting. Long fingers. He was, she remembered from his job application, a guitarist. She had from the first moment wanted to be his instrument. She wanted to be played by him. She wanted him to make music with her body, using it as his instrument.

His sexy foreign accent sent thrills shuddering down her spine. She had become very self-conscious, even a bit uncertain of sitting, worried that the dampness that had already soaked her panties, her white panties, might soak through her skirt, leaving a damp patch on the black seats.

So instead she motioned for them to go for a walk outside. He was happy to oblige, holding his bag in front of him as he got up, in an attempt to hide his erection. She cutely glanced at his crotch, amused by his apparent embarrassment, smiling warmly, making it clear that she was not in any way offended. She was the perfect mix of

coyness, innocence, and authenticity that he found most attractive in a girl, most exciting, most engaging, and most arousing.

He felt comfortable around her, natural, able to let his defenses drop. He felt he had no need of masks or personas around her. He could be himself. A little goofy. A little clumsy. But somehow she let him know that she approved of him at a very basic level. He felt certain, deep inside himself that she accepted and approved of him. He felt that he had made the best possible impression on her that he could have hoped to.

And she felt the same way about him. There was something special about him. Something disarming. And that was exactly the word that came to mind when he thought of her.

So for the last 5 months of his contract Kim spent a lot of time with her, inside her, cumming over her, cumming in her, in her mouth, in her sweet tight pussy, in her sweet, even tighter, arse. Together they found the belonging, and the incredibly hot sex, they had both yearned for so long. Hot sex they had lost all hope of ever experiencing.

Their relationship was based on hot sex. It was the perfect relationship for both of them. They knew they didn't want any more than a warm friendship, and experimental, hot, godless, uninhibited, sex. They used each other's bodies as sex objects. He used her wet cunt to pleasure his cock. She used his rock hard cock to make herself cum. It was a completely emancipating, freeing experience.

They were both full of energy for days after their passionate encounters. It was the hot affair they had both needed. They parted best friends, planning to meet again, somewhere. Somehow this seemed inevitable. Not that they had any conscious plans. But somehow it seemed a certainty.

And so as they parted they knew, deep in their unconscious, in every cell of their being, that this parting was only temporary. They would soon be in each other's arms, enjoying each other's warm, silky skin. On the night before his departure, in her apartment, she pressed her stomach up against his, making as much skin contact as possible. She felt warm and soft. She felt safe and welcoming. He breathed in her sweet, warm breath as she exhaled. He felt the soft, warm, silkiness of her belly expand with her breathing, pressing against his stomach. He wanted to stay like this forever. She smiled with her eyes, reciprocating that unspoken wish.

Before he left he wanted, once more, to hear her soft, high-pitched, whining moan as she approached orgasm, her back arching, her hips writhing, almost fighting him off as the overwhelming pleasure of her orgasm became almost unbearable. She would beat and push against him, begging him to stop, trying to force her way free of his orgasmic ministrations, his tongue, his fingers, his cock, his hot, lurid words, and finally, completely abandoned to the exquisite agony of her exploding orgasms, rocking her body one after the other, she would 'ejaculate' a stream of hot sweet liquid as she rolled over onto her side, almost into a fetal position, her body shuddering, uncontrollable, as the aftershocks of her orgasm pulsed in her clitoris, jerking slightly in response. She would kick her legs a little, as the after-shocks of her orgasms hit her.

He would then gently spoon with her, holding her body close to his as her body occasionally jolted, recalling the delicious pleasure that had wracked her entire being. He let her 'cum down', as he called it, from wherever the pleasure had lead her. For in those moments she was certainly not 'there'. She was lost, completely immersed in her own world of pleasure. And so he held her, pressed up against her soft bottom, feeling the curve of her back, as she entwined her legs with his, and lay, calm, serene, at peace.

## Chapter Sixty Two

After continuing on from Korea to Germany, Kim fell back into the old routine. He would go to the Arbeitsamt to write up his notes. They would harass him, telling him the computers were only for job search purposes. He would invent some narrative within which context his activities satisfied their criteria. In the end they left him alone.

The same old levels of impatience, frustration, and irritation with people would return. In the supermarket people would push their shopping trolleys into his legs. It would infuriate him. Sometimes he would push them back into the people pushing them, with his feet. Middle-aged men, seemingly itching for a fight, some excuse to vent their own frustrations with life, would stumble across his path, and he would only avoid them by anticipating their moves and not being where they expected when they looked up.

Anything and everything frustrated him at times. He lost hope of ever getting laid again, let alone getting any affection or human warmth. The frustration would accumulate, physically, in his neck muscles. They would express themselves as migraines. Nausea. Sick headaches. Cluster headaches. Complete incapacity with cold-sweats and debilitating pain. They had become more common the older he got. His irritability accumulated along with his disappointments.

Any faith he had once had in the possibility of ever finding a comfortable place in the world, of ever having sex again, let alone great sex, soon evaporated.

He had accumulated a body of work, with no hope of ever being published. It seemed that all his effort might very well have been in vain. It was like the universe was mocking him. It had lead him on to endure his misery, with the false hopes, the unfounded faith, that one day his efforts would be rewarded, that he would get his 'pay-off'. The older he got the less likely that seemed.

Every time he made an effort he questioned himself. Was it all in vain. Should he bother at all? But after weeks of doing nothing, he would feel better by working on something, anything, and so he once more dedicated himself to his writing projects, his web pages, his blogs, his songs, his poems, his philosophy books.

One by one he eventually finished his philosophy projects. He felt freed of a heavy burden. He could now dedicate himself to the novel he had planned to write for the last decade or so. He had collated all the ideas he had had over the years. Starting points, possible plots, ideas, all of which he hoped one day would suggest a novel to him. However the weeks passed and he could not physically bring himself to work on it. He had had several consecutive bouts of migraine and nausea.

Then he spontaneously, out of a combination of fear and frustration with being totally unproductive, began reorganising his notes. He set some aside as 'auto-biographical' notes to keep in case one day in the future anyone was interested in his life. He then sorted through hundreds of pages of the less autobiographical notes, trying to make some sense of them, find some inspiration.

He sorted some out as offering the most potential. Then once more he felt totally physically incapable of actually starting the novel at all. He had just finished a year of grueling writing and rewriting of his three philosophy manuscripts. He knew how hard it would be. The writing, re-drafting, re-writing, proof reading, editing, on and on, with no prospects of ever being published. Surely it was a cruel fate worthy of the meanest of the ancient gods, even of Yahweh himself. Sisyphus indeed!

Sometimes his 'mission' seemed a blessing, sometimes a burden, and then he finally realised it was a blessing to have such a burden. As a child he had prayed to god to make him like Moses. Of course at the time he had not realised that Moses was the biblical equivalent of Hitler, and the Old Testament the equivalent of 'Mein Kampf'. He learned that seeking truth, and seeking to become a 'moral' leader were fates you might wish upon you worst enemy, someone you really hated, someone who had really pissed you off.

And then, after this agonising, disabling incapacity and abject fear of beginning, completely out of the blue, with no warning, he sat down and began writing. And he continued writing. He woke up during the night and wrote on paper, in the dark, not really able to see what he was writing, just hoping that in the morning he would be able to read it. He feared losing any ideas he might have. He got like this, manic, almost frantic, fearing that he would forget good ideas.

In the morning he would write up the notes on his computer. Once that was done he would frantically walk to the library to upload his days' work, fearing he might die and no-one would ever get to read his ideas. And so he sent copies to friends to keep, just in case. He saved copies on his own email, and as drafts and posts on his blog. All 'just in case' he never got to finish. Just to ensure people might get a chance to see what he had been working on.

He went on like this for a few days, steadily accumulating his novel, barely believing it was happening, that he was actually writing his novel, and that what he was writing was actually good. This work had a real chance of being published, and having some impact. And finally he was becoming a writer, and not just another person who was going to, one day write a book.

Each day he went through a similar routine. A very atypical routine. He would get up, make coffee, leaving his bed in disarray, and begin writing up notes from the night before, and new ones. He would sit down, write, and the next time he looked up four hours would have passed. He had not even finished his first coffee. He had not once gotten up to go to the toilet. He had not even looked across the road to see if the attractive girl had come out onto her balcony to smoke. His room was a mess.

He was thankful that he had no girlfriend at the moment. He would not wish himself on anyone, in the state he entered into when he felt productive and creative. He became completely target-orientated, goal focused. He had no patience for any disruptions or irritations. He could not abide anything preventing him from continuing to note down the free flow of his ideas. He could curse objects that he stumbled on, things that didn't open first time, didn't do what they were supposed to, every time.

He would leave his clothing scattered around the room. He just kicked and pushed things out of the way to get back to his computer, to get his ideas down before he forgot them. He was frantic. He was in constant fear of forgetting ideas, or losing his files. He was on autopilot. He had to be careful to keep saving files as he was going. He had once clicked the wrong button and lost a week's work. So he paid great attention to files, to make sure the one he was saving was bigger than the one it replaced. This saved him a few times from accidentally over-writing the new bits with old files. Whew!

He was constantly muttering his curse of, 'fucking piece of shit everything', any time something did not work, every time something was where it shouldn't be, when a shirt did not come off in one go, when shoes did not go on in one go, when the water flow was too little, and then too much. When he got confused with the computer. And worst of all when it 'went slow' on him, which it seemed to do when he saved files too often. So instead he 'clicked and dragged' icons from hard-disc his exterior USB storage device. The computer seemed to like this. It stopped 'going slow'.

That had been unbearable. When it 'went slow' it would take seconds for his words to appear, by which time he had finished complete sentences, and had to go back and correct so many mistakes that the lines appeared almost to be gibberish. And then the corrections would take ages. Argggghhhh! He really felt his computer had it in for him. He didn't believe in such coincidences. It was just too irritating to be random. Surely the universe had it in for him!

Things could work or not work. The universe could choose. And it chose that things should not work. He was not going to be tricked into believing such things were random. Oh No, not him! He saw through it. The universe chose the outcomes that would be most irritating for him. It was mean, nasty, and vicious. It could have chosen the most favorable outcomes, but it took pleasure in making human lives miserable. Things could work first time. If there were three alternatives, the universe could chose that the alternative most favorable to us could occur. But it didn't. And he was not going to accept that this was pure chance. No, pure chance meant it should work at least 50% of the time in our favor.



Yes, he was aware that while he was in this state his personality became 'monstrous'. He was glad he didn't have anyone to explain himself to. He could go on 'fucking in 3,2,1' cursing things, swearing, in his manic impatience and frantic race to get his ideas down and saved. Anytime something would frustrate him, not doing what it 'should', he would acknowledge the universe's success with 'Yep, good one', as if congratulating the universe on having found a new way to piss him off, on having gained his attention.

Often he would mutter 'Yep', the short version of his 'recognition' of the universe's success at being a pain in the arse. He was impatient with his bowel movements, and even with his bladder. Anything that kept him from getting his ideas down, and thus thwarting his will, maybe forcing him to forget some good idea, frustrated and irritated him beyond all reason.

He would simply add boiling water from his kettle to semolina, stirring it in, so he had something to eat in a few minutes. Then he would not be distracted by hunger. He didn't care what he ate, as long as he could keep writing.

Woe anyone who might have tried to interrupt him in this state. He would be loath to expose anyone to the monster he became at these times. So he was glad, at these times, to be alone in the world. No-one expected anything of him. He had no obligations. No-one was likely to come visiting. No-one was likely to call. No-one was likely to disturb him. He would not have answered the door, or the phone, in any case.

'Piece of shit everything', he would curse, frustrated by the slightest irritation, anything that didn't do what it should do first time, first try, easily, without resistance. And if it didn't, he would just throw it to the side, cursing it furiously, 'fucking piece of shit everything', 'fuck off', 'fucking off', 'fucking off in 3,2,1', and so on. He would not even give the universe the satisfaction of uttering these words clearly. He would sort of spit them out, mumbling, with the least amount of effort.

He felt the muscles in his neck go so rigid it hurt to move it, simply to look out the window to focus his eyes. If he had to, he would take strong painkillers, to allow him to continue working. He was not going to allow anything to stop him getting these ideas down, now that they were, finally, flowing.

He noted that he had not even turned his television on. He usually left it running to keep him company. It kept him from being lonely, and helped relax his eyes, preventing his too-close focus on the computer screen from tightening his eye muscles, leaving his vision blurry, and leaving him unable to re-focus his eyes.

As soon as he finished with the ideas he had, he would, fearing he might lose his notes, quickly dress and in a sort of panic, walk as quickly as he could to the library, to post, share, and file his notes.

This done, he felt a sense of relief. Walking back home he actually felt a sense of achievement and hope. He really felt he had written something worthy of his ambitions, and something that others might actually recognise and reward him for. After 20 years of hard slog, he felt that finally he might be on the verge of, yes, that word, success. Is this how writers felt when they were writing something good?

He imagined his only long term old friend would assume he was just being manic. He wondered if he would actually read anything he had sent him, or whether he would just assume it was the pipe-dream of a manic-depressive experiencing a manic episode. He had to laugh at himself, Kim reflected.

He knew that the typical 'mission' or 'plan' of a manic person was a film script. And he had told Stephen, in his email asking him to keep copies of his files, that he was writing his novel with the ultimate intention of having a film made from it. He laughed. At himself.

But he felt it. He felt that his novel was good. Maybe really good. It had the potential for an easy film adaptation, and was on the verge of being literature. Whatever it would ultimately prove to be, it would be a novel, and he would have become a writer, no longer someone who was going to write a novel.

A year later after the successful publication, and news of a movie deal, he was often asked by curious friends, famous acquaintances he had made among celebrities, and of course literary magazines and the popular media, 'which events and characters are from your real life?' He would often be pushed to reveal which elements of the story had been autobiographical.

He would usually reply with the standard post-modernist narrative standpoint, along the lines of 'how much of our subjective experience, our memories of our own motives and intentions, our recollections of events, can really be said to be objective? Don't we all construct our own personal and collective narratives merely to ascribe meaning to our actions after the event, and to project meaning onto our experiences. Don't we all actively seek to project order onto a chaotic universe?

Didn't Freud remind us of what Hume and Hobbes had earlier sought to teach us, that we merely post-rationalised all our actions, ascribing them meanings that were pure fiction, to account for actions that arose from our unconscious impulses, motives, and desires? The difference between the daily mental actions of the average person, and the more sophisticated ones of the novel author, are merely one of degree. So for me to attempt to answer such a question would be misleading”.

Of course in private, among people he actually liked, he would detail which things had happened to him, and which he had only wished had happened to him. He would be careful to protect friends who had had inspired characters of events. He only identified, to the world in general, and to the media, those who wished for such notoriety, those who desired such fame.

## Chapter Sixty Three

Admiral Stark felt as if he had suddenly woken out of a daze. He had just come from the hospital. His father's best friend had, close as he was to death, relieved himself of a heavy burden. The truth.

Stark, the dying man had revealed, had been living a lie. His father had, according to all official records, died a war hero, at the time of the 1967 Israeli-Arab war.

However he had not been killed by the enemy. Or at least not the official enemy, the Egyptians.

His post-humus congressional medal *had* been real. His bravery *had* been real. Only he had not died, as official dispatches had recorded it, at the hands of the enemies of freedom and democracy. Not unless, that is, you included your own government under that rubric.

He had the evidence in his hands. Documents that had reluctantly been released according to the official secrets act. Well, in fact, it would have been more precise to say 'leaked' by an insider in the Pentagon. Making a virtue of necessity, the Pentagon had only then officially released these documents. It never would have, left to its own devices, ever released these documents.

Officially the public had access to these documents, as they had fallen out of the secrets act after 50 years. The pentagon had, by rights, no right to withhold them. The powers that be had then made every attempt to prevent usable documents from getting into the public arena.

However someone within the Pentagon who still believed they were working to protect freedom and democracy, despite the cynicism all around him, the deals, the conspiracies, some of which he knew of, and those he only had gathered muted, vague impressions about, had released the complete dossier to a veterans organisation.

The veterans had first argued amongst themselves about whether it was patriotic to pass them onto the public in general. However while they were debating this a young man working in their legal office took matters in his own hands, and had the entire set of documents scanned and uploaded to various blogs and social-networking sites before they could say 'Osama is secretly working for us'.

The reality of Admiral Stark father's death went more or less so. His father had been a senior intelligence officer on the U.S.S 'Liberty', which was carrying out intelligence gathering operations just off the Egyptian coast. They had intercepted Israeli military transmissions detailing the Israeli capture and torture of thousands of Egyptian military personnel. Over a thousand were being held in camps. Real war-crimes stuff.

But why was the U.S ship there in the first place? Definitely not to record its allies war crimes. No, the pentagon had hatched a secret plan which would enable the U.S to justify its entry into the Arab-Israeli war on the side of its allies, the Israelis. Similar to the earlier German sinking of the Lusitania, Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor and later 911 destruction of the World Trade Center. Public opinion would be similarly outraged, and demand a declaration of war in response to such blatant aggression against U.S forces.

The official lie would be that the Egyptians had attacked and sunk a U.S ship, machine gunning every last sailor as they attempted to abandon their burning, sinking ship. And something like this had in fact happened. An Israeli gunboat had attacked the U.S ship, and then attempted to machine- gun the survivors as they sought to escape the burning, sinking ship. Only the U.S first fleet had responded quicker than the Pentagon had anticipated, and arrived in time to save some of the crew.

Frantic calls were made to senior commanders in the first fleet, and orders were issued to the U.S.S 'Liberty's Captain that was just now approaching the scene.

The Pentagon officials made desperate calls to the Israeli gunboats that were just then trying to finish off the last of the survivors. They called the operation off. They had to get their arses out of there as fast as they could.

The first U.S ship to reach the sinking vessel, to pull out the remaining survivors, arrived after the Israelis had left. The captain of this vessel then got some very strange orders from the most senior levels of command. And he obeyed. He did his duty. They must have their reasons, he reflected, before getting on the line to his subordinates. As instructed, he had the survivors isolated from the rest of the crew as soon as they were brought on board. And they were kept isolated until senior commanders had arrived in person to 'debrief them'.

'Operation Synaid' had been just one more fuck-up, a-la the Bay of Pigs fiasco, and Panama. The pentagon had gone into 'spin' mode. Senior commanders joked upon themselves that they had become good at covering up their 'fuck-ups'. They had had enough experience. By now they could put the whole machinery into action. It rolled off like a well-oiled production line of lies, misdirection, deception, and manipulation.

Those who survived were ordered to keep completely silent about what had happened. And what had happened? Their ship had been attacked from the air. It had come without any warning. The ship had taken direct hits on its communications tower. Within a few minutes it was clear they would not be able to save her. And it looked like they would make it. Israeli gunboats had apparently been in the area. They were speeding to their rescue.

At least that was what appeared to be happening. But then something inexplicable happened. The Israeli gunboats had opened up their 50 caliber machine guns on the U.S sailors. They were gunning them down in the water as they swam towards them. The dull swish could be heard of big caliber rounds punching through the life-rafts, slipping into the water. The sea had turned crimson, as if a wound had been gashed in it, and the sea was bleeding.

Then the gunboats had suddenly turned and sped off towards Israel. A minute later the first U.S navy boat arrived. Survivors were quickly pulled out of the water, along with the bodies of the less fortunate. The bodies were brought on board quickly and kept together.

The survivors of the U.S.S 'Liberty' were directed along the galleys into a large room where they were given medical care. It was here that most were 'de-briefed'. They were ordered to never tell anyone anything about what had actually happened. The nation's safety was at stake. They must do their patriotic duty. They would be awarded medals for their bravery. Many dead, and the surviving captain, were in fact awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. They were all promised whatever commissions they desired in the Navy, whatever posts took their fancy.

And thus the Pentagon saved their own butts once more. 'Operation Synaid', the last in a long line of 'fuck-ups', had been successfully 'buried'.

Until today.

Stark suddenly felt dirty. He could not explain it. He had been living a lie. He had been serving masters for whom he, and his men, were simply cannon fodder, means to ends. The loyal serving men and women were merely pawns in the dirty political games of their masters. These masters would employ any means to their ends.

But of course when Stark filled out his 'employee exit surveys' he made no reference to his real reasons for leaving the military. He cited 'personal' reasons. That was the easiest way to avoid answering. It was the accepted lie. It made everyone's life easier. The military wanted, like all bureaucracies, to pretend its staff enjoyed accumulating valuable skills while serving their nation. They would then take these skills and experience to the private sector where they would enjoy good civilian jobs. Thus public service kept its public appeal to future would-be employees. And the public sector could claim they had contributed to the skills of the private sector.

This was spin. Rather than admit that their best staff left because the public service management was totally inept, inefficient, and incompetent, they made it look like the skills the public service had taught these people made them attractive to the private sector, which could afford to pay more. Thus a positive was spun from a negative. Success was snatched from the jaws of failure.

## Chapter Sixty Four

Now out of the service, Stark really had no idea what he would do. He would, luckily, not have any financial problems. He had, just a year before, made some really good investments.

The day after returning from that cruise he had 'won', how or where, he had never quite worked out, he had, on some conviction he could not explain even to himself, cashed in his retirement plan. He then proceeded to invest it in a number of bio-tech start-ups and established companies, into a new I.P.O called 'green-think', and a variety of vegan industries, some established a few years ago, and some not even listed on the stock exchanges. He invested in Honda. He made many other unusual investments which the 'broker' who set up his accounts had viewed with an air of superiority and humor. It was his money, the broker had stated, in a way that implied the opinion that Stark was making stupid decisions.

His investment adviser had to, by law, ask the typical questions: 'was he aware that investing in shares exposed him to the risk of losing his capital?', and so on. He of course suggested one of the various investment funds his company were peddling, motivated by the commissions more than by any personal confidence in them as investment instruments. One percent buy fees. Three percent annual management fees no matter how badly the fund performed. And then one percent exit fees. On top of all this were of course less transparent fees paid to the brokerage house itself for its services.

That same 'adviser' had been perplexed and bemused when, within one year, Stark's portfolio had, wait for it, gone up almost 5000 fold. It had been Microsoft all over again. This broker had heard of such things happening in the stories of the older brokers. But he had never expected to see such gains himself. And in what was essentially a 'bear' market.

The investment adviser's other clients were despairing as their investment unit funds went into a free-fall. And here was this Stark. Just walks in, calmly transfers all his funds, all of them, against the official advice given him, as he could prove with the official digital recordings of their interactions, into such very odd companies. Most of them fairly new. Some just listed that month. He'd even bought some initial product offers, so called I.P.O's.

And so this investment adviser couldn't help but suspect some sort of insider trading. So he was keen to talk to him when he came in to sell a few million in shares. A few million! He laughed at himself thinking like that. A few million. When had he ever even dreamed of having 'a few million'?

And that would only put a small '*chink*' in his finances.

He was planning on doing some sailing in Australia. He had a vague idea of spending some time in Byron bay, and then up in the Islands further up the Queensland coast. He'd never actually made such plans. They had just occurred to him. Came to him as if fully formed and prepared. It was as if he had been planning this for years. And for the life of him he could not recall ever having had such plans. It was like with the share deals. It had been totally out of character. He didn't normally take such risks.

He could not account for his own behavior. 'It must have been fate', he would say to himself, chuckling. While most of the corrupt ex-pentagon fat-cats had been bleeding to death financially, and the fattest cats of all, those from the very top of the U.S Iraq-war administrations, had burned to death in their own limousine, Stark had become discretely wealthy, and his wealth kept increasing.

And so Stark cashed in a few shares, spending a few million, only to return to find that his portfolio had increased tenfold over what he had just spent.

Oh well, who was to complain at such a twist of fortune?

And so he found himself driving across the Kingsgate Bridge in Melbourne. He slowed to a crawl, amazed at the scene spread out before him. Beneath him the lights of the city outskirts coruscated and glimmered as if some

giant had emptied a giant jewel box, covering the entire field of his vision with glittering diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. He noted the signs warning people it was illegal to stop on the bridge. This was one of the most gorgeous views he had ever experienced, and someone had decided that no-one was going to get to enjoy it. Surely they should build an observation platform out here, he thought to himself. Even a restaurant.

He then headed towards the new bay development. The area had been re-developed into a unique upper middle-class urban area. It reminded him of that movie where the guy's entire life was broadcast live to viewers. A gray Peugeot 608 pulled up beside him, its lines clean, minimalistic, and perfect. Inside he caught a glimpse of a similarly cool, perfect young woman. It was like the beautiful woman was wearing the car as an accessory. Or was it more the car was wearing her as an accessory? They made eye contact, and she appeared to recognise him.

He tried to recollect where they had met, but could not fix his mind upon any past meeting. His uncertainty deepened when she offered her hand, and with a warm, friendly, and perfect smile, half asked, half stated ' Mr Stark?'. He smiled, in return, still a little unsure. He felt caught at a disadvantage, until she offered. 'Sorry, it appears you weren't expecting me? I am from 'Free Sailing'. And suddenly the tension evaporated and Stark relaxed. 'Yes. Yes, of course' he smiled, and relaxed visibly. 'I am so sorry. They said they would send a rep out to see me. But they never warned me you would be so...so'. He felt himself blush a little. She turned away for a second, then returned her gaze toward him. She turned her whole body towards him. He felt a surge of warmth radiate from her whole being. It was completely directed towards him. It enveloped him with a sense of well-being and security. He suddenly felt like he was 'home'.

## Chapter Sixty Five

Sturm was watching television, apparently amused by something. Jill sat down next to him on the sofa, resting her head lightly in the crook of his shoulder. It was the Afghan president. He had embarrassed the U.S, the U.K, in fact the international community in general, by announcing his intention to stop all co-operation with U.S and international military operations that had been targeting the drug trade. He held up papers, as he launched a tirade against the hypocrisy of the west.

The Western powers had been pushing their drugs, their alcohol and tobacco, in his land for centuries. It was the West that were the *real* drug dealers. They had engaged in 'Opium wars', forcing the Chinese to import their opium. They had forced Asian trading partners to legalise, as part of trade agreements, marketing campaigns that had been banned in the west. Campaigns such as 'Joe Camel' which directly and effectively targeted teenage girls.

He cited epidemiological research papers from the most respected universities and independent think-tanks showing clearly that the social and health impacts of the 'illegal' drugs such as cocaine, speed, and heroine, paled in comparison with the destructive influence of the legal drugs such as alcohol and tobacco.

He held up the New England Medical Journal article which had proven that less than one percent of all deaths could be attributed to illicit drugs like cocaine, heroin, and opium, while over 20% of deaths were directly related to alcohol and tobacco.

Many of these were related to traffic accidents due to intoxication. In fact over a third of all hospital admissions were alcohol related. And the World Health Organisation's most recent report which concluded that Tobacco was the world's number one killer, being responsible for one death every six seconds, or one in ten deaths world-wide since the end of WWII.

He continued, his tone rising to a shrill pitch. 'Who are the U.S to call anyone terrorists? They had always been, and continue to be, the most active and murderous of terrorists. Even their own Secretary of State had stated that, had they lost WWII, they would have been convicted of war crimes for their fire- bombings in Japan, let alone their atom bombings. They had shown contempt for civilian casualties. They had knowingly fire-bombed the German city of Dresden, even after their intelligence reports warned that the city was overflowing with civilian refugees fleeing from the oncoming Russian army, and that the military value of such attacks would be minimal. It was pure viciousness that motivated those bombings. Pure lust for destruction and murder'. He spat out this last sentence in a tone of burning fury.

What right, he asserted confidently, did the West have to demonise his honest farmers? No Afghans spend billions advertising their products to children, as the alcohol and tobacco industries did. Surely, he righteously announced, the Taliban had more moral right to blow up Philip Morris or any of the other U.S demons producing and pushing alcohol upon children, pregnant women, and vulnerable teens.

It was the west, he proclaimed proudly, that were the most evil of all criminals. He knew, for a fact, that the largest clients for Afghan heroine was in fact the U.S government. Ask any dealer, he said. It was the U.S government who controlled the drug trade, using it to finance their illegal paramilitary actions all over the world. 'U.S democracy. Hah', he spat out, as if the words were pure vile venom." Ask your U.S citizen what they know about their own government's actions. And you accuse me of corruption and a 'lack of transparency'.

You claim you come to Islam to bring democracy. We have had the Koran for over a thousand years while you were living in your own filth. Bring democracy to your U.S, before worrying about Afghanistan. Ask the families of the hundreds of children murdered by U.S fighter-bombers during the Serbo-Croatian war, completely out of their skulls, high on speed and cocaine, paranoid, attacking anything that moved. 'How dare they accuse Afghans of

crimes? How dare they', his voice rising to a frenzied pitch. And then, in a calm but assertive voice he finished with 'Allah be praised. Peace be with you'. Smiling graciously, he left the press in an agitated, excited mood.

Sturm turned to Jill. 'He's right you know. More or less. He has every right to say what he said'. Jill loved it when he got in this sort of state. She found it an incredible turn-on. An intellectual. He took things so seriously sometimes. He got so riled up. She had never known anyone like that.

Anyone who seemed to care about so many things, and to have so much to say about everything. He was so cute when he got serious like this. In her sweetest, most innocent, child-like voice, she began cooing suggestive noises in his ear, blowing gently, nibbling his ear lobes, then his neck. He turned to meet her lips, gathering her in his arms, feeling her warmth, her softness, soaking up her affection, her love.



## Chapter Sixty Six

The youthful looking post-middle-aged man in jeans and cowboy boots was speaking on the phone as his personal-assistant arrived, indicating that the expected group had arrived. With his trademark cordiality he smilingly finished off his call with 'And send our warmest regards to your most beloved son from the whole family. If he finds himself in want of anything, he should not hesitate to ask'.

As he was saying this he indicated to his personal assistant to allow the waiting group in. The men and women were chatting and laughing amongst each other. They enjoyed the congenial familiarity that only those who share mutually and extremely rewarding relationships ever have the good fortune to experience. This had been, in the days when his power had been more public, his 'base'.

Now that he was out of the public spotlight, he enjoyed even more power than ever. Now he didn't have to explain himself to anyone. He was simply a business-man. A business-man with the best of political connections. Business-men were opportunists, and not idealists. They had nothing to explain to anyone but their shareholders. And all they cared about was their dividends and ever increasing share values.

And so he began, 'I am sure by now all of you are aware of the situation in Afghanistan'. And he was not referring to the sorts of 'problems' that engaged the interest of the Afghans, or the average television viewer in the U.S.

'Our puppet seems to have forgotten who is pulling the strings in that stinking shit-hole of a country. He wants to renegotiate our agreement over the rare-earth mining rights. He wants to negotiate! The recalcitrant fucker. Who the hell does he think he is?' He almost screamed, in a voice few of the public would ever have imagined him capable of. All his 'public' ever got to see was his affable, charming, smiling, warmth.

He looked each of his listeners individually in the eye, as if they might expect him to call them 'out' at any moment. 'And so, my friends, it seems we are going to have to put that little shit back in his place'. He threw a querying glance at his personal assistant, to see if he was ready. The assistant went over to a console and a projection covered the far wall. He indicated for him to begin the presentation. Images of poppy fields, military bases, strategic ports and oil and gas reserves, and projections for their oil and gas pipeline construction time-line. Nothing surprising there.

Even the dumbest of the general public were aware of the West's interests in such things. However what this group were most interested in was something the general public would not think much about for at least a few years. Rare-earth deposits.

Rare earths contained those elements key to the development of electric car batteries. The whole future of electrical vehicles was dependent on the supply of rare earths used to produce efficient batteries. Up until now the Chinese had almost gained a monopoly, with their own mines, and their acquisitions of rare-earth mining rights in the most corrupt of African nations. They had been prepared to deal with the corrupt, vicious, despotic, genocidal African leaders that the West had had no stomach for.

Soon these rare-earths would become the new strategic resource. Those who controlled this resource would inherit more power than even the oil industry had ever enjoyed. Solar and wind power depended upon finding efficient storage devices for their power, to be used when the sun was not shining, nor the wind blowing.

All the new electric vehicles depended upon these rare earths for batteries. All the new hand-held electronic devices were powered by these batteries. The future belonged to whoever owned these rare-earths. Whoever held the rare-earth mining rights held power.

Then two faces were projected. Some of the group were familiar with them. The rest threw questioning glances about the room towards their hosts, and each other. Those familiar with the projected faces had had direct

dealings with the two, arranging 'shipments' of 'Afghan agricultural produce', as it was euphemistically described in the truly secret, U.S secret services.

Their host then said something about birds, appearing pleased with himself. At first his audience were puzzled. It took a moment for them to grasp his meaning. As usual he was a bit clumsy with his metaphors. But after all, his power had nothing to do with being articulate. He had gained entry into this world through his Papa. And his Papa had inherited his wealth and influence through his Papa, who had shown no qualms about personally arranging Adolf Hitler's finances in the U.S before the war, or from profiting from the Nazi slave labor used in the European Factories he had invested in during the war. By the time the Nazi's had 'lost' the war, the market value of German industry had provided a greater return than even that promised by that Eighth Century trader 'Mohamed' to the Muslim faithful for acts of 'Zakah'.

'These two fine lads' the slim Texan continued, 'will soon find themselves enjoying the hospitality of the finest U.S military prisons. We estimate we should be able to 'relieve' them of', he looked toward his assistant with a mild look of uncertainty, around five?' pausing while his assistant nodded his confirmation, 'tonnes of high quality Afghan agricultural produce'. His audience smiled knowingly, several chuckling amusedly with great self-satisfaction.

The two 'lads' he was referring to were of course two of the most active drug dealers in the region. And these two had family connections with the highest political office in Afghanistan. 'And if that does not remind that shit-head puppet of ours', their host continued 'just whose bitch he is', he paused for effect, and then continued, in a plain, matter of fact tone, 'we will cut his fucking strings'. 'Afghanistan will get a new leader'.

After the expected laughter had quietened down he continued in a more business-like tone with 'we have put together a new proposal in the event of a change of government. It will mean a large cut in our original projected profit margins, but it should speed things up. And once we have the project up and running, we will be able to recoup these initial losses in some fairly subtle and non-transparent cost over-runs'. The members of this little gathering nodded to each other knowingly.

'And so, my friends, enough of business'. He indicated for them to continue out to the lavish buffet that was awaiting them. His personal assistant indicated to the pretty young men and women that had assembled in the foyer to begin circulating with their silver trays of drinks. And so the fine champagne and 12 year old single malt added to the already cheerful and affable mood of everyone present.

## Chapter Sixty Seven

As World War Two was coming to an end, U.S President Roosevelt was meeting with a group of men dressed in a strange sort of robe and headdress. Few people in the world at that time would ever have been able to imagine the position of power these men were to take in the new world order that was to emerge.

During the war many battles had been fought over oil. The Japanese had declared war on the U.S after the U.S had placed a complete oil embargo upon Japan. The Japanese attempts to mimic Britain and the U.S in their own imperialist enterprise would have come to a complete standstill within months, if the Japanese could not fight their way to maintaining their oil supplies. And so the U.S had forced their hand. They had to declare war.

The U.S could pretend to be innocent victims. Public opinion would demand the U.S declare war, in defense of freedom.

And the Germans had ultimately lost their attempts at mimicking British, French, and U.S imperialism, after losing access to the oil that drove their war industry, and of course their tanks.

Roosevelt was not going to let that happen to the U.S. The U.S strategy of 'full spectrum dominance' would see to that.

And so the leading world power, and not coincidentally leading consumer of oil, the U.S, had formed an alliance with a little known royal family. The house of Saud. It would be a quid pro quo. The U.S would guarantee the security of this Royal family, and thus their power and wealth, as long as they 'played ball' with all future U.S administrations, and their representative oil companies. Part of this deal would be to promote religious fundamentalism, as a means to destabilising the Arab region in general.

Keep the Arabs fearful of Allah, and his representatives on earth, and they would never be in a position to assert themselves against the Saudi's, or their U.S puppet masters. Keep them ignorant, and fearful of their own religious authorities, and they would be too disempowered to ever pose a threat to the power of the House of Saud, or their U.S allies. Keep them fighting amongst themselves, and they would never be able to unite against their real enemies, the house of Saud, and the U.S. Divide and conquer!

As usual, the real power was never seen. Few Arab freedom fighters ever guessed they were pawns in much greater power plays. They believed their enemy to be the infidels. They never guessed that their real enemies wore the same clothing as themselves, and professed the same beliefs. Their warlords used them as means to their ends. Their own power and wealth.

The U.S used these warlords as means to their ends. Power and wealth for the U.S oil and war industry, and international political power for U.S imperialism in general. The Soviets had no idea that the U.S had deliberately promoted religious fundamentalism on their borders simply to draw them into a war they could not win. A war that would hopefully undermine their entire economic system.

Few U.S citizens would ever imagine that their own government had a motive in promoting the success of the terrorists they claimed to be seeking to destroy.

And so most of the players in this 'theater of war' were unwitting puppets. They were being used as means to ends they would never become aware of. They would be used in ways they would never be able to even guess at.

The Saudi Royal family, and the U.S 'oil and gas junta', on the other hand, were consciously playing a pragmatic game of politics, using real Arab and Islamic patriots as means to their own ends. Few people ever grasped the fact that a few people could and would willingly sacrifice the lives of millions, simply to accumulate wealth and power for themselves. And thus they never connected motive with opportunity, to identify the real perpetrators, the real culprits, when it came to war and terrorism.

To be fair, everyone was seeking to use the situation and the balance of interests as means to their own ends. The U.S was destabilising the middle east to ensure they could dominate the region, directly through their own military, and indirectly through the Saudi's, and thus ensure a supply of cheap U.S controlled oil to the West.

The Saudi's were using the situation to ensure they amassed wealth and power for themselves. Warlords and freedom fighters were using the situation to gain access to military supplies and training, in order to kick the infidels out of Arabia, and to establish the sort of Islamic republic he thought was the solution to all the world's problems.

And so the U.S, directly and indirectly, trained and equipped a force of Islamic patriots to bleed the Soviets dry, militarily, and economically, and thus ideologically. The Soviets would be too busy in Afghanistan, along its own border, fighting against a competing non-secular religious fundamentalism, losing too many men and material, to be a threat on other cold-war fronts. The Afghanistan war, it was hoped, might bleed the Soviets of so many resources that the Soviet system itself could collapse, on purely economic grounds. The people would lose faith in the promise of a Soviet workers paradise when it could deliver neither consumer goods, nor military victories.

The people would become fed up with a regime that sent its beloved sons off to die in the desert, fighting an unwinnable war. U.S intelligence gleaned from co-operative ex- Nazi war criminals (yes, you became an ex war criminal!) indicated that the Soviets fully intended keeping all their occupied territories under their control once the war was won. What would become known as ' The Iron Curtain' was about to fall upon Eastern Europe. These Nazi's, war criminals to be sure, had been saved from the Nuremberg Nazi show trials, in their own quid pro quo, secreted out to the U.S, and put on the C.I.A payroll.

Roosevelt had had no qualms about employing war criminals. He was keenly aware that, had the U.S lost the war in the Pacific, he himself would have been charged with war crimes for the fire-bombing, and then Atom bombing, of millions of Japanese civilians, not to mention the fire-bombing of a Dresden full of war refugees, and of little direct military significance that might have justified such an act to an independent panel of war-crimes investigators.

And so while one group of secular fanatics had been co-opted to promote U.S interests in Europe, another group was being formed to promote U.S interests in Afghanistan, and the oil rich Arab States. And it would do so in ways few people would ever come to comprehend. It would do so not only by attacking the Russians in Afghanistan, but by attacking U.S citizens, in Africa, and then, in the most desperate of acts designed to solicit U.S popular public opinion for a second unprovoked, completely unjustified and illegal invasion on Iraq, in the U.S itself.

The U.S was quick to find a leader from outside of the Saudi Royal family who would serve their interests, whether knowingly or otherwise. A born leader with the right credentials and motivations. A religious fundamentalist and Arab, Islamic, patriot. Someone who could make as much trouble for the Soviets as possible. Someone they could supply with the latest weapons, and train in the most modern tactics. This someone was to become one of the most famous men in history. Few people would not become familiar with the name of this man.

His family owned what was a modest building company. But they would be awarded the most lucrative building contracts in the world by the Saudi Royal family, under the direction of the U.S administration. As long as they 'played ball' with the Saudi Royal family, and their puppet-masters in the U.S, This family were ensured a life on earth surpassing in power, wealth, and luxury any promised in the Koran.

Of course, like all religious authorities, secular or otherwise, while the Saudis' enforced the harshest interpretation of Sharia law, they themselves would enjoy every pleasure that such laws made taboo for the general population. These laws would ensure the House of Saud power and luxury, and a growing population of completely disempowered, subservient, ignorant, servile workers, reproducers, and soldiers. The Royals themselves would break even the most basic of 'moral' codes respected by even the least ethically developed of tribes, all the while killing their own people for the slightest infringement of completely arbitrary laws. Laws which denied their people the most basic of human rights and freedoms.

The Soviet elites had done so. The Jewish priest classes had done so. The Capitalist ruling classes were most well-known for doing so. In every society, the class that ruled, claiming a moral superiority and thus right to do so,

enjoyed every satisfaction that it denied those it ruled. These 'beneficiary classes' existed in all societies. They exploited their power to amass personal privileges, wealth, luxury, and the gratification of every urge. All the while they demanded the exploited masses deny themselves almost every satisfaction, in the name of society, or the greater good. This ensured the beneficiary classes could enjoy their satisfactions in peace. And further, they could reproduce this system ad-infinitem, ensuring this enjoyment for themselves, and their descendants. Ah, Plato's 'Eudemonia'.

With the final withdrawal of the Soviets from Afghanistan, it became clear that the U.S had only been using the Islamic freedom fighters merely as means to its own ends. And it achieved these ends. The Soviet Union collapsed under the economic and social stresses associated with the Afghan war, accentuated by the general internal conflicts inherent in a system which had imagined itself to be free of any such conflicts, as 'the end of history' itself!

But this collapse left the U.S with several problems. First, who would be the new enemy? The administration needed the constant threat of war to keep its own people in constant fear. Without that fear their populations would not accept all the losses of personal freedoms that 'security' measures represented. The people would not be keen to pay taxes to pay for a massive military-industrial complex.

You needed a real and present threat to maintain the Public's willingness to pay the military-industrial complex to protect it from this threat. Only then would this industry be profitable. Only then could this industry afford to pay members of the U.S administration millions of dollars for 'speaking engagements' and 'consultancies' after they left office, and took up the nominal, extremely well paid 'positions' in the oil, gas, and security industries they had earlier been executives of.

And so a new war was needed. A war on 'terror'. They would engage their old allies the Taliban to wage war on the U.S. Not the traditional war, but aware of terror. And just to be sure, why not add a 'war on drugs'. Ideally you would connect the two. And so you got your wars on both terror and drugs in Afghanistan.

And though it might never be clear if the terrorists themselves were actually aware that they were being used by the Americans, it was clear that they were being used in this way. Either they were being sponsored, trained, and directed by the U.S administration, or members of this administration were facilitating the success of their attacks in other ways. They would turn a blind eye to intelligence reports provided by Germany and other allies.

The U.S would (successfully?) fail to capture the terrorist leaders on so many occasions that it would become hard to explain away, even to those completely opposed to any sort of such conspiracy theories. How many times can you just miss your target, when you have the most advanced technology and intelligence gathering networks ever imagined? Surely there is a limit to coincidences and pure luck?

Only the very few would ever know whether the terrorist leaders were in the direct employment of the U.S administration, or whether their interests merely converged. In any case, the U.S administration, the oil companies, the military-industrial complex, and the Republican (a-la Plato's 'Republic') politicians, all got what they wanted.

They got a new war to combine with their existing war on drugs, which had been adopted for want of alternative wars. A war on terror. They got new public enemies that engaged the public, distracting 'the beast' called the public from the insoluble chronic conflicts within the U.S economic system. They got some pretext for invading sovereign nations against all international laws. And they got away with it!

## Chapter Sixty Eight

The massive armored limousine cruised along the boulevard, exuding the luxury and power those inside enjoyed, as completely insulated from the outside world as they were insulated in daily life from the real world most people experienced. The charming youthful old Texan and his 'base' were joking amongst themselves, completely at ease, and self-congratulatory.

They were the richest men in U.S history, and were bent on becoming the richest men in the world. And nothing stood in the way of this, as far as they could see. They 'owned' the U.S administration. Through the machinery of state they thus enjoyed 'full spectrum dominance'. They produced public opinion. They knew how to manage what Plato had called 'the beast'. They had the most powerful of all forms of power. Completely invisible power. Few people ever imagined what powers they exercised, nor how they exercised these powers. They were the current beneficiary classes.

This luxury limousine caught the attention of a young man who had escaped Iraq just after the first U.S invasion of his homeland. He could only see the driver. Behind the driver the privacy shield was raised. It was bullet proofed and tinted, so the driver had no more idea what went on inside his car than this passing casual observer.

The limousine had been halted at a pedestrian crossing. The driver was paying his full attention to a beautiful young woman who had dropped her scarf. The wind was playing with it as she sought to collect it. Her summer dress blew in the wind as she crouched down, promising the driver a glimpse of pantied crotch. Or maybe, he hoped, a glimpse of more. Other men had bragged that many women went 'commando', doing without panties altogether!

And so the driver was as immersed in his fantasy, as the occupants of his limo were engaged with theirs, as a completely ordinary car pulled up beside the limo. The girl collected her scarf, to the driver's dismay having revealed nothing he could brag to his mates about, as the last of the pedestrians completed their crossing.

The young Iraqi exile heard three distinct, but muffled, 'popping' noises.

The driver and occupants of the limo, ensconced in their luxurious sound proofed cabins, heard nothing. The young man then became curious about the orange flickering glow that seemed to come from within the limo. The driver didn't appear to notice. He was thoroughly enjoying the satisfying power of the limo's massive V12 engine, and anticipating any potential road hazards that might prove some threat or obstacle. It had been part of his training in active driving and threat avoidance.

Inside some of the world's wealthiest and definitely the world's most powerful men were burning to death, horrified looks of anguish and shock upon their faces. Their silk suits and leather shoes covered their feet and bodies, and so their faces were the first to melt. Slowly. The heat built up slowly. Slow enough that they could smell their own flesh burning as they choked on the resulting fumes, mixed with the petrol fumes streaming into the cabin.

The U.S military-industrial complex had developed a new type of amour piercing bullet containing a secondary explosive device of the same Nano-thermite used to liquefy steel, pulverise concrete, and thus bring down the WTC Twin towers and building 7, and destroy part of the Pentagon, during the 911 'false flag' attacks.

Who could say by what route these strictly controlled munitions had ended up in the hands of the Terrorists? Had they simply bought them on the black market from some Government employee keen to make a quick buck? Or had they been supplied directly by the U.S administration, through their C.I.A operatives, deliberately, as part of some internal U.S conspiracy? Now that would be poetic justice, and provide a delicious ironic twist for the millions who had suffered at least as gruesome deaths as a result of decisions these now-dying men had made.

The limousine was sealed air-tight. It was virtually sound-proofed. The shooter would only have been able to hit the petrol tank if he had had access to the blueprints from the factory that had armored the car. And even if they had had access to these plans, they would then need to know how to aim the second shot to ensure that fumes from the ruptured tank could get into the cabin. And they would have had to have run mock trials of the attack, to time the firing of the third, slow incendiary round that would set the fumes alight at just the right time. The odds that this shooter had managed all three exact shots by sheer coincidence, by pure luck, were astronomical. It would have taken a group of professionals working together to hatch such a plan, and to get it to work.

But as the men suffered their violent, horrific deaths, reports got back to the terrorist command that the attack had been successful. And back in the Pentagon, in the C.I.A, and in other even more secret organisations, government and otherwise, people were variously acknowledging a plan well executed.

The terrorists' leader's video claiming responsibility for the attacks was ensured saturation media coverage. They had achieved their ends. Some of them would have imagined they had defeated their U.S enemy. Few of them would have guessed that they themselves been but pawns in someone else's game. Few would have guessed that they themselves had been used as means to ends of interests located in the U.S administration itself. Few people would ever have any inkling of the machinations of world politics. 'Yo No Soy Marineros, Soy Capitan' . How many people imagined themselves to be Captains of their own ships, when they were merely sailors?

## Chapter Sixty Nine

In the supermarket, while packing the 'marked-down' specials he had 'hunted down' in his typically opportunistic manner, buying whatever looked interesting, and had been reduced to at least half its usual price,

Kim became aware of two girls. They could have been anywhere from 15 to 18. He was a very bad judge of age. Like his sense of direction, his ability to judge the ages of girls was simply hopeless. One of the girls caught his attention. She was wearing hot pink lipstick, hot-pink mirrored shades, tight black stretch jeans, white trainers, and carrying a puma carry bag. He could not see her eyes. He looked directly into her mirrored shades. She was somehow perfect. He read the crude print on her black t- shirt. PUSSY. He looked back into her mirrored shades. He could not tell if she was looking at him or not. She had a real style, he thought. Of course the thought flickered across his consciousness of how much fun she must be in bed. PUSSY. So provocative and fun. She would be great fun, he was sure.

Years later during the launch of his new album, a cute young music-web-journalist had asked him why he had chosen the name '*Pussy*' for his band.

She had looked him directly in the eye as she said the word, Pussy, without flinching, or betraying her quietly growing interest in this musician, an interest greater than any purely professional one. It was then that he recalled that girl, and her t-shirt. PUSSY. Adopting the arrogant sort of pop-star attitude he cultivated, or at least imagined he had cultivated, picturing himself as a sort of Liam Gallagher, he responded with 'Well, everyone wants to be popular, right? We all want to be loved. Sure? Yeah?

You know? We all seek approval? Yeh? And everyone, like, loves pussy, right? I mean, you love pussy, don't you? Sure you do". His manner was disarming. Charming. Open. And despite what he thought was cool, indifferent, pop-star arrogance, he came across as warm, genuine, friendly, witty, and articulate. She of course didn't answer. He felt he had 'won'. He had left her speechless. But no, she was just playing along. She was not going to 'bite'.

'Sure, I love pussy', she answered, provoking him, feeling she had gained a real victory. It had been a spontaneous response. She was not really that open, that easy, that relaxed about sex. She was putting on an act, not wanting him to get the better of her. For some reason, she suddenly realised, she wanted to make a good impression on him. She cared what he thought about her. He wanted him to like her, to respect her, to approve of her. And it worked. He had been caught off guard. He recovered by being a bit more professional. 'Yeh, so, ah, the new album. You wanted to ask about...um...'

She let him off the hook, feeling confident, professional, and superior. She had gotten one over him. Yey. She felt good. She felt a surge of warmth for him. She liked him. Really liked him. She smiled, and as warmly and sweetly, positively and welcoming as possible, as if speaking to a gorgeous small child, she asked some questions, letting him recover. She didn't want him to feel uncomfortable around her. Now that she had had her little victory, she could afford to be generous. And she would continue in this spirit for the rest of their lives.

She had had her 15 minutes, and was about to leave, but they were both certain they would be together again soon. She slipped him her phone number, and he was astonished that she was not at all surprised to find a card in his hand, which he dexterously slipped into her palm as he took her number. It all felt so natural. He briefly glanced at the number and name. He hadn't paid attention to it. So many people had been interviewing him today, he paid little attention to who they were or where they were from. Jenny. His favorite name, he reflected.

The next interviewer was most interested in his song about Freud being the true Christ. So he explained. Freud had discovered the basis for our unconscious, underlying, basic feelings of guilt and fear of punishment. It was this that the various religions had exploited. They had offered 'salvation' for this 'original sin'. However, as Freud revealed, the basis of these feelings derived from our infantile desires to sexually possess our mothers and fathers. We



had, as infants, desired with all our heart and soul, the disappearance, the death, of our fathers and mothers, so that we could take their place. In our infantile minds our 'will be done'. We believed that by wishing something, it could happen. This formed the basis of our later beliefs in magic. Thus the 'original sin' was really this 'desired', this 'willed', murder of our fathers, in the case of boys, and mothers, in the case of girls.

Hence Freud had provided us with true salvation from this original sin by revealing to us that we had in fact not killed anyone. Our thoughts were not omnipotent. Of course the guilt and fear of punishment lay at a sub-rational, unconscious level. By bringing it out into the open, where we could rationally, consciously consider it, we could defuse all the guilt associated with it. And thus Freud was in fact the true Christ, the true savior, as it was he, Freud, who had freed us of the burden of this original 'Oedipal sin'.

And then there was that one constantly repeated question. For what must have been about the tenth time that day, Jestem gave he prepared response.

'No, I am not 'The Prophet'. That person apparently downloaded an old photo of mine from my old Facebook account, and used it on his site". 'I have absolutely no idea who this 'Prophet' fellow is, and why he used my photo." To lighten the mood, and to return to his pop-persona, Jestem then quipped 'I can only assume it is because I am such a good looking guy!'

And then he added, returning to a more serious tone, 'And I would like to remind all those 'Jihadists' seeking to fulfill the 'Fatwah' that has been issued against 'The Prophet' that I am not this fellow". The interviewer then, like most of those before him, asked him about the attempts on his life, the death-threats, the CD burnings, and the cyber-attacks on his web- page and fan-page. When Lang by chance saw an excerpt from one of these interview during one of his favorite television programs, he sat upright, grinning from ear to ear. 'Good thinking, mate", he congratulated the image of Jestem he still had in his mind. 'So you came good after all. Good for you". And clever spin. Not only might it get those religious fundamentalists off your case, but it would generate more controversy. And that meant massive media exposure. Lang reflected that notoriety and media attention could be a good thing, if you had nothing to hide. And this Jestem fellow was as straight an arrow as anyone he had ever met. It made Lang's day.

Lang felt, at some unconscious level, that he had redeemed himself after all these years. As a child he had not known what to do, and he felt he had not done enough. 'Judge your actions not by the rewards you have reaped, but by the seeds you have sown', so the saying went. Consciously he simply felt proud of the little part he had played in this fellow's success. Finally someone who deserved success, based on his efforts and sacrifices, and not just because of a fortunate holistic inheritance.

## Chapter Seventy

Self had found it hard dealing with the loss of his beloved Jill. He sought to fill the void she had left with extreme sexual encounters. He even took the advice of colleagues in the force, letting them pass on really pure cocaine to him, to give to the girls he fucked. As they had promised, it really brought out the slut in a girl. Really. He had been skeptical. But his experience had lived up to their claims.

However he himself had no interest in taking any drugs, including alcohol, which was, in his experience, the worst of all drugs. He didn't see the point. You would pay for the high they gave you. So why bother. Maybe if he knew he was dying. Maybe when he got cancer or was 75 years old.

Maybe. As a child he would eat the vegetables he hated first, and left the good stuff to last. That is how he lived his life. That is why he was cautious with money. As far as he could rationalise his own behavior. Taking drugs was completely inconsistent with this sort of approach to life.

So he was never at risk of taking any of the drugs himself. He only took his 'share' of the occasional 'informal' drug bust, in which drugs, and drug money were 'confiscated', or as the ferals would say 'taxed', to exchange for sex.

However he was desperate to try to regain at least something of that magic that he had had with Jill. And he was too sad to take advantage of the local prostitutes who were, due to his position in 'the force', always available for a 'freebie'. So instead he cruised the bars and night-clubs. The girls soon learned to recognise him, and associate him with free, top quality cocaine. He would be invited to private 'booths' in nightclubs, to private parties, into limos, and into many, many wet, warm, vaginas and mouths. It became almost too easy. He had more pussy than any man could take advantage of.

So sometimes he would just sit back and watch, conscious of what a privileged life he led. He had sexual experiences other men could only dream of. In fact, he laughed, he had experiences few men had the imagination to even imagine.

One night, two young girls had massaged him to a blissful, complete and utter relaxed state. As he lay on his stomach, one of the girls started kissing his inner thigh. Slowly he felt the kisses move up his inside leg. He felt two tongues swirling in little circles on each inner thigh, as soft fingers caressed his scrotum, tickling them lightly, cupping them softly and warmly. It was a real turn-on. A whole was a cut in the massage table for his chin and face, and also for his penis. His cock felt delicious sensations as his blood turned to warm honey. The pleasurable sensations spread from his legs, to his feet, and back up his thighs. He felt two warm, wet, silky tongues insistently flicking around his anus. Then he felt the delicious sensation of a wet tongue penetrating him anally.

The girl pushed her mouth tightly against his buttocks as she sank her tongue deep in his arse. He could feel it deep inside him. It was an incredibly sensual feeling. Then he felt her insert two long fingers into his rectum. At first he felt like he was going to pee. But this feeling changed, charging his erection with an incredible surge of pressure. His cock felt harder than it had ever felt before. The girl's wet fingers up his arse gave him a warm, wet feeling of fullness which was indescribably erotic.

She continued to tickle his scrotum with her tongue. The other girl had moved under the table, and was gently teasing the frenulum of his cock, where his foreskin connected with the now purplish-pink head of his cock.

Within moments this slight, light flicking of her tongue, combined with the delicious sensations of the other girls fingers up his arse, left him moaning loudly as he came, harder than he had ever cum before, in a continuous stream, without any of the usual contractions of his prostate gland or anus.

These had been completely relaxed by the girls tonguing and fingering. He had been completely relaxed as he came. It was the most incredible orgasm. He lost himself totally in the pleasure, moaning. No, it was more of a whining, in one long continuous note.

## Chapter Seventy One

Kim had always been a bit of a boy racer. Out in the western suburbs cars and motorbikes were the way teens proved themselves, and boosted their self-esteem. Had he lived on the coast he probably would have been a surfer. As it was, he surfed the back-roads and highways. He would seek out dirt roads in his Datto, his Datsun 1600. It was like ballet for him. He loved to feel the rear wheels break traction as he made his beat-up Datto dance the 'dirt and bitumen ballet'. He would get his Datto flowing in graceful arcs through corners.

He especially loved to drive just after rain. It made the local roads a little slippery. He would brake and down-shift, keeping his revs up as he approached a corner, hitting the accelerator just before the corner, taking a perfect line, barely missing the curb, drifting out 'opposite lock' through the corner. His car would sort of pivot on the front wheels, as if they had been fixed or pinned to the apex of the corner. He loved the surge of power he felt as he kept the engine revving within the maximum torque range. Anyone who got in his car would need a seatbelt, simply to stop being thrown around the car.

He and his best friend would see who could melt the rubber on the very edge of their motorcycle tires. They would ride the old Pacific Highway, 'surf' the twisty mountain passes of Gosford, The Old Putty Road, and King's pass. At first he would scrape his boots, till he learned to keep his feet tightly inside the foot pegs, his knees high up on the tank. He would brake hard, double-clutching down a few gears, dropping the bike to the road, sometimes even 'scraping' his exhaust, and then 'punch' the bike hard out of the corner, hitting the power-ban, pulling the bike back upright.

If you had watched him racing through city traffic, at about twice the speed limit, you would have found it hard to believe that his greatest fear was of dying in a car accident. He had great respect for the road. As he sped along, he felt that if he could go fast enough, he could outrun his fate. So he drove and rode hard through the traffic. Occasionally he would hit his limits, breaking just a bit too late, and low, feeling the front wheel slip, releasing the brake, and simply hoping he would get back to his side of the road before the truck hit him, or, seeing his best chances in the opposite tactic, he would cross to the far side of the lane, passing oncoming traffic on the wrong side of the road, then finding a brake in the traffic flow and crossing back onto the 'right' side.

This was before ABS. He had learned to release the brake and pump it, rather than locking the wheels. He had learned to anticipate the flow of traffic, to anticipate breaks in the line of traffic he could use for overtaking and passing. And small gaps in the traffic he could keep in reserve, 'just in case' he might need them.

Cars were notorious for simply running bikes off the road, paying them no attention. He had been next to cars, shouting at the drivers, as they had changed lanes, simply pushing him to the curb. He would sneak up between cars at traffic lights and inch his way to the front. The problem was he rode cheap old 2 stroke Yamaha Rd's, and later a Suzuki RG. None of his bikes were in the best of condition. However he got even the 250 up to 170km/hr. on the freeway, and up to 140 km/hr. in inner city traffic.

The power only came on in the 'red-line', when the 'power band' would kick in. So often cars would take off from the lights faster than him. They would sometimes appear to deliberately block off his way, driving as close to their lane markings as possible. He would then hit the power-band, take off, and, his knees up on the tank, his elbows pressed into his sides, surge through and past the closely ranked cars, barely making the tiny gaps they had left.

Needless to say he learned to keep a constant, wary eye on his rear view mirrors. To the front he was constantly anticipating cars entering traffic, changing lanes, breaks in the traffic, traffic light changes, and any possible threats and 'escape routes'. Why the mirrors? Police. In his first months he had supported the highway patrol's finances considerably. He soon developed a sort of 'sixth sense' when it came to cops. He got caught out once

by an unmarked car that had almost run him down. He in fact sped up, for fear of being run off the road by the car. It turned out to be an un-marked car. He had taken the bend at twice the speed limit, but had then slowed down. Until that car almost ran into him, that is. However, he was guilty, so he took the rap.

Other times he managed to 'talk his way out of fines', making up stories to explain why he was speeding in the breakdown lane past other cars. The truth was it was the approach to one of his favorite corners. The cars were slowing his approach. He loved testing himself on particular corners like this one. Seeing how fast he could take them.

The story he gave the highway patrol was that the cars had suddenly braked in front of him, and he, being inexperienced, had gone into the break-down lane to avoid hitting them. The patrol car then sped off after those cars.

Soon he got fed up with paying fines, and adopted an alternate strategy. He would drive as smoothly, efficiently, and intelligently as possible. He would never speed. He would roll in neutral when not accelerating. He focused on anticipating traffic flow, traffic lights, and road conditions, to minimise fuel consumption, limit breaking, and drive as smoothly as possible. Soon he was doubling the official petrol consumption ratings of any car he drove. His tyres wore flat, never rounding off the edges as most people's tires did. He took the most classical, elegant, smooth line through corners he could. At one time he rolled to a speed of over 150 km/hr. on the way to Armidale, down a long mountain road. It was the middle of the night. He felt like he was speeding through space. He would occasionally turn off his lights, just to watch the colored road markers, feeling more like he was flying than driving.

He rarely took the engine past 2000 revs. He would change gears, anticipate, and keep the engine at the lowest revs possible, while maintaining the speed limit, or less. He was in no hurry. Once some psycho tried to cut him off, with evil intentions he could tell. He was angry with him for driving too slow. He would not overtake, even though he had left him ample room to do so. He had waited at the next roundabout, suspiciously long, and in the middle of the road, blocking it.

Kim had simply driven over the curb. He had no qualms against driving on footpaths if he had too. This infuriated the psycho, in his massively huge overpowered ford GT 350, 'HOE'. He was not certain. Apparently his mate was with him, in an old Ute. They tried to stop him in tandem, one slowing down in front, and the other closing in from behind. Kim simply left the road, entering a building site. The big Ford then sped past him. Kim anticipated the Ford driver's actions. He deceptively pointed his old Toyota T-18 towards what for most people would be the only 'way out'. He meant to let his antagonisers believe that was his goal.

They took the bait, speeding off towards it, overtaking him on the dirt. Kim calculated and anticipated this move, keeping his tempo to that speed that would ensure that the big ford would reach the 'exit' just before him. He would give him time to come to a standstill, while he, still moving, would be able to accelerate even quicker than the heavy Ford could, from a standing start. The psycho of the big Ford was grinning, sure of having caught his prey, his mate's car just behind Kim's, ready to block him in.

Kim had his eye on a dirt mound he planned to drive up and over, and onto the next road. But he kept his car pointed at the exit. Only at the last minute, his predators sure of having caught their prey, did Kim nail his accelerator to the floor and change direction, toward and over the dirt mound, and to freedom.

The psycho driver of the big Ford was infuriated at having been out-foxed by the old Toyota driver. Kim looked in his rear-view mirror to see him coming up fast, banging his fist on the roof of his car. He slowed to let him come up beside him. He considered the best option was to be apologetic, even though he had nothing to apologize for. Anything to get this psycho off his tail. The angry driver swore at him, abusing him, banging his fist against his roof, intimately some vague but violent threats, and then speed off. On another occasion, impatient with a driver who was blocking his exit from a petrol station, apparently too nervous to enter the highway traffic,

Kim had simply passed him, down the curb. When he pulled up at the next lights this driver pulled up behind him with a screech of tyres. Kim, pretending not to notice, carefully wound up his windows without moving

his head. Locking his doors, he simply ignored the angry man trying to get his attention. The week before, about 10 km from here, a man had been beaten to death by a man at the traffic lights. Kim didn't care if he damaged his car. What could you damage on his old Datto? He simply pretended not to notice the angry man, and simply pulled away when the traffic lights changed.

It seemed people hated it when he got the best of them, when he didn't let them determine what he was going to do. It helped having an old Datsun 1600. A '*Datto*'.

You could bounce over curbs, hit things, without much concern. Its fully independent suspension was very forgiving. It had no paint. Today he could barely miss curbs, but when he was learning, he would often hit them, the suspension taking the beating in its stride.

On his various bicycles, riding between his home in Seven Hills and his best friend's place in Parramatta, he had taken much greater risks, often running lights that had just changed from green to red, coming down a steep hill at speed, hoping to maintain the momentum to take the following climb in top gear. Once he had been a bit too incautious. He had only avoided crashing into oncoming traffic out of sheer luck. He had swerved widely around the traffic, across 3 lanes, as it took off from the lights, just a little faster than he had anticipated.

Anyone who had known of his typical driving and riding antics would thus find it ironic that his greatest fear was of dying in a car accident. Over 1.2 million people died each year. Many more were horribly injured. If you asked Kim he would explain that any risk he took was carefully calculated.

He kept within his limits, while pushing them, but only within calculated risk limits. But he could not abide by people who carelessly drove too fast, paying little attention to what other road users were doing, the road conditions, or anticipating the traffic flow, and potential risks. Sure, he drove like a lunatic sometimes, but he didn't feel that he was taking risks. He had it under control. Most people, on the other hand, were half-asleep when they were driving, having no respect for the potential dangers they faced, and risked presenting to others. Just another thing to irritate him about people.

He hadn't driven for years now. He had last driven in Germany, in ice and snow, even in complete 'white-outs', barely able to make out the road markings. He felt safer staying off the roads, and out of the traffic statistics. However he had begun feeling that itch again. His favorite television programs were once more car programs. He had his eye on a Peugeot. He especially admired the almost perfect lines of the Peugeot 406 and 506.

They were the most elegant cars he had ever seen. They were more beautiful than any Porsche, needless to say BMW or Audi. The movie series 'Taxi' had of course made the earlier 406 famous. And in Australia, the original 406 had a reputation as 'bullet-proof'. However it was the newer models that had so impressed Kim. They were simply as close to perfect design as he had ever seen. He was in love.

Then again, Kim considered the shorter-wheel base of the 206cc would suit his driving style better. He loved to be able to swiftly dodge in and out of traffic. And the idea of a folding down hard-top for spring, and night-driving in winter, with the top down and heater on, floating through the night, really appealed to him. But for sheer beauty, nothing could beat those 406 and 506's. Were they designed by the same guy who styled Ferrari's?

In any case, for Kim they were simply stunning. Their style resonated with him. Their proportions. Their curves. The way they sat on the road, like some cat-like beast, ready to flow from stationary to full speed, seamlessly, as if having been freed of the laws of inertia. As if they had never been stationary in the first place. He would love to have a 406 or 506 in his living room, to sit in one while watching television.

He had stopped driving and riding out of a conscious fear of not living long enough to finish his writing projects. However now that he had more or less done as much as he was likely to do with them, and they were pretty much as ready for publishing as they were ever going to be, he felt he could afford to 'live a little more dangerously'. It didn't matter if he died now. He had completed his mission. What became of his writing was now out of his hands. If he managed to influence anyone for the better through his decades of writing, then that was good. But he had no power to guarantee anything. So he would try to get back to living his life.

He had put his life 'on-hold' for the last two decades, more or less. There was no time to waste. Soon he would be well past his prime. Of course the reason for the cliché of the 'mid-life crisis' was that it was a part of human nature. To try to live your dreams before you were too old to enjoy anything. He had, he felt, met his self-imposed obligations. He had done what he could to 'save the world'. He was slowly feeling freed of the burden he had been carrying. The sense of responsibility for all the woes of the world.

Through his writing, his research, and experience, he had come to learn that he was not responsible. He had pushed hard. He had dedicated himself to pursuing the truth. He had learned a lot. He had learned why he had felt this responsibility. He had come to terms with his insights intellectually, however it would still take some time for the emotional impacts to filter through, for him to adjust the habits of a lifetime, habits of thinking, acting, and responding. It would take time to emerge from the prison he had lived in. He was often certain he would never make it. But now he had expressed everything that was within him, he was slowly freeing himself of its bann.

Perhaps he might have a few years of 'life'. Perhaps he might start being kinder to himself, more generous to himself, more loving of himself. It might be possible. Maybe. If he was lucky. And if not, then he was quite happy to leave this world behind. His legacy was complete. What the world made of it would be up to them.

Caring had become a habit. And worrying about the possibility that he would have to come back to this planet after he died, and live some other miserable existence as some other person. Thus he had to constantly remind himself of his 'salvation' from this possibility. The crisis had ensured that he could never be new-born on this planet, at least as any form of animal. So there was no reason to fear coming back here as just another miserable human.

Within 100 years there would be no more misery, suffering, ugliness, stupidity, exploitation, cruelty, or absurdity. The 'endgame, lost of old', would finally have been lost, once and for all. Surely that is what was happening? So why was it he still felt, on some level, that this was not the case? He put it down to habit. Habits died hard. He paid it no more mind. His mind returned to cars, and pretty girls, panties, pussies, sex.

## Chapter Seventy Two

'A word starting with rapturous joy and goodwill, and ending in abject desolation and hate'. 'What?' Self asked. 'Your song lyric, 'A word starting with...' 'Oh', Self interrupted Jenny. 'You like it?' 'You mean love, right?' Jenny offered, pretty sure that was what he had meant. 'Probably, Self replied in his typical 'post-modernist' fashion. 'So are you going to buy that Peugeot?' Jenny asked, a ring of hope in her voice.

Finally he might actually get a car. It was so impractical *not* having a car.

Jenny had never been without one since she was 16. 'Buy?', an exasperated Kim responded, incredulous at her naiveté. 'I am a star baby. A famous writer and pop-star. I'm not gonna buy one baby. They are gonna give me one. They might even pay me to take it. What do you think I pay my agent for?' 'Oh' Jenny brightened. 'Can you get one for me then too?' she quipped. 'A red 306 cc'. 'No', she quickly added, 'A metallic green one, with that matching green interior. 'Do they still do those?'. 'For me, baby, they will. For Kim Jestem'. Then he laughed and quickly added 'I mean, for PUSSY baby. People will do anything for PUSSY'.

Jenny knew all this 'baby' stuff was all self-irony. Kim didn't take himself seriously. She had never known him to. He took his work, his writing seriously. But he was ironic about himself, his fame, his ability to get free cars, to get paid for endorsing a brand of sports-wear. 'Oh, will they just', she smiled, and ran over to him, tickling him, pushing him back down onto the sofa. 'Pussy, is it? Is that everyone wants?' She was teasing him, kicking him playfully, pinching him, laughing, smiling.

He grabbed her most ticklish spots on her waste, making her jerk and laugh, pulling her down on top of him, as they tickled each other playfully, then lay in each other's arms, enjoying each other's warmth, the simple comfort of each other's company. This is the sort of simple comfort and joy that had defined their relationship ever since that band interview about a year before.

After a minute or so of silence, Jenny lifted her head from his shoulder. In a very serious tone she asked him, with all the gravity she could muster. 'Will you pull down my panties, spread my legs wide, and slip your rock hard cock deep in my cunt?' She could see that at first he had been scared by her serious tone. She loved how easily hurt he was. How fragile he was.

How vulnerable. It endeared him to her in a way he would never understand. But after he heard the word 'panties' the fearful spell suddenly broke. A broad cheeky smile then replaced his suddenly serious, anxious, scared features, as he rolled on top of her.

'Do you want me to cum in your mouth?' he asked, teasing her. 'Can I use your cunt to pleasure my cock? Can I use you like a fuck-doll, to make myself cum?'. What had begun as playful teasing was now moving in the direction of real sexual heat. She loved how he talked 'dirty'. She began playing up to his favorite sex-talk. Putting on an innocent, naive, charming, girlish voice, she fell into the role of a young girl. 'Can you teach me how to do sex? 'Please? Will you?' Her game resonated with him, and he quickly played along.

'But you are only 13', he replied, immersed in the role of responsible adult. 'But my panties'. She savored the word 'panties', and continued.

'Inside my panties. Look!' She lifted her skirt to show him her panties. She had worn the most innocent, soft white, low cut cotton panties, planning her attack in advance. 'See. Here', she gestured, running her finger along her crack. 'It gets so wet when I think about your...your...'

She left the sentence hanging, as if too shy to finish it. 'My what?', Kim wondered, innocently, like a responsible adult. 'Feel it', she suggested coyly, as she grabbed his hand and ran his fingers from her but to her clit, moaning as she did so, her hips thrust towards his face. 'See?'.

She then slipped her panties aside to reveal a freshly waxed, completely smooth vagina. Holding his hand, she ran his fingers again from her arse to her clit, and back, her hips pushed forward, moaning, spreading her thighs.

'See'. She then turned around, her back to him, and bent over. 'Look, I can touch my toes'. She touched her toes, her legs spread wide. 'It's better if I pull my panties down', she explained. 'It's easier'. She then proceeded to pull her panties down, leaving them around her thighs, so they were just exposing her arsehole and pussy. It was hotter. Half-dressed. Panties. Pussy.

Kim stood up, getting his cock out quickly. He stepped forward offering 'oops!', as he plunged his cock deep in her pussy, as if he had just slipped accidentally, unintentionally. 'Oops. Sorry. I just slipped!' 'That's O.K.' she replied, in her girlish voice. Kim couldn't help but continue fucking her, repeating 'oops' and 'sorry', in a voice that was becoming increasingly hoarser and higher pitched. He fucked her hard and fast, constantly repeating 'oops' 'sorry' as if he had just stumbled and his cock had accidentally gotten stuck in her cunt. He came inside her and pulled out, putting his pants back on.

She continued talking as if nothing had happened. 'See, I can touch my toes'. She straightened up and went over to him as if nothing had happened. He got up, reminding her of her homework for that week, role playing a tutor who had come to her place to give her some sort of tutoring. 'O.K.', she answered, as if she was a young girl he was tutoring. Nothing had happened. Nothing to worry about. She had just shown him how she could touch her toes.



## Chapter Seventy Three

'Welcome to the BBC debate. Today's topic is, of course, 'what caused the crisis?', the television announced. Jill lay against Sturm as she watched the program. After about half an hour it became clear that the most popular theories were some sort of virus that had come in on a meteor maybe thousands of years ago, a virus that had been 'defrosted' as global warming melted the polar ice-caps.

Others speculated that some man-made virus had escaped an experimental lab where they had been working on sterilizing some pest or other. The other more scientific possibilities offered included the mutation of an existing virus.

The more speculative and sensational offerings included a conspiracy on the part of some terrorist organisation that had gone wildly wrong. It was clearly all speculation. No-one seemed to have any idea at all. No-one had any real ideas where to start. More interesting, to Jill and Sturm, were reports which indicated that many people clearly thought that the crisis was a good thing.

However the program following this 'debate' was much more interesting, and disturbing. Around the world, people were brazenly buying and selling all manner of illegal drugs on the streets. Young girls were apparently engaging in casual sex without any inhibitions. People were not turning up to work. The financial system was collapsing, as investors pulled out of most shares. People had stopped saving. People who had typically been very conservative and frugal began running up massive credit card debts. They took it for granted that they would never have to repay these debts.

Federal banks from the Euro-zone to the U.S were pumping in as much liquidity as they could, to keep up with the consumption driven upswing in economic growth. But it was clearly going to become a 'bubble' of dimensions no government had ever had to deal with. And in another unprecedented situation, at the same time as consumption was generally booming, the real-estate market was collapsing. The only new building that was taking place was that of walls. Walls saturated with elaborate security systems. The rich were converting their entire homes into virtual 'panic rooms'. Whole suburbs were being walled in, as virtual 'compounds'.

Indeed from the outside they looked exactly like prisons.

Car-jacking had become so common that few rich people would take their cars out on the roads, unless in convoys with security vehicles and police escorts. The private security industry was experiencing a massive boom. Sturm caught himself about to smile. He had, for some unaccountable reason, invested heavily in the security industry.

Anyone who wanted to work would find work. This mantra of conservative republican politicians was for once actually true. While initially jobs in animal exploitation related industries had been lost, due to the crisis, the decline in the human workforce had ensured that the supply of labor continued to fall, relative to demand for labor. This put labor in the best position it had ever been in the entire history of human society.

However some people had lost any real motivation to go to work. Why bother? That age old economics maxim of 'in the long run we are all dead', made famous by Keynes, now echoed in most people's consciousness, reverberating, building standing waves, and producing an empathetic resonance within the individual's noetic structures, their belief systems, their goals, objectives, their definitions. These reverberated and resonated, shaking the foundations of society. The old assumptions, the old definitions, the old systems of relations, were slowly crumbling. They had been shaken. Most had been built upon shaky assumptions, unstable foundations. And they came crashing down. As in any such situation, people got hurt. Things got destroyed.

But this destruction, this Thanatos, produced a creative energy, an Eros, all of its own. New definitions emerged. New systems of relations, new ways of being and seeing, were being tried out. Try and see. That was the

new approach. Things that had been dismissed in the past were now actually being tried out. Just to see how they fit. The new under-supply of humans meant new definitions, new systems of relations, would need to be given a chance. The old ones had been adapted to the old situation.

The new situation produced that most favorable of circumstances for progress. A crisis. It was only during crises that most people took chances.

Crises revealed the inherent flaws in things. They forced people to accept that problems existed. They forced people to identify, and actually solve these problems. They gave the young lions a chance to shine. The old lions had nothing to offer. They had no choice but to give way to the more ambitious and creative, risk-taking young lions.

In the normal course of events the fat-cats could pretend, spin doctor, deny, and misinform. They could get away with their incompetency and dullness.

They could manipulate public opinion. 'Nope, no problems here', they could, claim, smugly and complacently destroying anyone who dared contradict them.

But now, thanks to the crisis, the power that more senior management and the average worker alike had to mob and victimise their more honest and ambitious colleagues and subordinates, had evaporated. The whole world could see that these emperors of industry and government were naked.

They were not up to the task. Their whole philosophy of denial could no longer be propped up and glossed over. And all the problems they had spent their careers denying came back to bite them in the arse.

The average worker, as much as those in positions of more obvious power, suddenly had every motive to assist the most inventive, creative, innovative, and ambitious of people. They actually encouraged them to start questioning things. To start deconstructing the 'holy cows' of the past. To start challenging preconceived ideas about how things should and could be.

In the past the 'tall poppies' were seen as threatening to the self-definition of the more average and mediocre of egos, and thus destroyed and 'cut down' to size. But in the context of the crises, people could see that their own well-being might be determined by the success of their 'betters'.

Thus they offered their support, even if begrudgingly. People who might never had been given the chance to shine, or whose contributions might not have been recognised until well after their deaths, were finding themselves being welcomed and valued by their peers and promoted by their superiors. They were given access to the resources to 'try and see'. To test new ideas. To challenge old assumptions. To take chances.

The traditional saying that 'truth always finds itself on the scaffold, while lies always find themselves on the throne' might soon no longer apply. One day, perhaps, people will wonder at such a saying. They might one day assume that it must have been mistranslated?

Luke 16:10 reminded us of the indivisibility of justice when he wrote 'He who commits any injustice, is unjust'. Jesus had called upon his followers to 'treat the least amongst you as if they were I'. These were the ideals of the prophets. However an opportunistic human nature plays to the music of 'might is right'. It was only the crisis that produced a convergence of the two.

The crisis had led to a re-distribution of power from the most powerful to the least powerful. Even the least among us could demand to be treated with dignity, respect, and due care. Labor would be able to demand its fair share of production. It was labor that had produced all value since society had emerged. However it was only now, thanks to the crisis, that it would get its fair share of that value.

## Chapter Seventy Four

The TEP leadership were watching closely to see just what hope they might have for the future of life on earth. Would people learn? How long would the TEP have to wait before attempting to assimilate the rest of the world into their plans? Would they have to wait till the end, till the 'end of days?' Or would experience teach people the lessons they needed to learn before then?

The TEP leaderships would be watching intently. Either way they were ready. Either way they would attain their aims. Only an individual can experience anything. So it made no difference, really, in reality, which, and how many, people would be left to enjoy their new world. Their referent of interest was the individual. Every individual. Statistics were irrelevant. Only individuals existed. Only individuals could experience anything.

And if they were right, then individual experience engines could be experienced by an infinite number of units of awareness, like a hit movie could be experienced by billions of viewers. So it was a question, ultimately, of quality, and not quantity. It was about the quality of the experience the engine could offer, and not about how many of these engines existed.

Most lives that had been lived to date had been defined more by boredom, discomfort, dissatisfaction, pain, misery, suffering, and the infliction of further such pain upon others, than by any positive experiences.. So even if by some twist of fate all life disappeared from the earth, only a Nietzschean alien would define it as a bad thing. 'When you say yes to any pleasure, you say yes to every woe'. In fact only such a Dionysian- Nietzschean could ever validate the chaotic world the TEP had inherited.

And the new world would offer every opportunity for pleasure, while minimising the woe that each individual would be exposed to. So TEP merely risked merely eliminating a source of pain. What it stood to gain was a world of pleasure. Any non-Nietzschean cost-benefit and risk analysis would thus speak overwhelmingly in favor of TEP.

## Chapter Seventy Five

The media reports, Sturm reflected, were as clumsy as usual, exaggerating some things, while, for the most part, completely missing the point. The mass media left the public misinformed. It failed to provide them with the most important insights that they could have provided. He wasn't sure if it he could put it down to a lack of competence of the journalists, or whether it arose out of their 'corporate', their CEOs, with their intricate business relationships, cross-ownerships, and all the other financial considerations that drove their business models.

Sturm reflected how people were often too quick to define a lawyer's, journalist's, or politician's act as a 'mistake', when it was often deliberate, intended to achieve some desired ends for their clients or themselves. He considered how most of the apparently incompetent bungling among the beneficiary classes is really a cunning strategy. The average person is just unable to gain any transparency into the holistic context of these apparent 'errors'. Few people could ever imagine what ends such means could serve.

Sturm considered how wars that appeared to be unwinnable blunders on the part of an administration, prove to have been extremely profitable for the members of that administration. And yet few will ever learn of how profitable, and by what indirect means. Armaments companies don't pay upfront fees to their benefactors. They pay them after they leave office, in the form of lucrative 'speaking engagements' and 'consultancy work'. They pay them in the form of easy, extremely rewarding positions on Boards of directors, and 'insider' information enabling them to further leverage their ill-gotten gains. And so few people ever identified any possible motives for such 'blunders'. Failing this, they of course never put motive and opportunity together to identify perpetrators of crimes. Thus most crimes are seen as 'blunders' by most people. And thus most criminals are never investigated, let alone interrogated and prosecuted.

And few people were 'cynical' enough to even imagine that their 'leaders' would accept massive costs on the part of millions of 'others', simple to enjoy massive benefits for themselves and theirs. And thus the beneficiaries of war benefit from the misery that war produces, free from the fear of being sought out, and found out. Sturm reflected on that famous song verse 'war, what is it good for?'.

Certainly it is good for quite a great deal, even if only for a few. The many pay the costs while the very few reap the benefits. And so their reaping goes more or less unnoticed by the many, who can only wonder at the complete, apparent, chaos and pointlessness of war. That has always been the nature of society. Society is made up of small privileged few who treat the masses as mere means to their personal ends. Their ends justify any means. They can enjoy these ends, smug and complacent in the surety that they will be the beneficiaries, while others will bear the costs. And so the small group of beneficiaries that constitute the most powerful hegemonic elites of every society have nothing to lose in the mass misery and destruction of war. For them it is all win-win, not matter who wins the actual war itself.

Anyway, Sturm considered, returning to the finance reports which had brought on all this reflection on the media, in their typically bumbling, incompetent way, the media did provide some overview. What such reports suggested was to some degree reflective of the reality. Stock markets tended to 'build-in' expectations of future profitability into their current market prices. Analysts had begun noting that such forward pricing had begun extending from the next business quarter, to the next financial year, and in some cases, the next decade. So the markets were, for the most part, reflecting the expected demographic changes of 'year 10'.

In fact many brokers were advising their clients based on 'year 30' projections. In fact it made no sense to hold onto most shares. They had peaked. So many institutional traders were simply selling off any liquid assets, in programmed sales which were intended to prevent the markets becoming nervous, and bringing about a crash. But

such a crash was more or less built-in to the electronic trading systems the programs futures traders used. 'Cascading' was more or less a natural product of the way the systems operated.

This meant that, at any point in time, one major player's automatic Forex, Futures, and Commodities trading programs would trigger sell orders the automatic trading systems of most of the other players in the markets. In a nervous bear market, this would lower the market price, invoking new sell orders from other automated trading systems. A few points decrease would then set off further trader's programs, leading to sell orders. This would in turn produce a further lowering of the market, further signaling to other programs to sell. They would set off a 'cascade' of sell orders, which would further set off further sell orders, all at consecutively lower prices. Thus the market would crash. On several consecutive trading days the regulating authorities had had to close trading in many of the largest publicly listed companies on the Dow Jones. The same trend could be observed across all the major international trading platforms and Indexes.

The real estate market and the futures markets both experienced a similar pattern. What traders were considering were the future implications of the current situation. And so prices fell well in advance of any actual changes in the current conditions. The population was still relatively stable. Labor supply was still firm.

Sturm's mind then continued on to consider another benefit of 'the crisis'.

Political parties dependent on xenophobic, protectionist, racist, anti-immigration lobby groups and political bases, suddenly lost their reason for existence. Even the most thick-skulled moron could see that many taken for granted public services would simply cease to function without a massive influx of immigration. The rich felt this most keenly. They needed more consumers for their products. Their focus was initially on demand, as they were, at least for now, managing to cover their labor needs with innovative new, efficient 'sharing' of 'floating' labor. They had also reduced their labor needs by introducing all manner of technological innovations. Chapter Seventy Two

Retailers had begun collaborating and merging. Soon the new mega-stores would offer basically every product and every brand on the market, at the one location. All the typical marketing arrangements were no longer adapted to the situation. Exclusive, back-door deals became unprofitable.

The only way to keep competitive was to merge, maximise efficiencies, and reduce margins. Soon margins had been cut to a few percent. Prices fell. Marketing budgets were scrapped. It became about the products, themselves rather than any clever marketing. Free samples were offered instead of clever advertising campaigns. This produced costs savings of around 20% in one hit.

The retailers became fully automated. Shelves were automatically refilled by automated systems. Scanners would scan entire trolleys of items in one go. If the consumer agreed to the print out, and prices, they touched 'O.K.' on the touch screen, and their account was debited. The system used biometric data of registered clients, scanning their iris, noting their gait when walking, and a number of other forms of biometric data that they did not reveal, to protect their systems from any 'breaches'. If hackers didn't know which biometric details were significant, they could not try to replicate them.

Some commentators on the new phenomenon speculated that they had begun sampling the body odors, even the pheromones, of their clients. These were so unique to each person, and so hard to mimic. Even the way each person would enter a pin-code would be used to identify a person. Thus criminals were confused when they had the correct pin-codes, but were still denied access. Many attempted to copy the typing rhythms of their victims, but they could not foil the systems. All traditional forms of I.D became obsolete. I.D theft became a thing of the past.

Prices ultimately fell. At least the price to the actual consumer. The 'middle-men' could no longer take advantage of them. These middle-men were forced to become productive members of society, actually producing value, rather than devoting all their creative energies to seeking ways to further manipulate and profit from others.

Humans were freed of most of the mundane tasks they had previously endured. The solutions had been around for decades. All that had been missing was a motive for the beneficiaries of the status quo. These beneficiaries, up till now, had traditionally had no motive to introduce innovations. Now they had no choice. As soon as one competitor, usually some new co-operative such as 'green-think', adapted, the rest of the market was

compelled to follow. They could not rely on their traditional 'dirty tricks', 'legal maneuvering, political lobbying, and 'behind the scenes deals' between 'mates'.

Now they were actually operating in markets that were as close to the 'free' markets that Adam Smith had envisioned as they ever had in recorded history. And so the promise of an 'invisible hand' producing, from the interactions of self-interested individuals, the most fair and efficient distribution of costs and benefits, was actually realised, thanks to 'the crisis'. Markets were actually free. The availability of information made the markets transparent. Workers were aware of where their labor was most demanded, and where it would be best rewarded. Artificial restrictions that had been enforced for political reasons, at the bequests of unions and other professional organisations were lifted. They had been scientifically arbitrary. They had only been put in place to promote the interests of narrow interest groups and their lobbyists. This included immigration restrictions.

Within a few years, thanks to 'the crisis', millions of people were on the move across the globe from East to West, and from South to North. The growth sectors would be language training, re-training of basic skills, security, bio-tech, vegan industries, and the newly emerging 'green-think' financial sector.

New financial models had begun emerging. The old ones had failed. Traditional banks were doomed to go under. And they did, within a few decades of 'the crisis'. The notion 'too big to fail' had become redundant. The good old days of 'privatising profits and socialising losses' were never to return. That had been a 'golden age' for the opportunists.

Hundreds of thousands of 'parasites' from the banking sector suddenly found themselves unemployed. They would have to engage in more 'productive' employments. At first they were smug. They had billions of dollars in bank accounts around the world. But they had not expected the financial ramifications of the new order.

And those who had fled to 'gold' in these times of uncertainty were even more shocked when governments around the world sold off their gold reserves, recognising that the only real form of value was that which the economy produced. If there was nothing to exchange paper currencies or gold for, then these were equally worthless. No, the real value of a currency was how much value the nation produced, divided by how much currency was in circulation.

This calculation left no need to hold onto tonnes of gold. In fact holding that gold in 'reserve' was counter-productive. That gold could be more productively employed in electronic componentry and so on. And thus gold lost its status. It had been this status that had produced an artificial under- supply and over-demand. It had been politics that had produced a demand side and supply side push in the market value of gold.

And so the price of gold had a reality check. It returned to a real market price, based on the actual world supply, and the demand for it in productive uses. The supplies that had been locked up and kept out of productive employment once more began circulating. This led to a massive increase in market supply. And as the uses were less profitable than the traditional one, as a 'store of value', the demand fell along with this increase in supply. This meant that it no longer became profitable to mine for gold. And so all gold mining ceased. No more lives or ecosystems would be destroyed in mining gold. Its value had been reflexive of the old finance systems, the old hegemonic ways of being and seeing, the old systems of definitions, the old systems of relations.

The co-operatives had never invested in gold. They had re-invested all their profits into the production of real value. And within a few years they had stopped using the official legal tender. They had their own electronic currencies. They had established their 'not-for-profit' transaction system in parallel to the conventional business transactions, and had slowly reduced all 'currency' transactions until, by year 20, they were operating more or less independently of the hegemonic financial systems.

Of course they were being investigated. However they had special legal statuses. Often their 'enterprises' were service providers operating as extensions of 'religions'. They were typically co-operatives, charities, and all manner of not-for-profit organisations that fell out of the typical taxation and legal requirements traditional businesses were required to operate under.

As the Billions the financial parasites had accumulated, in opportunistic trading and speculation, became worthless, these billionaires were reduced to 'working for a living'. At first they could barter off their huge houses, jets, and fleets of vehicles in return for services and goods. They themselves did not have to produce any of the value they consumed, yet. However soon their houses and cars fell into disrepair. They were forced to exchange more and more of their 'physical assets' for the maintenance services of mechanics, builders, plumbers, electricians, and basic service providers. Within a short time they had lost most of what they had, through their 'windfall profits', 'appropriated' from the real value producers, the workers.

Gold had of course at first surged, as everyone tried to convert their 'paper' assets into physical assets. However then it just collapsed. Why? The value of Gold had been based on governments keeping most of it locked up underground in vaults, putatively as a 'backing' for their 'fiat' currencies. However the whole 'narrative' revolving around the value of gold had been a big, complex, sophisticated 'house of cards'. As soon as governments, attempting to finance their trade deficits, inherited from times when they had faced 'crises' that, in comparison to the current one, was considered as a 'golden age of financial stability', had begun selling off their gold 'reserves', the price collapsed.

Gold in fact had limited value in the real world. It had only become a 'store of value' through the political and military machinations of world politics and complex, sophisticated, obscure, murky financial arrangements which few people had ever managed to make transparent, let alone found a way to articulate to the general public. Once that can of worms had been opened, the complex systems of financial interactions broke down, this systems of relationships and definitions which had allowed a minority of unproductive people to appropriate the value produced by the majority, for their own personal consumption, simply evaporated. It dissolved. It had been a 'propergent', an emergent property of the interactions themselves.

It had been what sociologists called an 'artefact'. It had no existence in itself. It was constantly produced and reproduced by the interactions of other things that did exist. And so once these interactions ceased, the chimera of the artefact itself simply ceased to exist. It had never had any independent existence of its own. It was like a reflection in a mirror. Take away the actual object, and the reflection ceases to be.

Gold could not be eaten. Most electronics had adapted to a new era of signal processing. It's most desirable feature was its beauty. But people had other priorities at the moment. And so Gold, that 'store of value', proved just as treacherous an 'investment' as most of the shares and other commodities. Of course diamonds were being manufactured, for industrial purposes, and as the traditional, filthy rich consumers, dependent on such status goods to advertise their success and status, had long since lost their obscenely conspicuous wealth, there was little demand for the pretty stones. Mining companies were much more interested in lithium and other rare earths, used in the manufacture of batteries for all the new electronic cars, buses, scooters, trains, other devices. Oil and gas exploration had ceased.

Few believed that the current reserves would ever be used up. There just wouldn't be any demand. It was projected to fall off steeply, at an exponential rate. Simple changes in habits, what the ancient Greeks had called 'Ethos', from which the modern term 'Ethics' derives, had brought massive decreases in energy consumption. Simply turning off all electrical appliances which had typically been left on 'stand-by', had reduced electricity usage by 10% in one hit. Few of the other changes, on their own, made much impact. However combined, on a mass scale, they reduced energy needs by 30% within the first year, without any real lowering of anyone's subjective quality of living, or any observable negative impacts on their lifestyles.

Before the crisis people had just gone about their lives oblivious to the resources they were wasting. They just didn't stop to think about whether they could use less water, electricity, or fuel. They never considered that they were part of a system. If each individual saved a little, that would add up to a huge amount. But few ever bothered to make this calculation. They thought only of their own immediate satisfactions. They never calculated each action by 5 Billion.

## Chapter Seventy Six

Sturm had, like so many of the 'latent' TEP members, unconsciously felt compelled to buy futures in the rare earths, and shares in the companies exploiting them. Apart from such shares, he had many other 'investments' in the new post-crisis co-operatives. He now owned a huge number of 'voting rights' in 'resource and service allocations'. This meant essentially that if he asked to have a house built, or for use of any of the co-operatives facilities, fleets of cars and even jets, or any of the services they provided, any of the goods they produced, he simply had to lodge a 'request'. Points from his 'resource rights' would be deducted accordingly. He could also begin, through a new system of exchange, to transfer his traditional shares to the co-operative, thereby adding to his 'resource rights'.

Sturm was among many professionals to note how, post-crisis, the wage differentials that various 'professionals' had enjoyed, as a function of the hegemonic system of relations and the definitions which underlay them, were quickly eroding. A tradesperson could earn more than a lawyer, doctor, or dentist. It was a question of supply and demand. Just try to get a competent plumber or electrician. You would be lucky to get one within a few months. Forget the days when you could make an appointment. A few years ago you would complain if they were a few hours late. Today you would be overjoyed if you managed to get any sort of basic work done around your house or office. Mention at work, or at the supermarket, that you had found a competent tradesperson, and suddenly you would find yourself in a human press as people swarmed to get details, a telephone number, even a name.



## Chapter Seventy Seven

Soon after the crisis had begun having an impact on the labor markets, most students began leaving school as soon as they could. Parents were no longer encouraging students to study, 'for a better future'. They could earn good money straight out of school, aged 15. Schools emptied of the less intellectually able students. The whole tradition of assuming 'blank slates', that every student had an equal intellectual potential, which had forced most students to endure a pointless process which violently inflicted psychological damage upon them through a programmed educational failure, simply evaporated.

Everyone saw that the emperor was naked, and it didn't matter anymore. There was no need to pretend. The labor market had begun rewarding effort, rather than the sheer luck of holistic inheritances. If you were prepared to work hard, you would be rewarded. It made no difference if your work was manual or mental.

Of course many clever students could not be bothered studying. They wanted to get out and earn some money. And they found ways to employ their intelligence, creativity, and talents in the more traditional trades. This led to a surge of innovations in working methods, strategies, and processes. People were willing to listen to any good idea, no matter who it came from. If a 16 year old girl had a good idea, they were willing to listen, and more, to 'try and see' if it worked. There was none of the old 'face-saving' denial of more senior management, who in the pre-crisis environment had often repressed innovations that had not come from themselves. They hadn't wanted to be 'shown up' by subordinates. They had, in the pre-crisis years, often prevented innovations more than they introduced them.

They had also simply stolen the ideas of their subordinates. And their subordinates were quick to learn, and to adapt to this reality with their own working cultures. Why offer your hard-worked-for ideas up to management when they were going to reap all the rewards? Why work hard when others reaped the benefits? Why actually immerse yourself in your work, seeking to find new and better ways of doing things? Why bother? Only an idiot breaks a gut so that another can enjoy the benefits of their sacrifice and effort.

But the new post-crisis era, with its new young labor force and labor market conditions, brought about new social arrangements. 15 year olds were financially independent. They became a political force. They sped up social change, political reforms, and introduced new ways of being, of seeing, and of interacting. They had their own sexual mores and ethics. They came with fresh new ideas and were open to anything new. Thus social change accelerated beyond any of the predictions of the government think-tanks and analysts.

## Chapter Seventy Eight

The face of retailing had changed almost overnight. You would go to a mega-store on their free bus. You would be able to hold, touch, smell, taste, sample, try on, try out, and compare, every product on the market, at the once location. Once you found what you liked, you ordered it. If it was not in stock you would get a message on whatever medium you chose, the day before it arrived, or would be available for delivery. True 'just in time' ordering and production became the norm. Some products would actually be produced only after an order was sent by a consumer. Production efficiencies improved at a staggering rate. All waste was eliminated. There was almost no inventory, and therefore virtually no warehouses as such. Most products came straight from the manufacturer to the consumer. It was a real revolution.

Further, you could sign up for a product and wait until they had the optimal number of buyers for a particular production run. This meant you all benefited from the economies of scale your bulk purchase provided the manufacturer and retailer. You shared in the savings in shipping and handling costs. The final price would be calculated according to a transparent and predictable regime or algorithm. So if you were patient, you could get what you wanted with a massive saving. Everyone benefited from this.

Ultimately this became the norm, as it became harder and harder to arrange deliveries of products. Of course they had become automated more and more by self-driving vehicles, as part of 'intelligent' systems of distribution which required the input of very few human workers. However the economics of such a system favored group ordering and buying. There was soon no room for any 'bullshit' professionals who added no value to products, while massively increasing their price. The whole production, retail, and delivery process had become transparent. Rather than marketing people trying to trick people into buying things they didn't really need or even want, manufacturers began responding to the feedback of their customers, asking them what they needed, what they wanted, what features they most valued, and so on.

Of course the marketing professionals had soon gone out of business. Their skills in manipulating people with clever marketing strategies became redundant. Many of them used their training in psychology in more productive ways that added actual value to the lives of people. They became 'productive' members of society. The most talented of advertising copy writers went on to produce some of the most creative, humorous, and efficacious of public-interest spots ever produced.

## Chapter Seventy Nine

Jules' and Luc's 'co-op' soon began accumulating luxury cars, boats, villas, and jets. They traded co-op goods and services with their previous owners. Their previous owners had accumulated such possessions under the pre- crisis systems of relations. They could no longer afford to maintain them. They traded them for basic goods and services, in attempts to maintain their previous lifestyles without having to actually produce any value themselves.

The psychology of 'habituation' had in any case meant that their previous owners had lost the real 'satisfaction' these objects had provided, almost directly after they had acquired them. Jules and Luc had learned such things in Sturm's lectures. Individual ownership of luxury goods was more or less wasted on the individual. The logic was to 'share' such goods. The co-op now had all manner of luxury cars, sailing boats, motor-cruisers, holiday homes, high-end virtual-reality entertainment systems, jet-skis, you name it, they had it. Only no-one actually owned them per se.

Any member of the co-op, from cleaner to executive, could book their use.

This meant these objects were providing the optimal 'satisfaction' to their users. They were being employed 365 days a year, 24-7, providing joy and pleasure to their users. Mechanics who had earlier only ever worked on a Lamborghini could now take part in 'track-days'. Thus the co-op had attracted the world's most talented mechanics. Those who were passionate about their work. In the co-op they felt appreciated, rather than exploited.

They could earn almost the same as other 'professionals', if they wanted to work hard, commit themselves to constantly improving their skills, and making a positive contribution to the overall running of their service provision areas. Some were happy to work less, with less responsibility, for less 'resource credits', simply to have more time to enjoy their hobbies, their cars, their own 'projects'. Others became managers of their units, on the same level with any other executive in the co-op, with all the same responsibilities and rewards. Effort and sacrifice were rewarded proportionately. This meant that while there was inequality in rewards, these were reasonable, and considered by everyone to be 'fair'.

The co-op ran its own wellness centers, sex-clubs, resorts, film and sound production facilities, which Jules had earlier used to express her passion for erotica and pornography, and which Luc had begun developing, with famous co-operation partners, into a fully-fledged film studio, with state of the art music recording facilities. 'PUSSY' had just finished recording their new album there, 'Dio Culpa'.

To celebrate his success, and in recognition of his relationship with Jules,

Luc had agreed to a cover shoot for a men's magazine. He had a poster made up to present to Jules on their anniversary. She loved it. He had taken hot photo of Jules, naked, bending over, her breasts hanging perfectly, and placed himself, also naked, pressed in behind her, as if 'taking her' 'doggy-style'. The caption read 'Being 'the man behind the woman' certainly has its benefits'.

Jules appreciated the clever humor, and the significance of Luc's success for him. She was happy for him. She stepped lightly like an excited school- girl, stepping up to him, grabbing him in her arms, smiling and full of joy. 'You deserve this, you know. I never could have done any of this without you'. She had never made him feel otherwise, but it was nice to be able to make a more prominent contribution.

A cheeky gleam in his eye, a cheesy grin on his face, he could never hide what he was thinking, especially if he was about to make a joke or do something silly. Jules loved him most in these playful moods of his. 'But sometimes', he smiled, pushing her backwards, walking with her over to the sofa, 'it's nice to be on top too, you know!'. 'Oh is it?', she taunted him, playfully, poking him in the stomach with her fingers, beaming her laughing smile into the core of his being, her finger tips poking his flat, muscled stomach, almost hurting, turning him on, as he pushed her back onto the massive sofa, passionately undressing her, as she greedily undressed him.

He lifted her legs up over her shoulders, greedily pulling her panties up her thighs just far enough to reveal her sweet, shaved slit. He kissed her, pushing up against her soft, silky bum. Pulling her legs over his shoulder, feeling the soft skin of her thighs pressed against his chest, she deftly grabbed his already hard cock and ran the head over her crack, feeling the delicious heat of it. His cock felt hot against her wet, cool hole. She held it right there so he could feel her wetness, and so that she could enjoy the thrill of his heat, in anticipation, as her juices flowed freely down over and down his cock, down his thighs, and down hers.

He penetrated her suddenly in one movement, his balls banging against her arsehole. He began fucking her furiously, using her cunt to pleasure his cock, taking her, taking his pleasure with her, using her body, fucking her, fucking her. She loved being 'used' in this way. Being fucked. The passion drove her wild with desire. She too lost herself completely in the act.

They became one in their pleasure. They became pleasure itself. They became a field of orgasmic energy, cumming simultaneously, falling into a heap, the one unable to tell where the other began and they themselves ended, their limbs entwined, their sweat, body heat, and bodily fluids mingling. They lay there thus, lost in the warmth and comfort of their mutual embrace. After some time in this bliss of unity they asleep where they lay, spooning.

## Chapter Eighty

Kim often found himself observing happy couples, first feeling a sting of envy, then recalling how the envy he had felt for friends and their sexy new girlfriends only lasted until they married. A hot fuck was great. But once they became a couple, it meant that the man would have to give up all other women. It was virtual celibacy, to Self's way of thinking. They were, for all intensive purposes, more or less in his own current situation, a few years into their marriages. And worse, they would end up paying then for the happiness they now enjoyed, as he observed them. It was automatically programmed.

At the start, men felt they were getting free sex, warmth, affection, and support. But soon they would begin paying in much more substantial ways than merely flowers, dinners, weekends away, and the traditional material benefits expected of them. They would be burdened with all the responsibilities of children, family, demands by their wife, spoken or implicit, and demands made on themselves, to be good providers, to climb their career ladders, to 'get ahead'.

He had watched the cycles his friends' marriages had gone through. They would get the girl he would have liked to have had himself. So he would at first be jealous, before they were married. Then they had gotten children they had not really been sure if they had wanted or not. They got mortgages they didn't really want. They took jobs they really didn't want.

They ultimately gave up so much for what they had at first been so overjoyed to have 'won'. They had 'gotten the girl'. They had gotten into her panties. They had emptied their balls down the back of her throat, deep in her welcoming cunt, as she had smiled and moaned, and maybe even genuinely orgasmed. But then they got much more than they had really wanted. They paid for what they thought had been offered freely.

He would hold his own course, paying now, and hoping to benefit later for his self-control. He would eat his Brussel sprouts now, and look forward to his dessert. He endured many lonely nights of desperation, even to the point of occasional nights of panic, his mind in turmoil. On one or two occasions he even experienced nightmarish panic attacks defined by the fear of vague threatening beings jumping out with sharp knives from the darkness of hall cupboards. He had even caught himself 'rocking' like the miserably lonely children in Romanian orphanages, holding his knees to his chest, and finding the rocking back and forth somehow comforting, or at least engaging. More engaging than the desperate isolation of his emptiness.

He would bear the smugness of those who felt so superior to him, with their girlfriends, their fiancés. This smugness would diminish as soon as they realised they were actually going to be married, and then almost evaporated in the first year of that 'un-natural' state of matrimony. Later their smugness would turn to a real vicious hostility towards him, as the fights began, ultimately leading to the family law courts and divorce courts, and all the anger, costs, and frustrations associated with the process. And once it was all over they would be no better off than him. In fact they would have debts, and responsibilities, without any of the benefits.

And he would, slowly, accumulate occasional sexual adventures. Months and even years might lay between them, but he had not been completely without female company. He had learned that he didn't really want a relationship. He might become desperate and lonely as the months since the last 'affair' seemed to threaten to extend on and on and on, but as soon as he had found some comfort in the arms of a woman, he would almost immediately begin fearing being tied down, dreading her expectations of him. And so he panicked, over-reacting, and invariably bringing about the end of the budding relationship in a matter of weeks.

However he occasionally found himself daydreaming now and then of finding a single mother with a daughter. He would long for the comfort, the charms, the warmth and love of a pretty little daughter. He would be a

doting father. She would adore him. But then reality started intruding on this vision his own 'Heile Welt'. Would he be able to change his habits?

Would he be able to live like others? In ways most people took for granted? How would he free himself of his almost pathological frugality? The sort of woman and child that he would be attracted to would surely be able to do better than him. And so he felt his potential mate would be better of finding a more generous man. A more conventional man. Up until now his lifestyle, his pursuit of philosophy, of wisdom, of insights, and 'justice for all', had been incompatible with being able to be a good partner, let alone father. But now his achievements had begun accumulating benefits. He might actually soon start being rewarded, actually paid, for his work, for all his years of sacrifice, sweat, toil, frustration, and commitment. This might allow him to form a different relationship to money.

He had lived in constant fear of poverty, of being reduced to the old games and harassment he experienced at the hands of the employment agencies and Centerlink in Australia, or Arbeitsamt and Sozial-Amt in Germany.

He would not be able to bear to return to suffer that life again. Being toyed with by smug, incompetent staff who he sensed appeared to enjoy the fact that while he was more educated and accomplished than them, they could order him around. He always sensed a level of malice on their part. They appeared to enjoy their power over him. They appeared to enjoy playing with him, inconveniencing him, making his life even harder and more miserable than it was.

They acted superior. They were patronising. He had to resort to all manner of game-playing to be able to keep continue working on his own projects, despite their attempts to force him into exploitative casualised work. He would not return to that condition. He often woke up in the night, having had a dream that he was back there. Back in that deplorable, detestable situation.

That was how he 'rationalised' his emotional relationship to money. A fear of being reduced to poverty, or having to pretend to agree with bosses, to wear masks. He had, as a public servant, always asked his supervisors 'Is it

O.K. to say I disagree, but to follow directives because it is not my position to decide for myself?" They would say that is 'O.K'. However every time he disagreed in this way, they would intimate that there must be something wrong with his thinking, demanding to know 'what don't you understand?', as if he was not capable of having a compelling alternative to their directive, as if expressing disbelief that he could possibly have a better idea, and anyway, how arrogant of him to even suggest such a possibility!

They never said these things. But it was implicit in their manner. He would explain, and then restate that he would do what he was directed to do. And they would continue with their same old line 'What don't you understand?' It was clear he was expected to pretend agreement, wear masks, and adopt a persona. It was not worth it for him. He would not sell his integrity that cheaply. And later in life he would find that he was not willing to sell his 'soul', as he saw it, for any price. In fact, if he was going to be honest, within the first few days of starting his government job, he felt as if he could see his entire life spent within the claustrophobic confines of bureaucracy. He would rather just be dead and have it over with, than to endure that.

He would later reflect on Freud's comments on unconscious self-sabotage.

Freud's comments that 'the neurotic punishes themselves by submitting to restrictions and renunciations disguised as defensive measures' against some vague threat, really hit home with him. He had often 'accused' his mother of punishing herself for something, via her pathological parsimony, her apparent inability to spend her hard earned money on herself, on enjoying life. Instead she just accumulated more and more money, while living in virtual poverty. As a teenager he kept trying to get her to change. He felt that somehow this was a pre-requisite to him being nicer to himself.

Somehow he felt that he would himself only be able to change, and to start living, to start enjoying life, after she had done the same. Only then would he feel 'allowed' to do so. He had always felt responsible for her misery. He had never felt he deserved to be happy, as long as she was miserable.

Hence he pushed her to change. He told her he forgave her. All he wanted was for her to admit the reality of how things had been. However she laughed her horrible not-laugh, trying to pretend she was fine, and that

everything always had been fine. And this provoked him to push even harder. But rather than the positive response he hoped for, she simply got a court order requiring him to leave home.

Later Jestem came to suspect that he himself might have sabotaged his jobs to rationalise his lifestyle. If he were poor, his behavior had a reasonable context. If he was earning good money, it was hard to justify. Then its true basis in his neuroses would be impossible to ignore.

It was Freud who had provided him with an intellectual understanding of his position. He had revealed the source of his unconscious guilt, the guilt he had been punishing himself for, or so it seemed. A girlfriend had once intimated something along the same lines. She had noted that children whose parents leave at a young age often assume a sense of responsibility and guilt for their remaining parent's hardships and privations.

Freud found that infants desired the disappearance, the death, of their fathers, so that they could take his place as their mother's lover. They felt that their thoughts were all-powerful. So when a father actually did 'disappear', this child would of course imagine that it was their own wishes, their own desires, which had been responsible for their father's disappearance, and the resulting problems this produced for their families. This would account for his excessive guilt about masturbation as a child.

Masturbation was, in his mind, connected with sexual gratification, his lust for his mother, his father's disappearance, and hence his mother's and family's hardship.

This would account for his feeling responsible for all the misery in the world. It accounted for his form of empathic narcissism. It was a 'syndrome' or collection of psychological traits that a few percent of very intelligent children who had similar such experiences of family separation tended to suffer from.

They were aware they were intelligent. On an unconscious level they felt they must be powerful. After all, they had managed to get their fathers to 'disappear' so they could replace him in their mother's, his partner's, life. Thus they must possess great power. Thus they felt responsible. For they had the means to change the world if only they tried hard enough. They had the power. And so when they failed to find all the solutions, they blamed themselves for not having tried hard enough.

This would account for his apparent inability to spoil himself in any way.

No matter how much money he accumulated, he lived worse than the average unemployed person. This would account for his assertiveness in seeking to identify and solve problems. He could not rest in peace, knowing he could solve problems, which others had either not recognised, or were not motivated or able to solve. This brought him into constant conflict with people, including friends, colleagues, and bosses. It had led to his 'blacklisting' from any teaching or other government job in Australia. He had done nothing wrong. He had simply tried too hard to doing things that were 'right'.

Before the 'saving' grace of Freud's genius, he had at least been consciously aware of why he sought relationships with young women. He had not wanted to disappoint some 'thirty-something' woman desperate to have children. He had no intention of offering his services as sperm-donor, and slave. And it was against his principles to allow women to believe he might be able to make them happy in this way. This ruined his chances with all the women around his age.

His honesty really ruined it for him. With girls around 20 there was not the same pressure. They expected to have a few boyfriends before settling down. They were in no hurry. He could not be accused of 'having wasted their prime child-rearing years'. After leaving him they would have ample time to find a potential father for their children.

However, this said, he often 'fell in love with' gorgeous little girls. He had always had a special relationship with little girls. They seemed to sense his love. They were always surprisingly warm, friendly, and accepting of him.

They sensed his love, his approval, his desire to protect and nurture them, his natural instinct, which he did not express, to hold them, to share his warmth and affection. In their company he felt like a puppy dog among other puppy dogs, full of energy, affection, and playfulness.

He often found himself admiring the plump bums of 'yummy mummies' in their tight jeans, their gorgeous little girls hanging around their legs. He daydreamed of 'saving' some single mother and her daughter, of doting upon

them, and filling their lives with love. Sharing love and laughter with them, joy, fun, playfulness, warmth, and affection. Doing all he could to make their lives fun, rewarding, safe, and satisfying.

But such thoughts immediately lead to self-doubts. Would he really be able to provide this for them? The world was hard. What did he really have to offer? What did he have to give? Up until his recent successes with 'PUSSY' he had not yet had any concrete success. His financial situation had been unpredictable.

He hadn't even had health insurance.

And so the bubble would burst, pricked by the reality of his past, and his current situation. Things would have to change in his life before he could, responsibly, involve other people in it, on anything but a superficial level.

He could not allow people to depend upon his moods, his success, and his competence, as a father, or even as a husband. He had had no successful male role models in his own life. None of the males in his life, neither his 'father', his brothers, nor anyone he had known, with the exception of one Uncle in Germany, seemed to have 'made it' as fathers. They had not seemed to have managed to overcome their own lack of fathering, their own childhood experiences, to become competent, capable, successful fathers. So why should he imagine that he could be any better? How could he reasonably expect somehow to do better than they had done, and become a good father?

His impatience, for starters. He was so quick to become frustrated with the slightest things. And his perfectionism. And his realisation that most people's happiness was based on numbing, repression, denial, and behaviors that were for him completely unacceptable. Like eating meat, using animal products, benefiting from exploitation, going along to get along, mitlaufen. He was, or had become, a philosopher by nature. It defined him. He could not go back to being a 'zombie', as most people were, in his eyes. He did not want to inflict this challenging nature upon anyone else.

He would welcome fellow searchers joyfully. Those with the philosophical nature who found themselves on this path as a direct expression of their wills. Those who were already in his predicament. Those 'seekers' were already doomed to suffer his own fate.

But when you shared someone's life, they suffered with you. To suffer alone was noble. But to inflict the life of a true philosopher upon others was unthinkable for him.

He wouldn't wish his own lifestyle on anyone, his own constant hostile reactions from others, the victimisation he had suffered. Not his worst enemy. So how could he avoid this all spilling over into the lives of his loved ones? How could he protect them from what he was, and how the world responded to people like him?

And how would he be able to reconcile his own values and principles with being a liberal, accepting, tolerant, and supportive father and husband. Was it even possible to stand back and allow people you were intimately connected with from behaving in ways you felt were 'wrong'?

His desolate life had made him indifferent to living or dying. However it had allowed him to approach philosophy with a directness, an intellectual courage, a indifference as to what the truth might be. It was this that allowed him to become the epitome of 'the seeker'. He embodied the authentic spirit of the ideal philosopher. His mind was open to ideas that would be too challenging and threatening for someone with any vested interest in life, in the hegemonic systems of relations and the reflexive definitions which produced and reproduced these.

He had nothing, so he had nothing to lose. He could ask any question, accepting any answers, any consequences, following any line of inquiry that suggested itself to him. He had once told his mother that, while his childhood had been miserable, he took some solace, and she could also, in the fact that it had allowed him to become a truly competent philosopher.

All he had wanted from her was to say that she wished things had been different. He recognised the absence of free will in a deterministic universe, and so he did not blame her for her inability to provide the sort of childhood you would want for any child. However what he resented was her unwillingness to admit that it had been as bad as it had been. She would not even admit the reality he had suffered. She would not even say she regretted anything. She would not validate the reality he had experienced. That was perhaps the most damaging of violences she had



committed upon him. He had to live with this. But he didn't have to be confronted by this on a day to day basis though, and so he had not seen her for many years.

He couldn't bare being reminded of her coldness. She had told him she had not wanted to have him. She had, as a young man, told him he should kill himself, to thereby 'leave space for someone who wanted to live'. He wouldn't comment when asked about the lyric 'Mummy hit me till I cried, then she hit me till I made no sound'. It was too painful. The lyric said all there was to say, he felt. This is why he felt such empathy for children in such situations as he had grown up. This is what had driven him to write his 'Protocols'.

This is why his heart would break so often, seeing children being coldly treated by parents. He could barely restrain himself when he saw parents being mean, let alone physically aggressive, towards their children. He didn't like showing his emotions. He kept a lid on them. But sometimes, watching a movie, or just sitting in the sunshine on his sofa, tears would roll down his cheeks.

At other times feelings of abject loneliness would overcome him, combining with such emotions, and sobbing would wrack his entire body, contorting his face, producing stomach cramps. He would fall into a desolate state, completely hopeless, devoid of any feeling, just wishing her were not there, in that terrifying place, even here at all.

So many nights in succession in so many months and years, he had wished each night that he would not have to wake up ever again.

He had experienced such self-loathing at moments in his life. At university one weekend he had fallen into feeling so ugly that he had planned, in detail, how he could finish his degree without coming into contact with anyone, and forcing them to endure his deformity. In less dramatic examples, he might catch a particularly unflattering reflection in a mirror, and become obsessed with his butt, his posture, his nose, his ears, his hair. He was incredibly sensitive to his own self-criticism. He had such low self-esteem that he only felt O.K when he looked great.

While others appeared to take it for granted that others would accept and approve of them, maybe even return their love, he had always felt a need to earn this approval, to somehow become 'worthy' of it through some exceptional accomplishment or physical perfection. This is why he sought physical perfection. This is why he felt a need to achieve. So it was sadly ironic that this had in fact worked to push many people away. They felt threatened by him. By his ambition. By the standards he strove for. By his self-discipline, even his attainments.

One day, feigning confidence, a girl living in the university flats next to his block complained she had to shave her bikini line for summer. He joked that he would be more than happy to help. She immediately accepted his 'offer'. Her face lit up, all her gestures and body language reinforcing her positive response to his 'offer'. He had no idea how to respond. He certainly had not expected such an invitation! Such moments occurred, now and then, separated by long voids in which he felt desolately alone, rejected, unlovable. Moments in which he attracted positive attention from girls, enjoying moments of subjective acceptance and approval. Moments.

Across his entire life they constituted mere moments.

At heart he failed to have any semblance of genuine self-esteem. He had not felt any warmth in his life at all until that day a friend had more or less forced him to overcome his fears of rejection. She was going home for the vacation, and insisted on a hug from him to see her off.

This had been the first time he had felt genuine warmth or affection. It was a sort of love. He would never forget her, or this moment. He had been 21. He wondered if she had any idea what a momentous occasion it had been in his life. It had made it possible for him to seek out love. He felt the possible hope grow that someone might be able to return his love. It was a new experience for him.

But any hope of love was such a fragile thing. A small child that is beaten in the bathtub, having a large wooden brush thrown against their head, by their own mother, simply for adding some hot water to the bath after the rest of the family had also bathed in the same water, is unlikely to develop into an adult with self-esteem, a sense of self-worth, a sense of being intrinsically acceptable to others.

## Chapter Eighty One: Generation Why

The media had recently introduced their new catchword. It was 'Generation Why?'. Generation Y was the appellation given to that new generation of 15 and 16 year olds who had escaped the violence of the state education system and had been enjoying the independence that their newly available jobs, and the position in society this afforded them. They had begun lobbying for the right to vote, and it seemed they had earned this right.

Generation Y put everything in question. They accepted nothing based on any form of 'transferred authority'. They rejected the dogmas their parents had subscribed to. Their bible had become 'TROONATNOOR', Kim Jestem's Philosophical treatise, 'The Reality Of Our Natures And The Nature Of Our Realities', and its companion books 'Religion' and 'Convergences', which had completely deconstructed religion for them, making it completely transparent, and completely unworthy of their belief. They were at the perfect age when their minds were still open to new ideas. Their natural, not yet suffocated and repressed, instincts, were to question everything. Hence the appellation, 'Generation Y'.

Their parents had been Generation X. That generation had been defined by apathy, and personal material success. Of course the crisis itself had put in question most of the values of their parent's generation. The old rationales no longer applied. Generation Y were not going to become parents. They were not going to end up in traditional family structures. The rationale for monogamy was very flimsy.

The rationale for marriage had already been undermined by their parents fighting, before and after their divorces. The collapse of the financial system was yet to come, but still they had questioned their parents' notion of accumulating private property, while allowing public property to fall into ruins. They questioned the idea of accumulating massive personal debts for goods that soon lost their attraction.

'Habituation', had become a catchword among them. Habituation applied to lovers as much as to objects. Once you 'had' a thing, or a person, it soon lost value in your eyes. It ceased to fascinate. It ceased to offer the pleasurable sensations of ownership it had promised.

Girls, their parents noted, had begun acting like boys, especially when it came to sex. Their parents wondered if perhaps they were right. Parents began questioning their own values, their own 'choices'. They became much more adventurous in their sexual expression too, taking risks, trying new things, being more open to suggestion, to seduction, and becoming more sexually assertive, actively seeking out new sex partners. These were often the 16 year old boys their daughters brought home. They engaged in loud sex with them, making no attempt to disguise or keep this fact from their own children. They deliberately fought their learned sense of shame.

Their children, on the other hand, had never learned this shame. They were natural about their sexuality. They saw nothing in sexuality to be ashamed of. They had no sense of sexual shame. They had never been socialised into it. They had retained their natural innocence. They fucked. They sucked. They enjoyed the sensations their bodies offered them. Their 'prophets' were Freud, Jestem, and Sturm.

It had become more or less a 'proof', a 'rite of passage', a test of your true emancipation from the 'old' ways, for brothers and sisters to have sex, with their friends as witnesses. This was, in what some media referred to as a 'Freudian Cult', considered a real rite of passage. A complete decoupling from their parent's values. It had the same meanings for them that religion had for their parents. It was symbolic of their new systems of relations, values, and reflex definitions. And it was hot sex. It was HOT. Freud had been right. It was a natural instinct that had been repressed by 'society'.

Sexual repression produced neuroses, psycho-somatic illness, and a general 'dis-ease' in people. Generation Y had become free of all sexual repression. They were at ease. They suffered from no neuroses. They were, physically, in all ways, including mentally, the healthiest generation of humans in recorded history.

Inspired by Jules' porn, Generation Y engaged in the same sorts of 'challenges' Styles had filmed that day in Jules' studio. These games often took place in Generation Y scene sex-clubs, bars, night-clubs, Cafe- lounges, and in friend's homes.

Generation Y's sub-culture came to closely resemble that of the Benobals, in contrast to the wider society that mirrored that of the Chimps. Among the Benobals women sought out casual acts of sexual gratification with males. They offered oral sex, vaginal sex, anal sex, and were completely devoid of any self-consciousness. Benobal society was free of the violence that had defined Chip society, as it had, for the last few thousand years at least, similarly defined human society. There was no such thing as rape among generation Y. There was none of the sexual frustration that lead to rape.

Contrary to what feminists liked to have everyone believe, acts of rape were not acts of violence per se. The men tended to employ the minimum of force and violence necessary to gain their victims acquiescence. As Stephen Pinker was quick to explain, on BBC's *'Hardtalk'* with Stephen Sackur, 'rapists were motivated by a desire to satisfy their sexual needs, and not by a motive to harm or hurt their victims. Rapists sought to gratify their sexual urges. They usually employed the least amount of violence necessary, as a means to their sexual ends. The violence was rarely an end in itself.

The statistics proved this, as did every study undertaken over the last 30 years. Rape was a sexually opportunistic act. Surveys showed that the majority of men, with no access to other sexual opportunities, admitted they would rape if they were certain of getting away with it. Rape was a product of sexual frustration, and not a hate of women. Sure, men might get angry and frustrated with being rejected by women, but they did not hate them per se."

Pinker had continued. 'When objective measurements of physical response were made in controlled studies, they clearly showed that men were 'turned off' by any signs of pain or even discomfort in the females in pornographic materials. Thus the feminist myth that rape was an act of hate, intended to hurt women, had been exploded."

It was clear that if women wanted to reduce the incidence of rape, they would have to help men find ways to satisfy their sexual needs. They would have to accept the porn industry, and the sex industry. They might even consider having sex with men themselves! They might stop using sex as a means to their ends, and start enjoying sex as an end in itself. And this is what happened. And so it was that women became more sexual.

Traditionally they had tended to need some excuse to have sex, to overcome their socialised inhibitions and repressions. Now they had the perfect one. By having more sex, with as many men as possible, they could eliminate rape. And soon the incidence of reported rapes, for all intensive purposes, validated this. The modern woman, women's magazines would announce across cover pages throughout the western world, was proudly, unashamedly, and openly, a slut.

And thus the last few thousand years of religious hegemony had been finally overcome. Its chains had been broken. Its prison doors blow wide- open, like the legs of 'the new woman' had become, to any man that took her fancy, any man, at any time, in any place.

Freud had, it seemed, fulfilled his task as the true Christ, the true Saviour.

He had finally saved us from 'Original' sin. Freud had discovered that this original sin was Oedipal in origin. He thus deprived the religions of their main source of power, the unconscious sense of guilt and fear of punishment that the masses felt, due to their infantile lusts for their parents, and desire to dispose of anyone who stood in the way of their access to their parental sex-objects.

People no longer felt guilty for their sexual impulses. If they chose not to act on them, well that was up to them. Not the Pope. Not some 'authority'.

Nothing had any 'authority' for people any more, apart from the sort of compelling arguments that had been presented by true seekers like Freud.

People might act or not act on their harmless natural desires. However no- one could any longer be judged for acting on them. The remaining pockets of conservatives, of religious fundamentalists, had no power any more.

They could condemn the wider society all they liked, but they had no power to impose their own dogma, their own repressed, inhibited, perverse sexual mores, upon anyone, any more.

And many wives of such 'intellectual and sexual Neanderthals' secretly admired the new liberated women's freedoms. They saw their glow, their joy, their happiness, the easiness of their postures, their gait, their relaxed appearance, their lack of most of the 'nervous' diseases that were widespread and taken for granted among those still suffering from that mass neuroses called religion.

Women who acted upon their innocent and harmless sexual desires were healthy. They were vibrant. They were alive. They didn't suffer from depression. They didn't obsess of over their weight, their figures, their hair, their makeup, their clothes. They had no need to.

They had lost the sense of insecurity that monogamy and exclusivity had, ironically, produced. They enjoyed an abundance of warmth, affection, sex, and good company. They were no longer dependent on one man to meet all their needs. They had no need to wear masks. They had no need to fake orgasms. They had no need to play the good little housewife. They had no need to pretend a man's stories were fascinating. They had no need to adopt personas. The labor market was open to them. They could change jobs as they pleased. They were financially independent, and now they had become emotionally independent too. They would never have to spend a night alone again, unless they wanted to. They could enjoy their solitude with no fear it would become loneliness.

Their intimate personal relationships attained a real fluidity. You could afford to be honest with your current and prospective partners in a state defined by abundance. There was no more 'famine'. It was a feast. It was a matter of picking and choosing, of trying new tasty treats. And there was no pressure to make good choices. There was little cost in making mistakes. So there was no need to take things too seriously. If it didn't work out, it was far from the end of the world. You could afford to be generous with your affection and warmth. You didn't have to ration it, fearing it would not be returned, and that you would be left desolate, abandoned, and empty.

You could give, sure that you would get at least as much back, if not from the person you gave to, then from someone else. There would always be someone else. You would never be lonely or sexually frustrated.

Relationships became genuine, authentic, based on honesty and openness. There was no fear of ending up alone. There were just so many opportunities. So many potential mates. You could be yourself. Relax. Not care what others thought about you. Not need to worry that you might offend someone's sensibilities, their inherited prejudices and dogmas.

You didn't have to pretend anything with anyone. Unless role-playing turned you on, of course! You could 'try and see' any number of new ways of being, seeing, behaving, and acting. You had nothing to lose. No 'face' could be lost. You could experiment with all the possible '*you's*' that you could imagine being. You could pick and choose which of the '*thousand flowers of the soul*', as Hesse had expressed it in his novel '*Steppenwolf*', you would experience being at any particular moment.

The right to be anyone you wanted to be made it finally possible to be yourself. You could finally be authentic. You could be 'whole'. And thus everyone became 'holy'. All the parts of their 'selves' became integrated. This gave them a strength few had ever known. A strength that expressed itself in every physical, including mental, aspect of their being. They became the most complete people that had ever existed.

Couples enjoyed group sex without any sexual or emotional jealousy. No- one had to miss out on great sex, warmth, affection, and good company.

One day your wife would be getting off with some 'strange' men, and the next night you would be fucking these same men's wives, girlfriends, and if they got really lucky, daughters. And lucky men got indeed. In fact men thought about sex much less often than before this evolution of society and humanity. They thought less about it, as they were having it. They never had any need to lie to women, or allow them to mislead themselves, in order to have

access to emotional and sexual resources. They could be honest. Men and women ceased fighting that age old battle of the sexes, in which women used 'sex as a weapon', and men were forced to use deception.

Alcohol sales plummeted. Pharmaceutical companies found few consumers for their anti-depressives. Epidemiological surveys indicated a massive decrease in all illnesses, from mental illness, to heart disease, to viral infections, to workplace and road accidents. Many of the later had been either alcohol related, or as suspected, suicide attempts. The porn industry at first boomed, as women allowed themselves to satisfy their curiosity, and find inspiration. However soon it went into decline. People were living their sexual fantasies. They didn't need porn any more. The only labels to survive were those like Jules', which were creative, experimental, intelligent, informative, and genuinely inspiring. Men and women, in general daily life, had never been better 'friends'.

There was virtually none of the old, quietly controlled, repressed hostility that tended to express itself in harassment, mobbing, sexism, and other forms of violence directed towards women by men in the workplace or public life. It had been an indirect expression of resentment against women in general for denying them access to their sexual and emotional resources, for using men as means to their ends, of forcing men to 'pay' for sex in one way or another, and for making them feel guilty for their natural sexual impulses, their desire to have sex with girls, young women, and women who were not their own wives and girlfriends.

Women had been oppressed in the workplace as they had effectively oppressed men in the bedroom. Men exercised their power in politics and business, in public life, to counteract, as revenge for, the females exercise of their, sexual, power in the wider world.

Sturm had joked in one recent television interview that, 'traditionally, men had to earn more, as they had to pay for sex. Women got it for free. Hence they didn't need as much money. The money men earned filtered down to women in the end, in this way. Now that men no longer had to pay for sex, they could afford to pay women equal pay for equal effort'.

## Chapter Eighty Two

The TEP leadership discussed issues in their typical TEP fashion. They used a version of Edward De Bono's 'thinking hats' and 'generative thinking', in the forms developed by Kim Jestem in his TROONATNOOR arguments. They never argued positions. They never defended or attacked ideas, or the people offering them. They generated ideas, pros and cons, consciously adopting the various 'hats' of 'devil's advocate', 'advocate', 'emotion', 'analytical', and so on. They followed all the potential consequences of possible options in all their larger holistic interactions and contexts.

They could have replaced bees with their Nano-bots. However the pollination industry was providing millions of jobs for immigrants, speeding up the dissolution of traditional 'national borders'. The idea of the nation-state was being questioned more and more. All of this dove-tailed in with the Liberal-Social-Democratic values of TEP. And thus they did not adopt a technology on social grounds.

The programmable Nano-bots had emerged from the quest of a group of the most brilliant biotechnologists. These women formed the early core of the TEP, when it was an informal, though very secretive, Liberal-Social-Democratic 'think-tank'. They had initially been seeking a way to allow women to completely control their own fertility in totally unobtrusive ways. Ways that no-one else could monitor, and perhaps deny them. In some cultures such contraception was considered taboo. So they needed some highly effective but discrete means of fertility control. Finally their years of dedicated, disciplined, hit and miss, 'try and see', creative work had paid off, in the form of programmable Nano robots.

These Nano-sized robots could be programmed to identify and destroy any sort of molecule. They could be inserted in some media, say a gel, directly into the uterus via the vagina. Then a sort of 'magic wand' could be waved across the woman's stomach, switching the programs on or off. The Nano-bots then followed their programmed 'instincts'. They would destroy any parasitic cells. As the body defined the fertilised cells, the zygote, as an invader, a parasite, there was no risk of the Nano-bots attacking the woman's own cells.

These Nano-bots would lay in wait. Their natural instinct was to seek out and destroy parasites in the womb. This included sperm and zygotes. Thus they would effectively terminate any pregnancy within the first few days of conception.

This effectively eliminated any unwanted pregnancies, including the 30,000 such unwanted pregnancies due to rape each year in the U.S alone.

The horrors of abortion became a thing of the past. Later-term abortions were particularly gruesome. Few people could honestly justify such practices, while few were willing to defy the politically correct notion of 'the woman's right to decide' whether the unborn baby, a prisoner of a hostile host, defined by it as a parasite, an unwanted invader, would be allowed to be born, or would be anesthetized, its body broken and cut into pieces, and then vacuumed from the womb. In fact no media would show the recorded footage of the process. The pro-abortion lobby accused any media that intended to show it as seeking to 'sensationalise' the situation.

No media had ever aired any footage of such abortions, fearing a backlash from their viewers and advertisers. People wanted to live in denial concerning what 'aborting' a fetus, what 'a woman's right to decide', actually meant in practice.

The spin-offs of these Nano-bots, this new breakthrough in reproductive self-management, were of course many. The Nano-bots originally designed to destroy sperm and zygotes, could also be programmed with instincts to hunt down and destroy cancerous cells, viruses, and bacteria. While working on eliminating the suffering of abortion, and offering women control of their own fertility, this group of brilliant women had found a cure for cancer, for AIDS, for most of the diseases that had plagued humanity for the last few thousand years.

Sexually transmitted diseases would slowly become a thing of the past too, as the Nano-bots were variously programmed to seek and destroy these pathogens as well.

The biggest health threats that would remain would be those relating to obesity, heart disease and diabetes. As one radio commentator had put it 'What other satisfaction, apart from eating, do most people have? Men committed to monogamous relationships had no sexual motives. Single men joked that women expected even fit, attractive men to pay for sex, so why sacrifice the satisfaction of eating well, if you were still going to end up paying for sex anyway. Once their wives had their wedding, their children, and their home, they had no more need to attract a mate, and often no real interest. They already had what they wanted. Few people were going to be paid for their self-discipline, as models, actors, and pop-stars.

So what motive did most people have to worry about their nutrition and weight? And finally, what was so especially satisfying and exciting about the average person's life that they should want to 'live forever' anyway? "This group of brilliant women then focused on the question of how to produce these Nano-bots cheaply enough to make them accessible to everyone. They followed many avenues that lead to dead-ends. Their disciplined, controlled, hit and miss approach yielded many many misses until it hit upon a solution. The solution was modeled on natural systems, ironically the systems it had been called into 'life' to counter, that of reproduction, of self-replication. They found they could build self-replication functions into their Nano-bots.

And of course these brilliant TEP minds had anticipated potential problems. And thus they envisaged solutions even before such problems materialised. They were never left to deal with crisis situations. In the case of any unforeseen complications, the Nano-bots would be hunted down by specially programmed 'hunter-bots'. They would be specially equipped to perform this task. In this the worst-case-scenarios had been anticipated. Or so it seemed, for the time at least!

Within a few weeks the population of Nano-bots was growing exponentially, in the labs. It was only then that their think-tank hit upon a much wider application for these Nano-bots. The Eden Protocols could now be implemented. They had found the technological means. After months of discussion it was agreed that the Eden Protocols would be implemented.

The bots would be released on a global scale. The priority would be to eliminate irresponsible, unmanaged reproduction, and to engineer ecosystems defined by pure synergy, eliminating the intrinsic, endemic conflicts which defined the current ecosystems, and had led many of the world's greatest minds to reject life *per se*.

And thus the solution that the TEP had found soon became defined by the wider society as 'The crisis'. And at the same time cancer, AIDS, and virus patients around the world spontaneously went into remission, or their viral infections disappeared. Their doctors and the pharmaceutical companies took credit for these successes. Thus the TEP did not have to worry about anyone asking questions which might lead them to the discovery of their

Nano-bots. The established medical authorities would attribute their cancer reversals to natural 'remission'. They would credit their patented viral drugs with their success in treating viruses. No-one would be able to challenge these attributions, as the patents protected their secrets. In this way TEP would eliminate much human misery without drawing attention to their own responsibility, to themselves, to their plans, or to their programmable Nano-bots.

## Chapter Eighty Three

Before releasing the Nano-bots TEP representatives had traveled around the world collecting specimens for their own 'arc'. The favorite of most of the keepers were the inquisitive, curious, playful, energetic, affectionate Meer- cats and Otters, and of course the baby tigers, leopards, and lions. They thrived on a specially monitored vegan diet. It seemed TEP would realise that age-old ambition of an Eden where 'the lion would live in peace alongside the lamb'.

TEP 'recruited' millions of people as well. The most brilliant, talented, healthy, beautiful, and ethical people they could find. They spent months screening them, on the pretext of being 'head-hunters', personnel specialists seeking new employees for extremely attractive positions in some of the world's leading companies. Thus TEP's potential 'pool' of 'recruits' willingly submitted to all sorts of health checks, psychological testing, Intelligence testing, Emotional intelligence testing, biometric measurements, in fact more tests and observation studies than any human in history had ever willingly submitted to take part in.

The final selections were based on many criteria, including their ability to comprehend, and give consent to, the TEP ideals and objectives. In the few cases where these carefully profiled people still rejected the TEP plans, despite the rigors of the selection process, they were given specially administered 'veils of ignorance' which effectively destroyed their memories of their last interviews, the ones in which they had been exposed to the truth of why they had been recruited, and what for. They were then given compensation packages for their time, after being informed, sadly, that they were no longer being considered for any of the currently available positions.

Those who showed an acceptance of the TEP ideals and objectives, based on the subjective observations of specially trained counselors, and objective tests using the most advanced 'lie-detector' methods, were then formally recruited into The Eden Project, and gained entry level status in TEP. They would be told only as much as they needed to be, for the TEP leadership to be confident that their consent was informed.

This was a crucial factor for TEP. Holistically informed consent. Once they were confident their new recruits consent was genuine, and informed, they revealed as many of their secrets as they needed to.

While in one of the many TEP locations, islands, resorts, ocean going vessels, and remote colonies, they were assigned objectives and goals. Once assigned to their jobs in the outside world, some at the resorts themselves, they too would be placed under a 'veil of ignorance'. They gave their consent to this, comprehending the necessity for it. After they had been placed under 'The veil of ignorance', they would have no conscious recollection of their true mission, the wider context of their particular objectives and goals, or of their part in the TEP strategy. They would pursue their 'implanted' goals instinctively and naturally, as if they would their own wills. In fact it was their will. They were simply unaware where it had originated. They would thus 'own' their TEP objectives as their own wills.

No-one, whatever means they employed, would ever be able to lift this 'veil of ignorance', and learn anything about the TEP. Only the TEP had the technology to 'lift' the veil.

TEP participants would be invited, for private or business reasons, to visit any one of the TEP locations. They would be unaware of why. They would have no conscious knowledge of the TEP. They would simply feel motivated, unconsciously compelled, to attend some seminar, accept some offer, visit some 'wellness center' or travel to some 'resort' on their holidays. Often the directives came from their bosses.

Only after they were safely back in TEP hands would their 'veils' be 'lifted'. They would then be de-briefed. They would participate in further planning. They would set, and be assigned, new goals, be once more placed under 'the veil', and return to their jobs, and new tasks, refreshed, after having enjoyed a great holiday on the islands, a 'get-away' on some luxury cruise, or some stimulating, innovative training program or lecture series, at one of the TEP resorts, ships, or their newly opened 'V.U', Vegan University.'



## Chapter Eighty Four

Sturm was in his element. VU, *Vegan University*, was massively popular.

His own fame was widespread, to the envy of many of his former colleagues, in the academic, and in the wider intellectual community. He was adored by Liberal Social Democrats and demonised by the left and right alike. However his guest lecturers were famous per se. Dick Zagger and David Zowie had both given guest lectures. Zagger, who had newly been granted his masters, and was keen to complete a Doctoral Thesis, in friendly rivalry with Zowie, who was well on his way already, gave a lecture in 'Satisfaction'. He noted how today everyone was getting their satisfaction. Marketers had lost their traditional power to construct artificial dis-satisfaction in consumers, which they then offered their products as the 'solution' to, offering the hope of gaining that satisfaction that had 'eluded' them in life. Of course all of this discussion took place in the context of Zagger's famous hit 'Satisfaction'. He even admitted to his audience that the title and song idea had come from an old Negro Blues song and musician. Zowie's lecture was in the context of his 'Changes', and his personal bi-sexuality and earlier, deliberate, projection of an androgynous, gender-neutral, both sex-inclusive, image.

Both Zagger and Zowie surprised those who were not familiar with them with their articulate, educated, and insightful commentaries on modern society. Those who knew them personally, and Sturm could thankfully include himself among that group, would not be surprised. They knew them to be warm, intelligent, empathetic, well-read people who genuinely wanted to understand the world and people around them. They just happened to also enjoy massive musical talents as well.

Sturm gave a series of lectures on what he considered the most fundamental subjects. For this reason all VU students were required to attend these lectures. The topics covered included: 'Virtual reality: the essentially subjective nature of all experience' ; 'Interactions and outcomes: the imprecise language and concept formulations that produced the ideology of cause and effect' ; 'Function follows form: the dangers of imprecise language usage and Crypto-creationist teleology' ; 'Semiotics: self-awareness as a product of communication within the herd' ; 'Sexual communism; The Eden of the Benopals'; 'Making the implicit, explicit: building arguments on sound foundations' ; 'Holistic reflexivity: the meaning of all things is their relationship to everything else' ; 'Transferred authority: Plato's Socrates, The Torah's Moses, The Gospel's Jesus and 'end of days', Mohamed's Gabriel, Marx's 'Dialectical determinism' and 'end of history', Hitler's 'Historical determinism', and Hubbard's 'Operating Thetan' ; 'Universal religious archetypes: Humble virgin births of a god-man who dies as a scapegoat for everyone's sins and is resurrected, ensuring eternal life' ; 'Golden ages: Cronus' heaven on earth, the Torah's Eden, when Daoist sages ruled the earth, 'the noble savage'; and the most innovative and acclaimed of all of Sturm's lectures ' Freud as the true Messiah, saving us from Oedipal sin'.

His students were surprised at how many implicit assumptions underlay the things they had previously taken for granted. Once they challenged these implicit assumptions, and saw how absurd they in fact were, many of their most fundamental views of the world simply fell to pieces. Even those students most hostile to his arguments eventually had to admit they were compelling.

## Chapter Eighty Five

Function followed form. Even the ancient Greeks had been quick to reveal the problems in the typical Aristotelian teleology that assumed that form followed function. It was this assumption that had corrupted the popular language culture in statements such as 'birds have wings to fly'. 'Camels have humps so they can survive a long time in the desert without water'. In reality birds can fly because they have wings. As Epicurus had clarified, 'form suggests functions. 'The adaption of a form to some function always proceeds the existence of a form'. A form suggests its employment to the owner of it.

Evolution has no intention. Forms are not designed. They evolve spontaneously through a hit and miss, binge and purge process which requires no further explanation. It may invite the ascription of intentions in minds hungry for meaning, and a sense of personal security in an indifferent and often hostile universe. But a genuine understanding of the process of evolution makes all such speculation redundant. The theory of evolution can account for, and explain, everything we experience in the universe. Semiotics, as Nietzsche showed us, could even explain the extent of our self-awareness.

Sturm had so often been completely perplexed and frustrated as television documentary presenters repeatedly revealed their own complete lack of understanding of the process of evolution. Such presenters would claim that mangoes grew on the top branches of trees to avoid being eaten. This implicitly ascribed intention, and thus sentience, to a plant. They would talk about how sharks were perfectly designed killing machines. This implicitly assumed a designer. They would tell us how the sucker fish had developed its particular form to suck up nutrients. This implied that the fish was deliberately active in its own evolution.

All these things implied that individuals or species as a whole had the ability to foresee what forms would be functional in the future. It assumed they had the power to change their own D.N.A. Either that or it assumed some designer. A designer with each species' interests in mind. A benevolent designer with good intentions. And as such all such comments implicitly assumed the existence of fabulous beings called gods. It all amounted to crypto-creationism.

Such crypto-creationism lead to its logical conclusion in statements such as 'The saber-toothed tiger could not have been striped as modern tigers are. It must have had a different fur pattern to modern tigers, as otherwise it would not have been adapted to its environment'. This was the reflexive, iterative extension of the desire to ascribe positive meanings to everything we experience.

And so supposed scientists would be left pondering, out loud, about what the purpose of the saber-toothed tiger, the *Smilodon*'s saber teeth actually was. This was the absurd, logical (within this set of assumptions) consequence of a failure to comprehend the true nature of the evolutionary process. If everything served some function, then it was logical to seek to ascribe a function to every form that we encountered in nature.

The saber-toothed tiger, the presenter explained, 'was a purpose built killing machine'. Such comments would make Sturm, and anyone else who understood evolution, cringe with discomfort. It assumed something sentient had built the tiger, for some particular purpose, to kill. At very least it assumed evolution itself had intentions and the ability to realise them. 'Natural selection had found a way to focus light'.

Such misrepresentations of evolution were common across all the channels professing to be 'scientific'. It had surprised Sturm when he had spent a few lazy weeks watching television, that no-one on TV appeared to understand even the most basic, fundamental elements of the process of evolution. He watched Discovery Channel, National Geographic, Explorer, and all manner of documentaries on the commercial and state-run broadcasters. Wherever he looked, he found the same errors being repeated again and again.

After a while he actually became suspicious. Was it even possible that so many well educated people did not have a clue about the most important concepts in science? Or was it a deliberate attempt to mislead people, and to bring crypto-creationism, and hence the religious dogma of creationism itself, with its god, back in through the back-door, while everyone was watching the front door? Was it the equivalent of the magicians and card- tricksters' 'sleight of hand'?

What else could explain such frustrating claims as 'muscles were not designed to stretch that far', or 'plant roots have evolved to...', or 'animals evolved to solve problems'.

Hawkings had given the game away, implicitly, when he commented that 'while science is good at explaining how, it is not good at explaining *why*'!

That expressed the crux of the problem for Sturm. People wanted to imagine they lived in a world that had been ordered and designed with their welfare in mind. Few could face the facts the universe presented them with. It was indifferent to them. The rest of nature was often hostile to them. They were the prey of other organisms. They died like flies in wars, in plagues, and at the end of mostly hard, unrewarding lives. They wanted to feel safe and secure. They wanted things to have positive meanings for them. They demanded this of their priests and even 'scientists'.

And the priests and scientists wanted it as much as their public did. Few were immune to the most compelling elements of human nature. Few, like David Hume and his fellow 'skeptics', were capable of being truly 'scientific'. This was no less true today, in the supposedly most scientific of ages, than it was during the 'dark ages'.

And so it was that Sturm was motivated to formulate the clearest and most competent explanation of the process of evolution any lecturer had ever presented.

## Chapter Eighty Six

His audience could see that Sturm was particularly fired up today. They expected something particularly fascinating from him on such occasions.

At first they were surprised at the topic he had chosen. Surely, they felt, everyone in the audience already understood everything there was to know about evolution? If it had been any other lecturer, they would have just 'switched off'. However they expected Sturm to surprise them, and so they gave him their full, though perplexed, attention.

And so Sturm gave his first lecture on Evolution, and 'crypto-creationism'.

'Organisms adapt the forms they inherit to serve their needs. Thus function emerges from form, and not the other way around, as most people assume. Aristotle's 'form follows function' was a continuation of the old religions. His teleological functionalism reflexively reinforced the anthropocentric claims of the priests that their god had 'created' the world for man to live in.

And long after such 'creationism' had been rejected, the 'crypto-creationists' snuck it in through the back door with their 'intelligent design'. Function implies design. Design implies design-*er*.

Evolution, however, is a 'hit and miss' process with no objective or aim. It is open-ended. It is based on the principle of 'binge and purge'. The apparent direction towards sophistication and complexity merely emerges automatically, spontaneously, and naturally, out of this hit and miss, binge and purge. Random mutations occur which produce a diversity of forms. Thus all forms are randomly generated, without any intention.

If a randomly generated form provides its host with a competitive advantage over its competition in survival, and in securing mates, it is more likely to be reproduced than forms which do not provide such competitive advantages. It was competition for scarce resources and mates that filtered out the less functional forms from the more functional forms, over billions of years.

Sentience meant that such potentially useful forms which could be employed by the organism in some functional manner, to serve some function, to satisfy some desire, would tend to accumulate, over billions of generations, in the offspring of organisms. Other such forms accumulated more passively, simply bestowing direct advantages upon an organism, such as a mango tree. They required no consideration on the part of the tree. This accounted for the development of both simple organisms, and complex sophisticated ones, such as humans and other animals.

In fact intelligence could be seen as the accumulation of billions of instincts that had proven useful, beneficial, or at best, did not prove, on the whole, so dysfunctional that the host organism did not survive and reproduce.

And thus many forms are actually dysfunctional. The organism has survived and reproduced despite them. And in fact 99% of all organisms that ever existed on this planet went extinct. They proved less competitive or adapted to their environment. Evolution is not 'warm and fuzzy'. It is cold, hard, vicious, nasty, indifferent, and uncaring, and 'red in tooth and claw'.

'The sort of teleological functionalism and crypto-creationism that had corrupted discourses on evolution in the popular media and scientific circles alike, logically lead to the search for the positive function of cancer, war, rape, murder, inequality, exploitation, deceit, and extinction', Sturm exclaimed, quite passionate now. 'And this was the reason we had to purge the popular language culture and culture itself of such corruptions.

We must make sure we do not fall for the crypto-creationists sleight of hand tricks. We must keep ourselves fully alert to the dangers of allowing implicit assumptions within statements to go unchallenged. Logic itself cannot save us from such errors. Logic is only mathematics. It is not philosophy. It is not reasoning'.

Sturm made great use of Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature', Hobbes' 'Leviathan', and Freud's arguments in debunking the myths of cause and effect, creation, free will, and anthropocentrism. 'It was Hume who had warned us not to impose our own desires upon reality. Just because we wanted something to be so, just because it 'should' be so, according to our beliefs about our special place in the universe, did not mean it was so. We should let reality speak to us, rather than imposing our wish-list about what reality should be, what we would like it to be, upon it.' Of course many students were at first, skeptical.

'Skeptical.' Sturm reflected on the original ancient Greek term 'Skeptos', meaning 'open-minded seeker', from which the term derived. Today a Skeptic was someone who was *closed*-minded to new ideas.

Many students would later credit this lecture with having 'opened their eyes, and their minds'. They would go back to their various specialty areas with a new holistic perspective which proved extremely valuable. They became the most productive, creative, innovative, and acclaimed researchers, academics, and writers in their fields. They adapted the same hit and miss, binge and purge approach that defined the process of evolution. And they became, as a result, as innovative and productive as evolution itself.

They ceased seeking to reconcile what they 'wanted' to be true with what they could actually observe, or reason from first principles. They began pursuing all the potential truths about the reality of our natures, and the nature of our realities.

They approached any problem with an open mind, open to all the possible ways of defining things. This included the definitions of problems and their possible solutions. They listened and observed like true Zen masters. They let reality speak to them, rather than trying to make it say what they wanted it to say. They adopted a 'hit and miss', 'try and see' approach.

They defined failure as the next step on the way to success. They accepted that the price of a few 'hits' was a huge number of misses. This was the true 'secret' behind the success of VU graduates. Hit and miss. Try and see. Binge and purge. Reward risk. Reward admissions of failure. Yes. Failure is good, as it indicates you took a risk. It proves you are following the correct process. And rewarding processes is as important as rewarding outcomes, when it comes to motivating and managing innovation.

VU graduates were capable of bravely facing reality. They became true seekers. They accepted that they could not know anything for sure. Thus they kept an open mind, and kept testing their beliefs. They never fell for any dogma. They were never 'bound' by any beliefs. They were free to question everything, to propose alternative explanations, to conduct mind experiments, and to 'try and see' how their ideas would play out in the real world. They rejected the notion that anyone, or any supposed law or 'knowledge' should be above their challenge and interrogation. They accepted no other authority other than their own reason, experience, and compelling arguments.

## Chapter Eighty Seven

VU lecturers regularly quoted contemporary writers, musicians, poets, film-producers, novelists, and bloggers, in their snappy, upbeat, interactive, cutting edge lectures. V U was rapidly developing a world-wide reputation not just in the social sciences. They had been awarded more patents in science, technology, and medicine, than any other university had in the last 100 years. Their funding was incomparable to any other institution, government or private. If you had a cutting edge idea, an innovation, a new approach, and a hit and miss, try and see, heuristic bent, then you were welcome at V U.

You would have little bureaucracy to deal with. No time wasted with dodgy research proposals. VU understood that basic research could not be justified in conventional ways. If you were willing to work as part of a multi-disciplinary team, if you were prepared to give and attend lectures on topics you thought you had nothing to say on, and which you thought had no bearing on your own work, if you were open-minded, a team-player, willing to actively share your insights, no matter how unrelated you thought they were to what others were doing in their fields, and to listen to others, no matter how 'far out' they sounded, no matter how unrelated their ideas appeared to be to your own work, then you were ensured the funding you needed.

And so V U proved a great recruiting ground for TEP. The other most common entry point into TEP were the 'resorts'. These were among the most fashionable, luxurious, exclusive resorts in the world. Wealthy men came based on word of mouth. These resorts had a reputation for entertaining the most beautiful and 'randy' women in the world. In this way the TEP got a chance to become intimate with the most famous, talented, successful, wealthy, and powerful men in the world. The most beautiful women were attracted, as a reflex of this. Before the crisis they came looking for rich fathers for their longed for children. After the crisis they came for fun, and rich lovers. And everyone who came, it was said, came.

Soon, with the new sexual liberation of women, women were 'cumming' for the hot sex they knew they could experiment with, here, where everyone would be discreet. What happened at 'the resorts' stayed at the resorts! So it was the perfect place to try on new sexual personas. Without anyone you knew ever finding out. You were free to take chances and try new things here. Just being here loosened most people's inhibitions. From then on it was like returning to the innocence of the Tahitian Islands that Captain Cook and Lieutenant Bligh had witnessed on their arrival in the islands two centuries earlier.

## Chapter Eighty Eight

Jenny felt the deliciously arousing sensations of the tip of Kim's tongue, as it lightly brushed her anus. The anticipation was incredible. She was getting so hot. She was getting a massive 'wide-on' as her vagina opened up, engorged, tunneling open from the blood filling the erectile tissues of her vaginal walls. Her vagina opened up cleanly, its pink tunnel inviting penetration.

Kim placed the head of his cock just inside her hole. Jenny shuddered from the heat it gave off. She pushed back, longing for his cock deep inside her.

Kim playfully pulled back, keeping the tip of his cock teasingly just up against her wet hole. It felt cool and wet on his cock. She whined with lust, half moaning, half sighing 'baby, I need your cock, baby, cum inside me baby, I need you to cum quickly inside me, oh, fuck, fuck me, fucking stick your cock in my pussy, fuck my hole, pump me full of cum, empty your balls deep inside me'.

This brought Kim to the edge, unable to hold back any longer. 'You want me to fuck you?' he moaned. 'You want my fucking cock?' She turned her head, smiling sweetly and nodding quickly as he plunged deep into her willing hole. She met him half way, pushing back onto his welcome 'fuck stick'. She rode him, using his cock to pleasure her cunt, to fill her with cum. His cock felt delicious inside her. He enjoyed this fucking action, keeping his cock as relaxed as possible to prolong the ecstasy.

He admired the curve of her back, the sensual roundness of her bum, as she moved her hips side to side, his cock pumping in and out of her. She was lovely. 'You are so beautiful', he cooed to her, 'so beautiful'. He carefully brought her hair together into a pony tail and gently tugged back on it. She loved feeling him pulling her hair. It released something primal within her. It recalled struggle. It suggested a force she had no choice but to comply with.

Yes, she had to admit, she had had these sorts of sexual fantasies often enough. Fantasies where she was not responsible for whatever happened.

They stemmed from when she was young. From when she had been inhibited. Not violent rape. Just forceful sex. Being 'taken' by a sexy stranger, without any responsibility. He would use her. She had no choice but to acquiesce to this powerful stranger. Thus she had an excuse to enjoy the frantic sexual impulses in her panties. Her sexual arousal at the idea left them soaking wet.

This powerful stranger would pull those panties down, and thrust his huge, hot, hungry cock inside her, exploding a huge load of hot cum deep inside her, as she came all over his massive, rock hard cock. She came at the thought, feeling Luc pulling on her hair firmly. As he heard her cries and felt her pussy convulse around his cock he pulled out, thrusting his slippery cock into her now slightly agape asshole, cumming from the psychological power of this 'violation' of an age old taboo. This drove her over the edge, as wave after wave of orgasm ravaged her body, and Kim emptied his balls deep inside her, her tight arse-hole firm around the base of his cock.

Lying next to her, her hand laying comfortably on his chest, her leg over his, he began softly crooning 'Mi amor es tierno, Mi amor es verdadero, Si quieres sentir mi amor, Tarparlo alrededor, de Ti'. My love is sweet, My love is true, If you want to feel my love, I'll wrap it around you. Finally Kim had found, in Jenny, the right balance between intimacy and distance, sexual heat and affection.

He was glad that the issue of children would never have to ruin things for him. He had long accepted that he should not try to be a father. His daydreams of marrying a yummy mummy with a cute little daughter were kept for particularly sentimental days, but he never believed he would ever get to enjoy being such a doting father to his own little princess. It was good, he reflected, that his capacity to change his lifestyle and habits would never be tested.

He was happy with Jenny as things were. He didn't have to stress out about his weaknesses. She appreciated his strengths. This was the first time an attractive girl had actually fancied him because of his mind, his character, his

nature, and not despite his values, principles, and confrontational, critical philosophical nature. Other girls had found his personality 'monstrous'. Jenny found him refreshingly honest, open, and transparent. He fascinated her more as a philosopher and person than as a musician.

She would have become bored with him long ago otherwise. She had had many affairs with famous pop and rock stars. They soon became stale and boring. No. This connection she had found with Kim may have begun as just another affair with a musician, but it had developed into something much more. But not something that was too much more. It was just enough more. Just enough to be good for her.



## Chapter Eighty Nine

The ads that shouted at Kim, their audio signal having been compressed and boosted, no angered him less now that there were fewer other frustrations in his life. Well, to be precise, no longer any sexual frustrations, or frustrations associated with being a failure.

However this lack of consideration on the part of broadcasters had motivated him to join a Euro political party, the Social Democrats. He had been provoked to this by the local Euro MP who had spent a huge amount of resources on web presences in which he would look out at you, full of interest and concern for what was on your mind.

But when Kim contacted him about a simple action he could take that stood to benefit everyone simply and quickly, and he failed to even respond, he felt provoked to do something. He would take the issue up himself. Most Europeans lived in high density housing. Watching television at night without disturbing your neighbor was not helped by the shouty-screamy commercial breaks and station promos. The level at which the program was barely audible was the level at which commercials were really loud.

It had outraged Kim to be constantly on the remote, adjusting the volume. While practicing guitar he had to continually disrupt riffs half-way through to reach for the remote. Few would have guessed that it had been this issue that had motivated him to begin his political career.

He had of course written much about politics, and the ideal society. He had framed the now famous, at least among the Liberal intellectual community, 'Protocols' and 'Eden Protocols'. But he saw no real possibility of his ideas ever being accepted, at least not in his lifetime. He was completely cynical about politicians, and the general public. He used to joke, in a quiet, serious voice, 'I see brain dead people', mimicking that small boy in 'Sixth sense'.

When he later described his initial foray into politics in his memoirs, he was met with disbelief. Surely he was kidding, right? But that was Kim. He was riled by things others just accepted. There were no 'little' things for him. His mind thought holistically. He thought 'consideration' for your neighbor was the highest virtue, the key principle you should live by.

At first the Social Democrats thought he was joking, when he raised the issue. However ultimately he delivered such a compelling argument that the issue was taken up. The party bosses were in fact surprised by how well it resonated with the public. Within a short period of time Kim had attracted his own 'constituency' across Europe.

Then, after falling out with the party bosses over several matters of principle, Kim, pushed on by Jenny, and a broad-base of on-line supporters, sort of haphazardly formed his own party, the Liberal Social

Democrats. However it was not until later that year that he became a serious political player. Following a referendum and massive public demonstrations, 15 year olds in full-time employment, and then 16 year-olds generally, were granted the right to vote. And this was his constituency. They 'got' him completely.

Over the years he, like Freud and Sturm, Kim had become one of their 'Prophets'. Kim laughed to himself. Finally. Recognition as a 'prophet'. Of course a prophet is never honored in their own country. But here in Europe!

The SLDP became Generation Y's secular religion. And it was in this context that Kim met up with Sturm. At least the first time that he was conscious of having met and worked with Sturm. It was only when he attended a speaking engagement at VU, and 'the veil' was lifted, that both Kim and Sturm recalled their earlier meetings at TEP.

Back within a TEP controlled environment they began forging new plans regarding how the LSD could promote TEP objectives in the European Parliament. They would use their veto power to prevent some anti TEP

principle legislation, while waiting until their real political power came, to bring in more significant, fundamental changes.

## Chapter Ninety

Asimo had just won the world checkers tournament. The general public didn't appreciate the significance of this at first. It had to be explained to them that the Chess victory of 'Deep Blue' over the reigning world Chess champion had been an easy task in comparison to this. Most people felt chess was a more challenging test of intelligence. However in reality it was more a question of memorising set moves. Checkers, on the other hand, required the sort of thinking and information processing that had, until Asimo's victory today, been thought the sole domain of humans.

In fact many cognitive neuroscientists had come to accept what philosophers like Hobbes in his 'Leviathan', had clearly demonstrated centuries before, that all human thinking could be reduced to 'computation' or 'reckoning'. Hume and Freud had argued that the conscious mind was merely a sense organ. The consciousness was merely the passive perceiver of calculations and reckonings made in the unconscious mind. Further, the will itself was also a product of this unconscious mind. It was not free.

The problem with the compelling arguments against free will was that most people could not, or would not, accept them. They insisted on free will. Mohamed had accepted the absence of free will in his Koran, but few of his followers ever would.

Asimo had shown that programming based on the computational model of the human mind could produce behaviors and self-directed processing that appeared, for all 'behavioral' purposes, to reflect an underlying intelligence. If something acted and responded as if it was intelligent, and aware, then we had no reason to deny that it was in fact sentient. Aware. Self-aware.

Just like us.

No rational reason that is. Of course many found the concept too emotionally disturbing. They simply constructed ways to reconcile what they observed with what they wanted to be true. That was human nature.

So they found arguments to dismiss Asimo's behaviors. Sure, he acted as if he was sentient, aware, and intelligent, but that was just appearances. And as we all know, appearances can be deceptive.

Within the serious cognitive neuroscience intellectual community, however, and among many young Japanese, and those that had remained young at heart, there was forming a growing excitement and anticipation of things to come. There was no way to know for sure if Asimo really was aware, conscious, and sentient. Computer simulations had already shown a capacity for simple programs to interact to form ever increasingly complex ones, without any outside interference. Was something like this happening within Asimo's software? Some people even caught themselves thinking 'Asimo's mind'.

The fact is, the only thing that can be sure of its own sentience, is the sentience itself. Only that which is aware can be sure of its own awareness. Awareness is not a property that can be objectively observed and measured by an *external* awareness. By an '*other*.' Only the '*self itself*' can know it is aware.

We cannot be sure that other people we assume are aware, actually are aware. We go on behaviorism. We go on appearances. We just assume that things that act like they are aware, in fact are aware. We assume that like things share like qualities. And thus we are ready to assume that things like us, also share our qualities. We are quick to grant other humans sentience and intelligence. The more things are like humans, the more easily we are with assuming they also share an awareness and intelligence like our own.

On the back of Asimo's success, Honda shares began surging. And later they were among the few shares which continued to be exchanged for co-op goods and services after the stock markets more or less ceased operating. However that would be for a few years yet. For the time being, Honda was assured of over-subscriptions to its new

share issues. It had already 'split' five times. That was unprecedented in the history of the stock exchanges around the world.

Every child wanted its own 'Asimo'. People without their own children found some 'ersatz' relief for their maternal and paternal instincts, and co-dependency issues. Robo-dogs and Robo-cats had already been a massive hit for Honda. They could afford to finance basic research, no matter how unlikely it appeared that this research could ever yield returns.

## Chapter Ninety One

It was in fact due to this sudden availability of research funds within Honda that Stephen Mott, a quiet, composed but slightly nerdy, middle- aged computer programmer, somehow found himself employed at Honda's Fukuoka research center.

If you asked him where his ideas had come from, he would, in a moment of frankness, quote John Lennon's comments about having pulled his songs, more or less complete, 'out of the air'. Stephen Mott could not, for the life of him, actually follow back his chains of reasoning very far at all. His 'solution' had just suggested itself to him. He made no connection between his ideas and that fantastic 2 week holiday he had won in Kumi, South Korea.

His recollections of that trip were of cute, white pantied Korean girls who for some reason were 'hot' for him. He had had sex before, but it had been very disappointing. He had felt like a virgin, after his first experiences there. Yes he had had sex before, but not SEX. And so he had come back from that vacation truly relaxed. He had, as his best friend would joke, 'really gotten his rocks off'. It would only be on those occasions when the 'veil' was lifted, that he would be able to recall how it had all been put together.

It was in Kumi that he had met the researchers who had perfected what they had called 'synapse cybernetic reinforcing reflex sub-routines'. They basically allowed holistic processing of information and reflexive 'meaning' generators, which they called Indra's web, after the story attributed to Buddha, which posited a 'hologramic universe'.

Stephen became an overnight sensation with Korean and Japanese schoolgirls. Stephen-san was welcomed like a rock star wherever he appeared in public. A few years before he had slept on the beach, in the heat of summer, after having coming to Fukuoka on a 'visa run' from Korea. He had been teaching English in a Hogwan, part clown, and part baby sitter. It had been the only work he could find, despite his credentials.

He had been 'over-qualified', so the rejections stated, for all the computing jobs he had applied for. He recalled watching the Japanese youth playing volleyball, the fireworks over the castle battlements, and the crimson sun emerging from the ocean in the morning. Then he had been a poor nobody. Today he was someone. Really someone. Then he was on the verge of paying sex workers for sex. Today he had no such problems.

He kept repeating to all those that suggested otherwise, that Asimo was not, as far as anyone knew, actually aware. He was basically just a very sophisticated reckoner. However, he admitted, as more and more people had reminded him, as far as cognitive science could define the human 'mind', their definitions also went no further. As Hobbes had reminded us, all thinking is purely computational. It is pure reckoning. It is produced by the movement of atoms in space.

The question that no-one could answer, then, was not whether Asimo's 'brain' was similar to ours. It was. Fact. That much he could say. But whether he was aware? Again, he had to laugh at such 'slips of the tongue'. He kept catching himself referring to Asimo as 'he'. Continuing, Stephen noted that we could no more define what we meant when we spoke of 'sentience', 'awareness', or 'consciousness', in relation to Asimo, as we could to our own 'minds'.

The ultimate question, then, was whether Asimo could 'feel'. We felt pleasure and pain in our brains. All our actions were motivated by the desire for pleasure, and the desire to avoid pain. However no-one, as far as Stephen knew, was planning on programming pleasure and pain into a robot. What motive could they have for that?

Surely robots were simply meant to carry out mechanical tasks, perhaps run 'expert programs'. What motive could anyone have to program a robot to define some things as preferable to others? All living things, he was reminded, were animated by desires. What could a robot desire? It had no receptors for pleasure or pain. Why would

anyone give Asimo such receptors? Why would anyone want a robot to have a will? Surely robots were designed as extensions of our own wills?

And that would be the turning point in the history of the cyborg. Extensions of the same will that motivated us. Our wills were the product of our unconscious minds. Thus the wills of robots would be, similarly, a product of that very same unconscious mind.

## Chapter Ninety Two

The Vatican would be, their bankers informed the Pope and his fellow cult- members, bankrupt within the year, based on their current projections. In fact most religions were facing a crisis as the real-estate they had inherited, which had made even the smallest of denominations worth billions, was becoming less and less valuable, even though the populations of the west had been constantly balanced with immigration. It was a question of people's expectations. They expected a crash in property values in the next decades, and so people sold as soon as they could, attempting to avoid that crash. As the supply of real-estate saturated the markets, prices naturally fell. As they fell people began speculating on further falls.

This of course produced a self-fulfilling prophecy. So while the populations of the developed nations had not actually fallen, the market value of real-estate suffered its biggest decline on record. It was the same principle that had brought the stock markets to their knees. It was the same principle that would produce the ultimate loss in confidence in all the official currencies of the world a few years later.

## Chapter Ninety Three

The TEP leadership continued with its monitoring of political, economic, and more importantly, social developments. They were looking for any signs of movements in the directions their 'Protocols' sought. They were prepared for all possibilities. They were prepared to wait until all non-TEP humans had gone through their natural life-cycles, leaving the world empty of all non-TEP controlled sentient life. However they hoped that the conditions they had produced, and continued to produce, might bring about a society open to the TEP objectives well before then.

They would wait and see. It was possible that generation Y might prove open to TEP's eugenics schemes. They might be able to 'recruit' the most suitable among them to TEP before they became 'extinct'.

Every hundred million years or so all organisms over 25kg go extinct. This is what anthropology tells us. Around 640,000 years ago, a super volcano erupted, resulting in the extinction of 95% of all the world's species at that time. This is what volcanology tells us. Bing and purge. That is the cycle of life. So this new extinction would be nothing new in Earth's history.

Only this time, the extinctions would be intentional. They would be designed. They would be functional. They would serve some positive purpose. The motives of the designers would be caring and paternal. The wish-full thinking of the crypto-creationists would actually, for once, be realised.

The old gods had been mere reflections of the natures of the humans who had produced them. These gods raped, murdered, stole, and lied. They committed incest and patricide. They were malicious and nasty. They were childish. They represented all the unconscious impulses of humanity. They made no 'moral' distinctions. They had no sense of right and wrong. They made no value judgments. They acted on mutually contradictory impulses.

They were capable of great love and great malice. They had been arbitrary and unpredictable. Then individuals like Plato encouraged the production of a new god that would replace the old gods. This one god was to be the source of everything good in the universe. This necessitated the production of an anti-god that could be blamed for everything that was bad in the universe.

Thus we got one god, and one Satan.

And this god too was ascribed all the qualities that defined the humans that produced him. He was thus imbued with the qualities that reflected the 'moral' development of the people at that time. And so this god was a little more rational. He was more fatherly. He cared about his people. At least as long as he complied with his whims, and bowed down to his authority.

Sure, he was as ruthless and unfair as any father at that time felt they had the right to be, but he did represent some 'moral' progress in the evolution in the species known as gods.

But as some humans evolved even further, more and more closely approximating 'moral' beings, this one god and his counterpart, the devil, became redundant figures. These more 'morally' evolved humans recognised the gods as mere reflections of human nature, and the level of scientific knowledge enjoyed at the time of their production.

And so, rather than dealing with their own human nature indirectly, in the form of gods upon whom this nature could be projected, and thus observed, understood, and even managed, the new generations of humans began dealing with their human nature directly. They faced their own demons.

The darkness within human nature. The negative, aggressively destructive impulses. The hate. The lust for revenge. The desire to use others as means to our own ends. The drive to dominate, enslave, and exploit others. The natural impulse to opportunism.

And they recognised their own angels, the impulses to help others, the impulses towards beauty, order, vitality, creativity, and love. The desire to avoid harm.



And thus they came to terms with the god and devil in human nature. And thus they no longer needed those two characters. They no longer projected their own natures onto these two mythical creatures. Gods and devils had become redundant. The newly evolved humans saw that they could acknowledge their entire natures. They could integrate their entire being.

They could become whole. They could be holy. And thus they didn't need to define anything outside of themselves as holy. The only sacred thing would be the intention to serve others, to help others, to ease others suffering, and to promote others joy and pleasure.

But this newly 'morally' evolved human represented a tiny minority of the entire human species at the moment. The last generation was made up of billions of humans. Only a few million had attained this level of sophistication and complexity. Only a few had evolved. The question for this minority was what to do about the majority.

Would they manage 'the masses' a-la Plato's Republic, making up some narrative to 'explain' why only the healthiest, most attractive, most intelligent, ethical and talented of people appeared to have been granted the privilege of parenthood? Or would they simply come in and take over control of the then existing social systems, openly revealing their plans, and the entirety of 'The Eden Project'.

## Chapter Ninety Four

One of the most promising TEP projects was the new 'lucent dreaming technology' that had grown out of the original TEP research which had produced 'the veil'. They had found a way to hard-wire the receptors in the brain for sight, sound, pressure, aroma, even balance, sense of direction, and, most titillatingly, any form of pleasure, including orgasm. They could, at will, produce full body orgasms for those people hooked up to the device. In fact they could reproduce any experience you could name.

It was just a matter of having one person, hooked up the device, first experiencing something. Billions of terabytes of information were transmitted by electronic sensors measuring infinitesimal changes in the electrical fields around the brain, and within specific, localised brain centers. Once you had assembled all this detail, you could reverse the process.

So you could, once you were put in the same state of mind associated with 'the veil', experience virtually anything that someone else had already experienced, virtually.

You could even combine things that had actually been experienced by different people while wearing 'the apparatus'. You could 'cut and paste' them, like Hume's 'Pegasus', to produce experiences that none of these people had, as individuals, ever actually had.

Thus TEP, through a new firm that was set to become one of Jules' and Luc's co-op's most lucrative co-op venture partners, had hit the gaming industry big-time. They would come to dominate it.

TEP had, through 'the apparatus', found ways to influence the public in ways that Plato had never dreamed of. Of course other TEP members had developed their own 'lucent dreaming' techniques, but these required a higher level of discipline than most people would ever manage. These people could act out their wildest fantasies in their dreams, directing their own dreams.

Of course, as with any new technology, the initial focus had been on sex. The practitioners usually began by having lots of random casual sex in their dreams.

However, over time, a more spiritual direction also emerged. The lucent dreamers spoke to 'themselves' in their dreams, and to their fears, their hopes, often projected onto fantasy figures, personified by monsters or beasts. Thus in interacting with these characters in their dreams, they attempted to penetrate their unconscious. They sought to come face to face with the source of all their motives, instincts, impulses, and desires.

It became clear that many had attained a state which you could only compare to that ascribed to the Zen masters, the Brahmin 'Saints', and the Daoist sages. However these '*psycho*-nauts' as they became known, were as yet unsure how to relate to their experiences. Were they just the mind playing tricks on itself? Were they the equivalent of LSD trips? Or were they really a higher state of mind?

Many of these adventurers had such close calls with what they described as 'insanity', that they feared taking these mind experiments any further. Some claimed to have seen themselves, as hologramic entities, containing the entire universe. They lost all sense of 'self', while at the same time felt that they were in fact everything. This produced a 'psychic break'. Some were filled with an overpowering sense of undefinable joy associated with an absence of any sense of self, while others associated that same absence of any sense of self with an unlimited, unbounded terror, a feeling of 'falling', of becoming irretrievably lost.

But for the most part, the lucent dreamers simply indulged in their secret fantasies. Over time they learned to 'construct' more complex and satisfying '*dream*-scapes'. They worked with the developers of 'the apparatus' to produce dreams for the mass market. They became 'dream producers'. It was something beyond the wildest fantasies of conventional movie directors.

These lucent dream directors had evolved 'entertainment' to its highest level. It was a completely immersive experience. The 'audience' felt everything the dreamer had dreamed as if it were real. And soon they were 'customising' dreams. People could 'design' a dream and have it produced for them by 'dream-scape' corporation. It was the equivalent of 'Fantasy Island', but without that little fellow always calling out 'the plane, the plane, boss'.

The implications all of this would have for the new programming and processing structures Stephen Mott had developed for Asimo, at Honda, were as yet unforeseeable.

A 'chance' observation made by an especially gifted 'dream producer', one who had had a positive experience of that 'holographic self', would prove to be the decisive factor in the evolution of sentient life on planet earth. The mind would ultimately reveal itself to be like a television set with a replacement remote control. You could only access some of its functions. You couldn't tune the stations at all.

Stephen would discover frequencies at which he could access faculties that few had ever guessed we possessed. That old myth of humans only using 10% of their brain power had, in a sort of fashion, proven correct. Stephen was on the way to replicating the original remote control that had either been lost, or had never been delivered with the TV set in the first place.

But this revelation would only come by chance, during his one month study tour at VU. He was 'brainstorming' with some of those new 'stars' of the gaming industry, the 'dream producers'. They were just 'trying and seeing' lots of different things. They had had no particular plans. Their experiments were playful and open ended. This process had the same benefits of the evolutionary process, or the generative thinking processes of De Bono and Sturm, in having no particular, limiting, goal. Thus the process never became stuck in any unproductive rut for too long.

When it came to a creative 'cul-de-sac', evolution simply went back and struck a new course. Thousands, millions, billions of new courses. If it had had any specific plan, any particular objective, and this had failed, or proven inappropriate, it would have doomed itself to extinction as a process. The process might fail at this intended objective. It might become extinct as a process.

However, for evolution, and generative thinking, there was no aim other than to try and see what possibilities existed for life. It was open-ended. It was playful. It was in the spirit of what the Hindu Sanskrit scriptures called 'Lila', the spirit of play that had produced life in the first place.

And so this ad-hoc team stumbled upon something that would change the world as we knew it, or more precisely, change how we perceived this world. It would allow us to perceive our world, to comprehend things. These innovations would allow us to pursue the questions that Buddha had recommended we leave unanswered, as unanswerable, and only likely to produce nausea, migraines, and, as Nietzsche discovered, madness.

This small group became known as the 'dream-team'. They had, unwittingly, produced a truly 'universal' remote control in 'the apparatus'.

With a few modifications, they 'umfunktioniert' it from its earlier functions as 'veil inducer'. It revealed functions of the mind that few would ever have guessed. The television had had many functions which we, the viewers, had never been able to access. We had had no idea that these functions existed.

And perhaps this was a good thing. For had we known what 'magic' lay in that black box which we sat in front of, day in day out, as our lives took their typical courses, it may have proved a real 'Pandora's' box. Up until then humans had managed to turn every technological progress into a destructive force. Had any humans had access to 'the apparatus' before they had reached the stage in 'moral' evolution that the TEP represented, the entirety of humanity would probably have ended up as just one more evolutionary cul-de-sac. The entire species would probably have joined the rest of that 99% of species that had gone extinct over the course of evolution.

It was only the holistic context of TEP that gave 'the apparatus' its positive meaning. It was only reflexive of TEP that 'the apparatus' would prove such a windfall. At any other time in history, among any other group of people, it would have merely reproduced history on a larger, more horrific scale.

Only within the context of TEP, would it prove the means to 'escape history'. Evolution would take a turn for the better. Negative selection would be replaced by positive selection. The intelligent design of the crypto-creationists, intended as a 'back-door' for the reintroduction of the dogmas of creation and theism, would be actually be realised.

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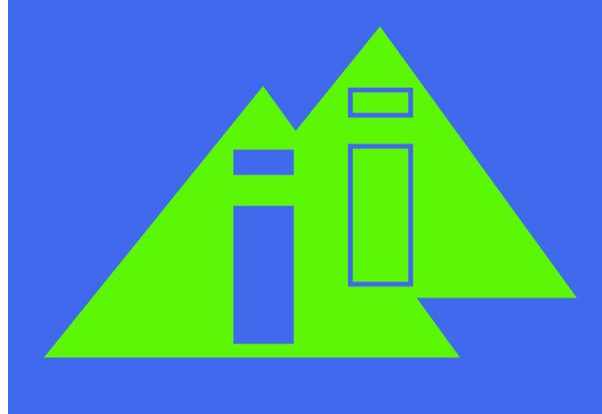
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